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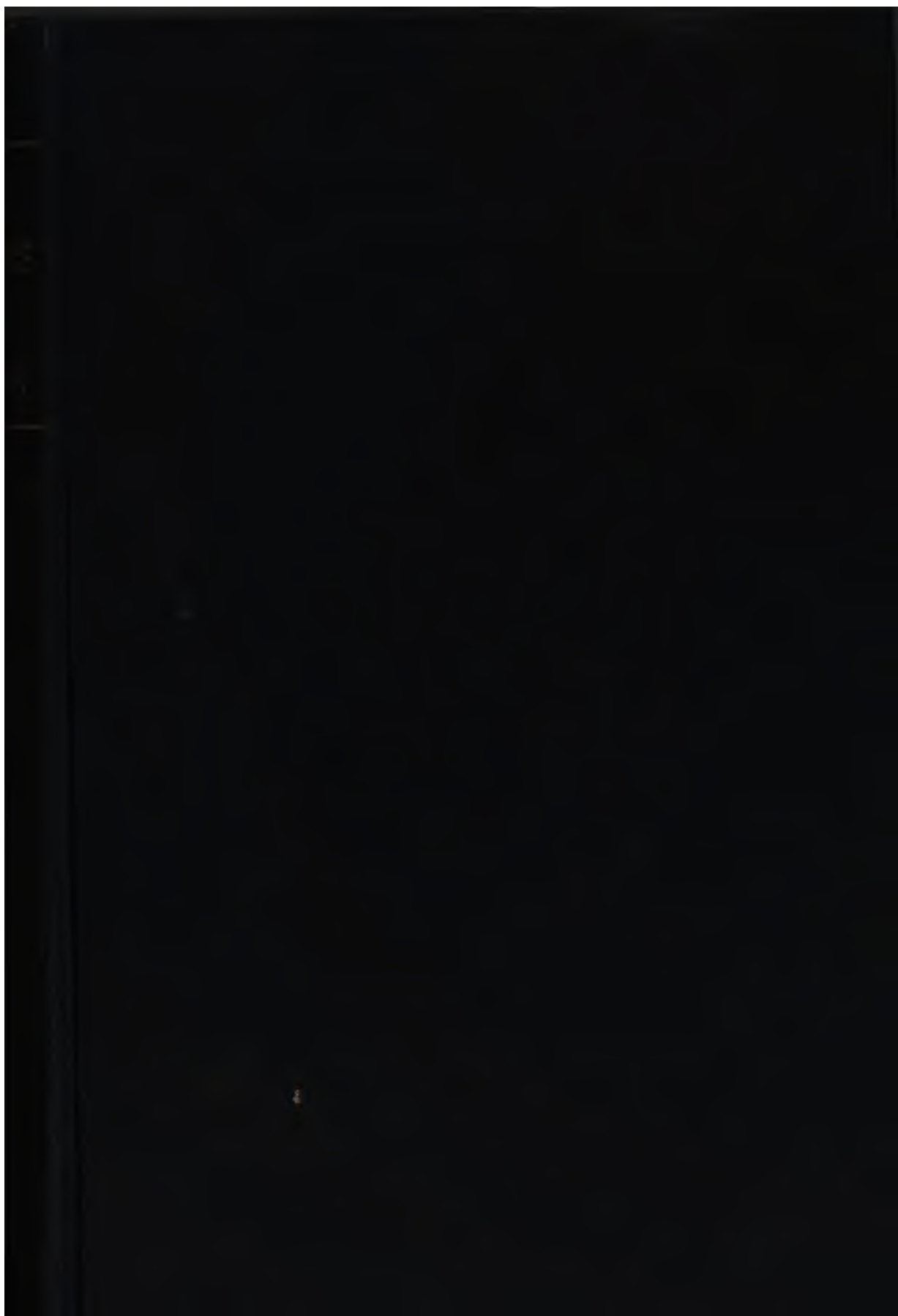
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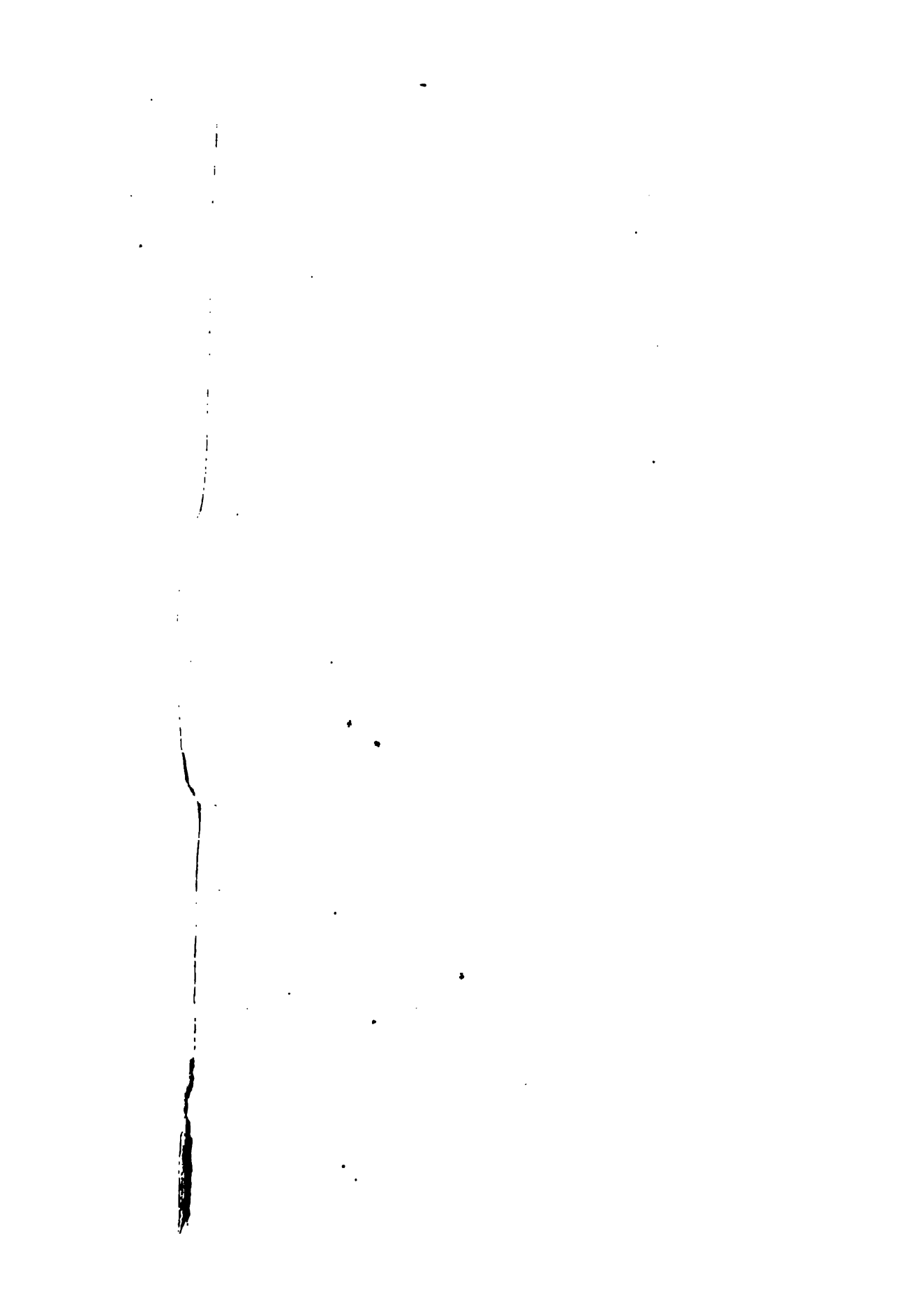
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W. D. Johnson

III

ART AND LETTERS

P. CONNOI

MARY

VI

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
M. P. O'CONNOR

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY

HIS DAUGHTER,

MARY DOLINE O'CONNOR.

NEW YORK:
DEMPSEY & CARROLL.

1893.

PREFACE.

THE biography of one, whose public career is closely identified with an exciting period in the history of a State ; whose energies were dedicated to her service, and whose memory is associated with her redemption from the misrule, which succeeded the Civil War, is interesting and instructive.

In addition to this, is the value of the first published collection of my father's orations and public speeches, which faithfully reflect the local and political interests of historical and most interesting years.

Few struggles in the history of the State of South Carolina, will be recalled by more important events, than those which were compressed within the life of the subject of this memoir.

He was known to the people of his State, as a leader in the movement of 1876 ; as one of the foremost figures in that desperate, but successful struggle of the State's civilization ; as one of its victorious exponents ; and as an orator, whose eloquence won National recognition.

The chief object of this undertaking will be, not only to tell of him in his public relations, but to show him as he was to those who knew and loved him best ; to tell of the inner life, that portion of his character not exposed to view, and of which his public virtues were but the reflection ; and, in this endeavor to perpetuate his memory, every effort will be made to repress the partiality naturally resulting, where so intimate a relationship exists, as far as the weakness of the heart, will permit.

For some of the speeches contained in this volume, as well as the political facts, I am indebted to the files of the *Charleston Courier*, the *Mercury* and the *News and Courier*; and my sincere thanks are due to those friends, subscribers to this work, through whose kindly aid I am able to present this volume to the public.

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I.

MR. MICHAEL O'CONNOR, BEAUFORT, S. C.—BIRTH OF HIS
SECOND SON, M. P. O'CONNOR, IN BEAUFORT, S. C.—MR.
O'CONNOR'S EARLY YEARS—EFFECTS OF SOCIAL AND
POLITICAL INFLUENCES ON THE FORMATION
OF HIS CHARACTER—EARLY EDUCATION—
FORDHAM COLLEGE.

1831-1849.

THE first quarter of the present century had not yet elapsed when Michael O'Connor, of Charleville, Cork County, Ireland, left his native land for America. He settled in Beaufort, S. C., in the year 1822. Possessed in a high degree of those virtues which so largely adorn the Irish character; of a sanguine temperament, profuse in feeling, quickly moved, a stern and unyielding sense of justice, unflinching integrity, untiring industry and consistency; he soon became known in the community of his adopted home. Uniting with these qualities an overflowing charity, he lived at peace and in friendship with his neighbors, and gave to the name of "Irishman," a new signification among a people to whose English sympathies, until then, it had been synonymous only with associations derogatory and derisive.

Beaufort was, at that time, the seat of the aristocracy of the State. It had been the birthplace of men who subsequently rose to distinction in the State and nation; all the associations of an old civilization, that rivalled in its early history the first settlements of America, had left their social impress upon an already proud and distinguished people.

The Southern planter there revelled in his wealth and pride, amid the full development of a slave-holding influ-

ence; an atmosphere not favorable to the growth of any character foreign to its tenacious and exclusive instincts.

Native strength and true worth, however, soon began to make themselves felt; for, simple and unassuming in manner, caring little for the censure or approbation of those by whom he was surrounded, seeking for his actions no reward except the approval of his own conscience; warm hearted and ardent in his expression of friendship, and pursuing his way steadily and fearlessly, unremitting energy and perseverance were soon rewarded by comfort and wealth.

Beginning as a mechanic he soon acquired a competency, and then abandoned his trade for mercantile pursuits. He became well established and widely known.

He was short in stature, not more than five feet five inches in height, well and strongly made, possessed force and command of language; and the silver hair, clear, blue eye, genial, but furrowed face of "old Mr. O'Connor," are still recalled with kind and generous thoughts by many an old resident of Beaufort.

In 1828, he married Miss Mary Lake, of Beaufort, a lady born of parents native to the soil, but differing from him in religious belief.

The striking superiority which has so universally characterized the mothers of men of eminence was not wanting in this instance; ambitious, strong-minded, frugal and industrious, she joined her efforts to those of her husband in the business of life, both advancing themselves high in the respect of the community, where they were greatly esteemed for their independence of character and genuine worth. Within the second year after their marriage their eldest son, Lawrence, was born, and many years later she adopted the religion of her husband, both becoming conspicuous account of their professed Roman Catholic faith. For it was their home that received the missionary priest on the passing steamer, who always found under their thatched roof a resting place. They were almost isolated in their belief, and were recognized for their consistent devoted adherence to their religious principles.

In the words of the Rev. Thomas Quigley, now of Essex, Illinois, who once had charge of the Beaufort Mission, writing to me: "Your grandfather was one of Bishop England's pioneer Catholics, and there is one item I have often told for the edification of the *hoosiers* out West, here. It is this: There was an Episcopal minister in Beaufort, and he urged your grandfather to send his sons to the Episcopal Church the Sundays the priest was not in Beaufort, as it would be the means of introducing the boys into good society. Beaufort was then an aristocratic place. 'Mr. —,' said your grandfather, 'if my sons cannot get into good society, except by going to your church, I am afraid they will never get into good society at all.'"

In 1846, the Catholic Church of Beaufort was erected at his expense, and by him presented to the diocese.

No one possessed more notably a generous heart, and to none did the proverbial hospitality of his country afford more keen pleasure. His home was open to all friends, and the suffering and shipwrecked, not unfrequent occurrences, where the open bay lay in such close proximity, always received a prompt and ready hand of extended help.

Prosperity smiled on them; and, surrounded by its cheering and refining influences, in one of the garden spots of the State, at his father's home in Beaufort, by the wave-kissed shores of Port Royal Bay, on September 29th, 1831, his second son, my father, M. P. O'Connor, was born.

According to an old custom in Catholic families, of naming a child in honor of the saint to whom the day of its birth is dedicated, it was ascertained in this instance to be the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, or better known as "Michaelmas Day." His mother, however, was strongly opposed to the name of "Michael," which she disliked, and had often asserted none of her sons should bear; but this circumstance, and the coincidence of the day being also his father's birthday, soon silenced her objections, and the name was accordingly given him. His second name, Patrick, was assumed later in life, in confirmation, in compliment to one of his father's friends.

The influences that locality, surroundings, and early associations so often exert in the formation of character, now entered largely into the moulding of an exceptionally impressionable and observant temperament, during those tender years, when impressions are so quickly received, to be forever retained.

Born amidst the atmosphere of an old civilization; reared among a patrician people; nurtured amid historic memories; surrounded by a climate wrapped in the embrace of eternal Spring, with the jasmine and honeysuckle vying to lend fragrance to its breezes; its music the dash of the waves and the song of the wind through the sighing pines; around him the eternal verdure of the moss-festooned oak and the majestic laurel, blending with the rich hues of Southern skies; these were the associations that left their impress on the delicate organism of a refined and sensitive genius, that time never effaced, and that so often inspired his opulent and vivid imagery.

As boys, he and his elder brother, Lawrence, enjoyed the best educational advantages that the town of Beaufort could afford. They were constantly together, attending the same schools, father being about five years of age when he entered the Dame school of Mrs. David Wilson. This excellent lady, whose pleasant manners to children aided her considerably in planting successfully the first elements of a liberal education, soon made them familiar with the letters, reading, and, in the course of time, with the first developments of numbers.

They remained with her for three years, then passing the guardianship of her husband, Mr. David Wilson, Scotchman of easy, pleasant manners, amiable, excessively lenient, and an admirable classical scholar. His school in another part of the town, removed from the "Juvenis" who were under the care of his wife. From him the rudiments of Latin Grammar, and in time, Cornelius N were acquired; father not being more than ten years of age when he first made acquaintance with the languages.

His teacher, appreciative and quick of discernment, was not slow in detecting the talent of his pupil, the ability of the bright boy already attracting his attention and admiration, for it was "old David Wilson," of whom Bishop Lynch relates: "I remember how his teacher at school spoke of his talents, and of his earnestness, and energy and sympathy, and how he would say: 'He will make a mark one of these days; he has the ability, and he will make the best use of it.'"

It was during these early years that Bishop England first visited Beaufort. On that occasion a large crowd had assembled on the wharf to meet him; for, besides his fame, which had preceded him, a Catholic Bishop was regarded as nothing less than a curiosity in the town at that time; among them were my grandfather and his two little sons, the only Catholics in the crowd. As the Bishop landed, they advanced to greet him, and the old gentleman knelt and kissed his ring, the Catholic tribute of reverence, to the amazement of the wondering spectators.

This incident, so characteristic of the fearless faith of his father, made at the time so deep an impression on the observant child, that in after years my father loved to recall it, and would tell us of it with genuine admiration.

Accompanied by his two sons, my grandfather frequently visited Charleston, and, on one of these occasions, he presented them to Bishop England. Long years afterwards, in the maturity of manhood, this visit, and this memory of the great Bishop, were revived by my father, in an oration, of which that distinguished prelate was the theme.

With Mr. Wilson he remained two years; Mr. Holcombe, a graduate of Yale, being then introduced to replace the old schoolmaster. He so soon succeeded in winning the good opinion of parents, and, finally, the love of his pupils, that the school began to affect sensibly the attendance at the Beaufort High School, called the Beaufort College, which had always held a very respectable position as an educational institution, and was, at this time, in very good condition, largely attended, and with the two divisions efficiently man-

aged. Though his curriculum embraced the classical course, the mother-tongue was especially cultivated, and the first principles of algebra and mathematics taught with care.

Mr. Holcombe was soon after induced to assume the English branch of the High School, retaining and continuing his pupils for that term within the college precincts: all those belonging to the classical course being sent into the classes of Mr. Fielding, who had, some years before, assumed the management of the College. No better teacher for this branch could have been chosen, and under him was, no doubt, acquired the love of the ancient letters, the passion for word-painting, the principal result of the study of the dead languages, which father then developed, though he was but twelve years of age at this time, 1843. There he remained until the Summer of 1844, when his father removed him and his brother Lawrence to New York, placing them at the well-known Jesuit College, of St. John's, Fordham, where he immediately commanded the affection of his fellow-collegians, while soon acquiring and sustaining his reputation for quickness of apprehension, and untiring diligence.

There are many, even now, who can remember him at the time of his entrance into college, and easily recall the bright boy of thirteen, with flashing blue eyes, nervous and restless manner of talking: quick, smart, always ready with the appointed task, but readier still to help those less diligent or less gifted.

At this time, his utterance was so very rapid, his enunciation so hurried, but, withal, the flow of language so fluent, that his comrades would sometimes imitatingly tease him, while predicting, in the same breath, that he would be a public speaker yet. This defect was then serious, but one which all felt time would assuredly cure, when the warmth and enthusiasm of his nature should have developed to maturity. These predictions and hopes were justified and fulfilled.

Not confining himself exclusively to the duties of class-room, and attaching equal importance to his phy-

development, he soon excelled in all the athletic sports of the time; and a more expert swimmer or finer shot was not known on the play-ground.

Genial, generous and impulsive, he made every class-mate his friend, those surviving still holding his memory in fondest recollection.

Although sensitive and intense in feeling, the injury of the moment would never suppress the finer instincts of the heart, and hence no transient estrangement ever resulted in an enduring enmity.

He completed his collegiate course in five years, and graduated in 1849, not having yet completed his eighteenth year.

CHAPTER II.

HIS FATHER'S DEATH—STUDY OF THE LAW AT CHARLESTON
—ADMISSION TO THE BAR—HIS ELOQUENCE ATTRACTING
THE PUBLIC ATTENTION—CONTEMPORARIES IN THE
PROFESSION—RESIDENCE IN CHARLESTON AND
INCREASING PRACTICE.

1849-1854.

HE was not long in deciding his future vocation in life, for taste and predisposition had already turned his thoughts to the law. After leaving college he presented letters of introduction from Archbishop Hughes to the great jurist, Charles O'Connor, and also to Jno. B. Dillon, the distinguished Irish refugee; and he was only prevented from taking a seat as law student in the office of Mr. Dillon by the declining health of his father, who wished his son to be near him.

Returning to Beaufort he delivered his first public speech there on July 4th of that year, being not yet eighteen years of age. This was an annual address, delivered to the people by invitation of the citizens, who regularly assembled on this anniversary to celebrate the day; he was then spoken of as the youngest orator who had ever yet addressed them.

His elder brother, Lawrence, shortly after went to Europe to complete his studies in architecture, his chosen profession; while the family and a younger brother, Edmund, remained in Beaufort.

The following year father left for Charleston, to commence the study of law, and he entered the office of Messrs. Yeadon & Macbeth, old and renowned practitioners at Charleston bar.

His rapid progress was a foregone conclusion under any auspices, but in this case his surroundings were fortunate; and the relations that existed, especially between Mr. Yeadon and himself, were characterized from the beginning, by a reciprocal affection and admiration that lasted through life.

The eulogy which father pronounced to his memory, long years afterwards, bears the strongest testimony to this feeling; while the following sentiment, uttered by Mr. Yeadon, on St. Patrick's Day, 1870, when distinction was crowning his young friend, needs nothing added to explain it. "He had no Irish blood in his veins," Mr. Yeadon said on this occasion, "but he loved Ireland for her eloquence, for Emmet and O'Connell. He loved her for O'Connor of New York, and he loved her for M. P. O'Connor, who represented his society in Augusta to-day."

In June, 1850, the serious malady, heart disease, from which his father had so long suffered, terminated fatally; and his death was hastened by violent action in the relief of neighbors during a fire.

From his obituary we read: "* * * "On the afternoon of Thursday, the 6th inst., his remains were interred in the cemetery of the Catholic church at Beaufort. The church and lot are the gift of Mr. O'Connor to the diocese. The funeral obsequies were performed by the Rev. Mr. O'Niell, who, on the occasion, delivered a lengthy sermon. For nineteen years he was a member of the Beaufort Artillery, and by that corps and a vast concourse of people he was followed to the grave."

Amid the tolling of the church bells of every denomination, he was consigned to his last resting-place in the soil of his adopted State, and well indeed has it been written of his memory: "May all his descendants cherish it in their generations, and prove themselves worthy children of an ancestor so firm, so honest and so true." *

* See Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia.

Remaining in Beaufort sufficiently long to settle his mother's estate, father returned to Charleston to resume his preparations for the bar.

Loving his profession, naturally a close student, with a passion for controversy and debate, a mind thoroughly constituted for all the requirements of the law, quick in grasping conclusions, sure in forming opinions and sound in judgment; these probationary years were, for him, replete with the most congenial labor.

Returning to his studies with unflagging assiduity, in a short time he was ready for admission to the bar.

Some characteristic anecdotes are related of his proneness to controversy at this time. Judge Jno. G. Pressley, now of the Superior Court of California, one of his contemporaries in the profession at that time, thus writes of him: "As we were engaged in the same pursuit it did not take us long to become acquainted, and there being between us much congeniality, our acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. Your father boarded in the house almost opposite the 'Mills House,' on Meeting street, kept by Mrs. Whittemore. In order to be with him, and for our mutual advantage, I took a room in the same house. Your father roomed with a young lawyer who was his intimate friend. Both he and O'Connor were communicants at the Cathedral, then a wooden building in the rear of the stone edifice since erected. They were both very zealous in their religious duties, and both fond of theological discussion.

A young man,—I have forgotten his given name,—boarded in the same house. He was from Beaufort, and was there acquainted with O'Connor. He was a student for the ministry in the Episcopal Church, and was also fond of controversy, seemed to feel bound to take up any remark that could possibly be distorted into an attack of his religious creed. He and O'Connor were often in debates around the fireside of the boarding-house, and the poor fellow was always badly worsted in the argument, being weaker in reasoning powers, and more deficient in history than the other. His readiness to engage in debate, and inclination

to provoke discussion, destroyed the sympathy of the boarders for him in his discomfitures."

As law student, he did not confine himself to the mere mastering of the technicalities of the law; but diversified this by extensive reading, during these years, in general literature and history, making an especially close study of all the great masters of oratory.

The frequent mention of his eloquence in the papers of the day is sufficient evidence of the marked attention it was already attracting.

On June 28th, 1854, the anniversary of the Battle of Fort Moultrie, he delivered an oration which produced an impression at the time, but which, unfortunately, was not published. An incident which occurred years afterwards is worth relating here.

It was within a short time after father's death that my brother Charles, on a visit to his grave, discovered a man kneeling in prayer. Seeing my brother, the man said to him: "Will you not allow me, sir, to pray by the grave of the great man? For I have known him from early manhood, and remember perfectly his oration of June 28th, 1854, at Fort Moultrie. He was but a young man then, not yet married, and as I rushed from the crowd to congratulate him, although but an humble man myself, I can never forget how he grasped me by the hand, saying: 'My friend, did you like it? Tell me did you like it?'" One of the surest tests of genuine oratory is the fidelity with which a speech is remembered by those who heard it; and this was recalled twenty-eight years after the delivery of the oration.

It was during this time that he formed some of the strongest friendships of his life. With all the magnetism and warmth of his sunny nature, he drew to himself all whom he met, binding them with ties of affection that clung through all the changes of a lifetime. With many of the friends of those early years, he struggled side by side through the varying fortunes of the State's checkered history. To those who preceded him in death, it was to him

always a mournful pleasure, to embalm their memories in eulogies, that still live to prove his fidelity to a sacred and never-neglected duty; while of those who survive him, even the changes of time, distance, and absence, are unable to obliterate the memories of those years of his early manhood, for it is of him at this period that Judge John G. Pressley, of California, after an absence of twenty-nine years, writes to my mother just after his death:

"Your husband was one of my most intimate and esteemed friends. We read law in the same building, No. 41 Broad Street, he with Messrs. Yeadon, Macbeth & Ford, and I with Mr., now Judge B. C. Pressley. We, for a long time, boarded in the same house, first with Mrs. Whittemore, on Meeting Street, opposite the Mills House, and afterwards at Mrs. Day's, on King Street. During that time we were on terms of the greatest intimacy, in fact, each was a confidant of the other, and in all our undertakings aided one another by mutual confidence and advice. For a part of the time we occupied the same room, and not unfrequently the same bed. A more generous, noble fellow I never knew. I am sure he never entertained a thought during the days of our intimacy, that had even a tendency to cause him to do a wrong to any human being. I did not know his mother, but have often heard him speak of her, and there was nothing about him that I more admired than the great regard which he had for her. He created the impression on my mind, that she was a woman worthy of her noble son. The faith of my friend in the teachings of our blessed Saviour was unwavering when we were associated. I doubt not its continuance, and rejoice in the hope that though we shall no more see his loved face in this world, if we are likewise faithful, we shall see him in that better land where parting is no more, and where all tears are dried. Please accept, dear madame, my sincere sympathy, and give my friend's children my assurances of the same. Tell them to remember their father's example, and if they are worthy of him, then will they, indeed, be noble men and women."

In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, after examination before the Supreme Court of the State at Columbia, the capital.

Entering at once upon the practice of his profession, business rapidly came to him. With a well-trained and disciplined mind, convincing manner before a jury, always ready for the forensic battle, loving the heat and excitement of debate; together with an eloquence which, whether pleading or defending, seldom failed to accomplish its result; success, and his growing reputation, spared him the long and discouraging waiting for practice endured by most young lawyers of that time.

CHAPTER III.

MR. O'CONNOR ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE—HIS MARRIAGE—ELECTION TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE—POLITICAL SITUATION—HIS FIRST SPEECH—RE-ELECTED FOR FOUR SUCCESSIVE TERMS—INCREASING POPULARITY
—ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION AND
OTHER SPEECHES.

1854-1864.

CHARLESTON was at that time one of the social and political centres of this country. There were then few places more marked for the culture and refinement of its people, and its bar was noted for its ability and eloquence.

Success followed in his profession and he became soon established with a lucrative practice. He married in the succeeding year, Miss Alidah Aveilhé, the eldest daughter of Mr. P. A. Aveilhé, a merchant of Charleston, representing largely the Spanish interests at that port. Few unions have been more perfect; and he then entered on that beautiful home-life, where the affection and tenderness of his nature shone so conspicuously; casting over his character and career, a halo, which time never dimmed, nor life's shadows ever obscured.

But to neither the joys and pleasures of private life, nor the congenial labors of his profession, could he then confine himself; for those were stirring times, and mighty questions were agitating the public mind. Great issues affecting closely the interests of the Union, in which South Carolina was destined to play a conspicuous part, were then at stake, so that her movements were closely watched by an anxious country.

The great problems of state sovereignty and the slavery question were the topics of the hour: under different names, and different forms, they were discussed by every tongue.

The Kansas-Nebraska question, which involved the extension of slavery into the territories, and the fugitive slave law, involving the question of the reclamation of fugitives in the free States; both growing out of the great leading issues, formed the exciting themes of public and private discussion, and they were but the distant mutterings of the coming storm.

Political agitation was threatening the existence of the Union. Gradually had all the bonds been loosened which had held it united as a family of States; and the gulf, which was daily yawning between the Northern and Southern sections of the country, was fast becoming impassable. They were utterly alien in sympathies, the process of estrangement and separation being then almost complete.

The position of the South became more critical every year. The slavery question was the constant theme of fierce Congressional agitation, and its consideration by the South, a weighty matter for Southern statesmanship.

South Carolina, at this juncture, was foremost; for there party-spirit was highest; hearts throbbed with the burning interests of the hour, and the suggestions of wisdom and prudence were lost in the roar and whirl of passion.

The political heavens were heavy with ominous clouds, and the low murmuring thunders of the brewing tempest could be distinctly heard. To the far-seeing eye of the statesman, impending war was but too visible, while the peril of the Union was daily becoming more and more imminent.

For South Carolina, there seemed to be no intermediate course in the coming sequence of events, for the questions of the day involved her most vital interests. Always bold, fearless and prompt in declaring her opinions, her position in the coming struggle was but too plainly foreshadowed; and strong hearts and wise heads were then needed to steer the ship of state through the surging political sea. A

wise and bold course alone could save her, and the election of the men who would control her helm became a matter of vital importance. Under such circumstances, the General Assembly would soon meet, and the men to represent her would be chosen.

That power of stirring the hearts of men, with which father was so richly endowed, was then recognized and appreciated, and with his increasing popularity, secured for him the nomination to the State Legislature from the parishes of St. Philip and St. Michael, which then included the City of Charleston; and he was elected by a large majority to the Lower House of the General Assembly of the year 1858.

For a man of power, young and energetic, loving the excitement of political life, keenly alive to the extreme exigencies of the times, and fully equipped to meet its emergencies, few situations could have been more fascinating for his entrance on the political stage, than the years of this stirring period.

It is not my intention to make this a political work, nor to discuss the politics of those times, for that task belongs to the historian; only as they entered into, and exerted an influence on my father's life, will a cursory glance be necessary to elucidate this biography. The country was then on the eve of one of the most momentous wars of modern times. Men were yearning for the struggle; clamors for the dissolution of the Union could be heard on every side, and so strong and bitter were the prejudices and passions, then slumbering in the volcano of public feeling, that even to profess views against secession was, almost, equal to treason and disloyalty to the State.

The States-rights sentiment, to which there was no visible opposition, swayed public opinion at this period; the pride, wealth and power of the South formed its support, and to an unexampled degree it absorbed and controlled the thought and opinion of the hour. The current of public feeling was so overwhelmingly strong, that even those who doubted the wisdom of the impending issue, or questioned

the justice of its cause, were borne along in its rushing course; and, doubtless, many a brave man who rallied to his State's call was silenced in death, with his doubts unexpressed and his questions unspoken.

Oratory and argument alike were vain to ward off the approaching danger; daily it was becoming more and more evident that there could be no peaceful solution of the controversy.

And it was at this period, with the public voice calling for war, and the public pulse throbbing with feverish excitement, that the Legislature of 1858 met, and father, at the age of twenty-seven, was one of the law-makers of his State.

Many men of marked ability were among those who composed the General Assemblies of 1858 and 1860; among whom were Hon. John G. Pressley, Hon. Wm. D. Porter, Hon. James Simons, Judge Charles H. Simonton, Col. Henry Buist, Col. Thomas Y. Simons, Hon. George A. Trenholm and Judge Alfred P. Aldrich. Questions of vital importance would be considered, and her choicest sons had been chosen to answer them. Although among the youngest of its members, father entered this body with the determination to say and do what he believed to be right, irrespective of popular feeling or party prejudice, and only awaited an opportunity to declare his opinions.

There have been few audiences, which a young speaker in the flush of youth and manhood, could have more justly trembled to address, than the body of men composing the General Assemblies of the State of South Carolina of those years.

Reared in the atmosphere of eloquence, their ears attuned to its highest flights, and their standards of oratory, those whose names had made the State famous; none could be more appreciative, and at the same time, none more critical in the expression of their lofty approbation.

"He never spoke often," writes Judge Pressley, of California, "but always kept the attention of the house, whenever he was on the floor. Every person who remembers

the Legislatures of that period, knows how difficult that was, and knows also that there were scarcely a dozen members in the Houses of 1858 and 1859, who could do that."

Early in the session certain resolutions were introduced, declaring the re-opening of the African slave trade to be the true policy of the State. This was one of those explosives, which, in the volcanic period prior to the war, was occasionally used to hasten the then approaching political eruption; and its object, he considered, only tended to unduly excite and agitate the public mind.

Father made a strong speech, opposing them.

This speech was reported in full in the papers of the day, and has been preserved.

Judge Aldrich, in a letter to me, after his death, thus refers to it:

"APRIL 28, 1881."

"I was with him in the Legislature when he made his first speech there, and remember well how 'his eyes sparkled and his face glowed,' when I and David Ramsay, his classic friend, who crossed the river before him, congratulated him on his brilliant maiden effort before that critical audience." The resolutions were indefinitely postponed. Once again he spoke in the following year, when a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, was brought up for consideration before the House. The relations of South Carolina with the Federal Government at that time were becoming more and more strained, the "John Brown" invasion of "Harper's Ferry" having brought the agitation up to fever-heat. A number of resolutions were introduced in the Legislature, expressive of sympathy with Virginia, and assuring her of co-operation. They were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, and when the report of that Committee was brought up for consideration, a most interesting and exciting debate arose in the House.

Excitement was rampant, and threats of dissolving the Union were loud and strong. Finding a fitting theme for his impassioned oratory, he gained the floor during the night-session, declaimed violently against the sentiment,

and made the State Capitol ring with a stirring appeal for the maintenance of the Union. Apostrophizing the flag of the Union, as the symbol of its power, glory and prosperity, in the following strain, he said: "I hope to live to see the day, when that flag, which waved over McDonough, as he fought amid the cheers of victory; which inspired the gallant and wounded Lawrence, as he gazed upon it for the last time, from the gory decks of his vessel; which was lifted in triumph upon the heights of Chapultepec, and borne undimmed in its lustre by the heroism of our troops, through Cherubusco's deadly fire, would yet float over a people, whose territory and dominion would extend from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Darien. * * * Talk of dissolving the Union peaceably, you might as well attempt to stir up the ocean from its profoundest depths without rippling the surface, as to break asunder the fabric of our great Commonwealth without a stupendous upheaval and revolution. If this Union should ever go down, which God forefend, it will go down in blood. The steps of the Capitol will drip with the blood of its partisans, before its trophies are left to totter and crumble in the dust."

This speech created a profound sensation at the time of its delivery, and among those who heard it, established his claims to eloquence.

Recalling this occasion, twenty-nine years afterwards, Judge Pressley, of California, thus writes: "Your father made a speech; when he sat down, I went to him and said: 'Don't speak again this session.' He asked me why. Said I: 'You have made your reputation as an orator, it is established, and you have nothing to gain by another effort; you may not be able to make as good a speech, you cannot make a better.'"

Unfortunately the reports of this effort have been lost; it was not published in the leading South Carolina journals, and was probably suppressed in deference to the popular feeling, which it so strongly opposed.

All that is known of it is contained in the above extract. Bold, strong and vehement, it lives in the memory of

those who heard it, as an evidence of a statesmanship, the wisdom of which, subsequent events confirmed.

One of the chief evidences of true statesmanship consists not only in shaping the course of events to meet emergencies, but also in foreseeing difficulties, and by warning words of wisdom to try and prevent them. This speech, therefore, is remembered among the oratorical efforts of those days, as one of the few public protests launched against the mad party-spirit of the hour.

In a series of resolutions, published after his death, by the Hibernian Society of Savannah, Ga., we read as follows: "So marvellously popular was he during these years, that even his outspoken opposition to the Secession movement in 1861, an evidence of wise statesmanship more apparent to us now than it was then, did not defeat him."

The great impression created made him a marked man, and for some time his future career was decided. His position, as may well be imagined, excited no little comment; but so strong was the public faith in him, that his earnest sincerity for the welfare of the people of South Carolina no one questioned, and for four consecutive terms he was sent to represent them in the State Legislature, there holding his seat for eight years, until 1866.

Steadily, and with each new effort, his popularity increased, and one of its strongest evidences we find in the papers of those days, containing the accounts of the election of 1860, which took place amidst the greatest political excitement and competition. At one time twenty-two tickets appeared, and we find his name on twenty-one; and out of seventeen his name was on sixteen.

He served in the Legislature during all the years of the war. Like many others, his judgment was thoroughly opposed to the war; and, as a statesman, he never ceased bemoaning the unwise step, and predicting the disaster that followed.

But the incoming tide of secession then flowed with swelling force, and finding himself unable to stem its current, he bowed to the State's decree; loyally acquiesced in

that which he was powerless to prevent but sincerely regretted, and in many of his public utterances, cheered them on to victory.

In the House of Representatives, 1861, he delivered a tribute to the memory of Lieut. Col. B. J. Johnson, who had fallen at Manassas; and on December 1st, 1862, in the House of Representatives, offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted. "Resolved—That in the engagements of the past year, in the contest for the liberty and independence of the South, it has been the proud privilege and distinction of South Carolina to have witnessed, on the part of her troops, an heroic display of constancy and endurance under privations, which never bent in the camp; of valor, which never broke in the field. The splendor of their triumphs and the lustre of their achievements have reflected a greater glory on their State, and furnished a glowing chapter in the world's history. Long will they be remembered, whose brilliant exploits and matchless bravery at Shiloh, attracted the gaze of an admiring world! Seven Pines and the Chickahominy attest their superior bravery, when they rolled back the tide of battle in the face of their foe, as they charged against the advancing hosts of tyranny. Near the walls of Richmond, and under its heights, victory flew before their impetuous and resistless onset, and was borne with their triumphant banners to the Northern banks of the Potomac; and Manassas, twice bathed in angry and patriotic blood, will be a lasting lesson to tyranny, and a living example of their deeds for generations to come."

"Resolved—That the people of the State hold in grateful recollection the gallant services of her illustrious dead, who fell bravely fighting in obedience to their country's call. Their bones lie mingled with the sods of every battlefield, from Sharpsburg to Mobile; and honored they will lie there, forever. They have bequeathed to their State the richest legacy a nation can inherit, an immortality of fame; and to their children they have left the eternal memory of their worth. The State honors them, the State mourns them."

It was during this year, on St. Patrick's Day, that he delivered an oration that distinguished him as an orator of exceptional genius. The oration appeared in full in the *Charleston Courier and Mercury*, and was re-published in pamphlet form in various parts of the Union. The *Mercury* writes of it as follows: "Mr. O'Connor's oration was a very handsome effort, and was listened to with gratification by a highly intelligent audience, who are loud in their praises of its ability, and who testified to their appreciation by repeated applause. Among the auditors was Archbishop Hughes, of New York, who was President of the St. John's College, Fordham, New York, where Mr. O'Connor was educated, and Hon. Wm. Elliot, who took an especial pride in such a marked triumph of a son of Beaufort, whom he had known from infancy. Mr. O'Connor's personal friends in this city complimented him by a large delegation, who shared in the gratification of the occasion. * * * We can recall no recent production of our young men which has been so highly complimented as this effort of Mr. O'Connor, and we are pleased to learn that the St. Patrick's Society have requested a copy for publication in a pamphlet. In addition to the proceedings of the morning, the Society celebrated the night by a supper at Masonic Hall. It was attended by a goodly assemblage of the sons of the sod, bent upon enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, and ending their celebration as worthily as it had begun. In the course of the evening, M. P. O'Connor, Esq., the orator of the day, visited the Society, accompanied by Archbishop Hughes and Bishop Lynch, the former of whom he introduced in a few just and appropriate remarks, to which his Grace as courteously and appropriately replied; congratulating the Society on the manner in which Irishmen clung to the faith and traditions of their fathers, in this, the land of their adoption, and ended by giving as a toast 'Ireland.'"

There were few efforts in after life which ranked so highly in his appreciation as this oration; the tribute to Daniel O'Connell he valued especially; and he often quote it and other passages in subsequent speeches on Irish su

jects. Judge Magrath referred to this period of his life in the following manner: "Such still remember that anniversary of Ireland's tutelar saint, in the old South Carolina Hall; then, having just entered manhood, our lamented friend gave the first exhibition of that rare power of public speaking, which in after years became so fully developed, and placed him in the front rank with those whose excellence none will dispute.

"No one born in the land of his forefathers more rejoiced in all that was glorious in its past; or in more touching pathos mourned what is sad and depressing in its present fortunes. These walls have echoed his denunciations of its wrongs, and the demand for its rights. But of these there is no record. They were like the flash of the lightning—brilliant, dazzling, startling; not to be forgotten, yet not to recalled."

CHAPTER IV.

REMOVAL TO COLUMBIA—BURNING OF COLUMBIA—A STATE
CONVENTION ORDERED—MR. O'CONNOR'S NAME AP-
PEARS AS A CANDIDATE—HIS LETTER—HE
LOSES HIS ELECTION.

1864-1865.

IN 1863, residence in Charleston had become dangerous, as the enemy's shells had fallen in many directions, imperilling lives and the safety of homes. A large portion of the population abandoned the city, and a shell having fallen in the vicinity of our home, we left for Columbia, the Capital of the State. We remained there for two years, during the burning and investment of the city, until the close of the war; we shared in all subsequent hardships and discomforts, and suffered largely from the fire and pillage that marked the progress of General Sherman's army.

Our home escaped the flames in a manner worthy of record, although everything around it had been destroyed in the general conflagration.

When the army entered Columbia, we secured, by request, at General Sherman's headquarters, two soldiers to guard our home; one of them, a soldier from Ohio, became interested in the family, playing constantly with my brother and myself, both of us children. As night advanced, and the fire burned around us, he determined, if possible, to save the house. Securing a small hose with which streets are generally watered, he kept a constant stream on it throughout the night. The torch was applied to our stables twice by the Federal soldiers, and twice was the fire extinguished by the friendly guard; as he said to my mother

"I cannot prevent them from doing this, but I can put out the fire if I want to;" and our home was saved. Many times since, while reviving the memories of those dark days, we have recalled with pleasure, the episode of the kind-hearted, Ohio soldier.

We sheltered two families whose houses had been destroyed, through weeks and months that followed; and gave refuge to them from the terrors of that memorable night, when the sky was lurid with the fire of their burning homes.

In the general pillage which succeeded, we also suffered; our premises, like others, were plundered, and our experience highly characteristic of the times.

The soldiers entered our yard, searched in every direction for plunder, and finally found our silver hidden under the beds, in the negro servants' quarters. They took all that they could carry, with the exception of silver pitchers and other articles, too large to be fastened to their saddles. These they presented to the negro servants, and as soon as the soldiers left, the faithful domestics returned them to us.

The war closed in February, 1865; and destitution and poverty, its natural results, became the portion of the Southern people.

Society was disorganized; and it soon became imperative that some move should be made to conform to the great changes that had taken place in the State. With that object, a proclamation was issued in July of that year by Hon. B. F. Perry, then Provisional Governor of the State, in obedience to the proclamation of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, ordering an election for members of a State Convention to meet in Columbia, on the 13th day of September, 1865. On August 31st, a card appeared, announcing "M. P. O'Connor" as a candidate for the Convention, and his letter in reply to this announcement, appeared in a latter issue. The broad statesmanship of this letter induces me to insert it here. Now, in the bright noon-day of peace, we can feel and appreciate its power and

truth ; but then, besides creating a great sensation, it caused him to lose his election. It was too bold, fearless and far ahead of the times.

“ *Courier*, September 1, 1865.”

“LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLESTON:

“ I notice that my name has been announced upon one of the published tickets as a candidate for the approaching State Convention. As much as I appreciate the compliment, if I consulted my own feelings or inclinations, I would certainly decline the honor ; but in this juncture of our affairs, a sense of that public responsibility which each of us, more or less, shares, forbids such a determination on my part. In thus publicly accepting the nomination, it is due to a generous and confiding constituency, who, for eight years have honored me with their support, that I should expound to them my political views, and declare the principles that shall hereafter be the rule of my public conduct. In this most important crisis for our State, the very turning-point of her future destiny, such an exposition, free and unreserved, is imperatively demanded of those who propose to represent the people. The spectacle that South Carolina to-day presents, ruined and exhausted, fills me with the deepest concern, and excites my most anxious solicitude. The issues of a most disastrous war have laid her prostrate at the feet of a superior power, with the homes of her people desolated, and themselves plunged into the profoundest sorrow. In its wild and fearful ravages, the political landmarks of near a century have been obliterated ; her modes of thought, and system of ideas, have been buried amid the wrecks of the storm that has swept over her, and one of her oldest institutions been forever extinguished. Her Constitution now sleeps, but not in Death ; her laws are silent ; her former rulers been deposed, and her civil polity supplanted by martial jurisdiction ; but her people still live. In proportion as this transition has been sudden, convulsive and destructive, the next that she will soon have to undergo will be tranquil and easy, if the people choose to make it so. At the holding of her Convention, order

must spring out of political chaos ; and upon the ruins of former greatness will be founded a new, and, I trust, more enduring prosperity. Her Constitution will be reanimated and awake to life again ; her laws again proclaimed from her temples of justice, and where military authority now holds sway, law and justice once more will reign supreme.

“ It matters not now, nor will it avail us to enquire into the causes that have necessitated these changes. Whether rightfully or wrongfully produced by the fatalities of war, the pressure of public opinion, or the conflict of opposing ideas, is a closed discussion. It is sufficient that the changes are upon us, and we must submit and conform to them, or abandon the State a prey to misrule and disturbance. Non-conformity invokes conflict with, and hostility to the higher superintending power, or the Government ; and such conflict will necessarily protract our present state of subjection and suffering. It is our duty to enter upon the work of restoration, and regeneration, with minds as free as possible from all prejudice ; discarding such maxims of the past as are irreconcilable with our present condition, and accommodating ourselves to the changes forced upon us by the revolution. True statesmanship requires that in deliberating for the future welfare of a State, the surrounding circumstances should be taken largely into consideration, for they are what renders every political principle of beneficial or noxious tendency.

“ You cannot resist the exigencies of the hour, it is vain ; and when resistance is hopeless, it is criminal. We should consult, not for the interests of the few, but for the welfare of the whole people. Not for the ascendancy of this or that set of men, or the establishment of this or that political doctrine, but for the restoration of the shattered health and broken fortunes of our people. It is for the people, as a body, that we must act. They are the State. Men were not made for Governments, but Governments for men ; and forms are of secondary importance, when a people are upon the brink of starvation. When I speak of the State, I do not mean, as some do, the territory embraced within its de-

finer boundaries, nor the political ideas or parties that may accidentally be dominant, but I mean the whole society that inhabits the State's domain. The public man, who disregards this principle in the discharge of a public duty, or allows himself to be swayed by the passions of the hour, or his prejudices, is recreant to his trust, and faithless to the people. To foster ancient feuds, keep alive past discontent and division, and to indulge a spirit of resentment and revenge, is to feed a cancer in the bowels of the State, that will surely eat out the vitals, and finally destroy her. The State needs repose—physical and political repose. She needs harmony.

“It is my firm conviction at the present time, that the only mode to attain these desiderata, and subserve the interests of the people, is by a ready acceptance of the fundamental changes, and a willing co-operation in their development.

“The fixed law of our political being, is now, and hereafter, to be bound in an indissoluble union with the United States. As long as we live under that union, and claim its protection, we owe to it our allegiance. The oath that most of us have taken to maintain and defend the integrity of the nation, (and I hope for the dignity of human nature none have subscribed to it with false reservations), invests us with all the rights, and entitles us to all the privileges of American citizens. Time and events which shape the destinies of nations, and sweep away the rubbish of the exploded theories and worn-out systems of a past age and generation, will develop prosperity to the State in her new and restored relation to the Union. It not unfrequently happens, that great and important Revolutions ultimately result in a permanent national blessing ; although their first effects on a State, are attended with great evil, and much disaster. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, true. Behold the United States, after struggling for four years with the most stupendous revolution recorded in history ; after expending billions of treasure, and sacrificing a million of men, has emerged from the contest, a greater and more powerful nation than ever before ; vying in the

comprehensiveness and grandeur of her policy with Imperial Rome, when in the zenith of her power and splendor, and Augustus and a Hadrian wielded her triumphal sceptre. From a second-class power, she has risen into proportions which entitle her to the first rank among the nations of the earth, while she fearlessly and defiantly dictates her laws and her policy to this entire Continent. Such the effect of causes at work, which ordinarily produce results the reverse. The effect of war upon society, is to cause it to retrograde and not to advance. And so it is, these very changes which occasion present ruin, may, in the course of time, and by the development of certain physical laws, become the sources of a new and larger prosperity. Unfortunately, so tenacious are we of old tenets, that we are prone to exclude all new light, and pass sentence of condemnation upon a policy, before it has been fairly tested. We have none of us the gift of prophecy, and the wisest of us can only speculate about the future; but if we take the experience of the past as our guide, and compare our progress with that of other States, there is much in the subject to raise a doubt, whether emancipation will prove in the end an unmixed evil, or a future lasting benefit to the South. The decree of emancipation has gone forth, and we cannot annul it. Whether my theory be right or wrong, the practical fact stares us in the face, that slavery in these States is gone forever, and irretrievably gone. A sound philosophy, then, should dictate the propriety of our adapting ourselves to its abolition, and working out our prosperity, without the aid of slavery. This is the surest way of counteracting the evil, if it be one. By the encouragement of immigration, the diffusion of education, and by fostering honest industry, agriculture, with the aid of science, will maintain its former importance. Manufactures will grow up, and keep pace side by side with its sister branch, and our commerce be extended. These will invite population, and population, in return, will engender them. Population is the wealth of a State, and the power it exercises. It is the grand foundation upon which the greatness, and prosperity of a nation rest.

A new era now dawns upon us. Each has to be the architect of his own fortune, and the fortunes of all, constitute the fortunes of the State. Let not despondency corrode our aspirations, or impede our efforts; nor indifference and blind despair become the handmaids of our continued degradation! South Carolina, whose star has for a long time been behind a cloud, has resumed her place in the column of American States; and her career is to march hand in hand with her sister States of the North, and of the South, East and West, to empire, and triumph, under a common flag, and a common country; the lustre of her future achievements, not bounded by the horizon of State limits, but commensurate with the horizon of the great Republic.

“These views, the result of considerable reflection, I submit for your approval or disapproval. As I would expect to be sustained by you, in any position to which you might be pleased to elect me, it is but right and proper that you should understand my motives, and the principles that are to govern me. If I were actuated by selfish motives, or a mere desire for promotion, an observance of silence on my part, should have been more conducive to success. But I believe the greatest freedom of opinion, with the most candid and honest avowal, to be the course calculated to promote the blessings of harmony, peace, union and prosperity, to our State and Country.”

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

CHAPTER V.

REMOVAL TO CUBA—RETURN TO CHARLESTON—POLITICAL
SITUATION AFTER THE WAR—SUCCESS AT THE BAR—
UNION-REFORM MOVEMENT—ST. PATRICK'S DAY
ORATION, AUGUSTA, GA.—LETTERS AND OTHER
SPEECHES—TASTES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

1865-1870.

NEWS of the destitution of the Southern people had spread over the country; and my mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aveilhé, then residing in Cuba, where they owned a large estate, left immediately for South Carolina, in order to alleviate the distress and suffering, in which their children had shared.

On reaching Columbia, they proposed to father the removal of his entire family to Cuba, and he accepted the invitation.

In addition to the hardships of those trying times, he had lost two interesting little girls, who had died, one of scarlet fever and the other of diphtheria; and with the four remaining children he left Columbia for Charleston in November, 1865.

The railroads in South Carolina, having been destroyed by Gen. Sherman's troops, we were obliged to ride in stages over a great portion of the road; and on reaching Charleston, our entire family left for New York on the "Monica," a small steamer, and one of the first that sailed after the war.

The weather was rough and stormy, and the voyage from Charleston to New York lasted six days.

After a short stay in New York we sailed for Havana, where we arrived in good time; we were then conveyed

by steamer to "Sagua-la-Grande," and were soon settled on the Delta Estate, amid all the luxuries of plantation life on the island of Cuba.

Few incidents in my father's life, contributed so much keen enjoyment as this change, at this time. The tropical beauty of Cuba delighted him; and removed from war, poverty, and want, to comfort and luxury, it formed an episode in his life, which he always recalled with great pleasure.

He remained in Cuba with his family three months, devoting himself principally to the study of the Spanish language, while his time was otherwise spent in much needed rest and recreation. But to such a nature this soon grew monotonous; happy only in action, he found too much rest wearisome, and resolved to return home; bearing letters of introduction to leading men in Havana, and Matanzas, he was there entertained with that princely hospitality for which the island is noted; and after having reached New York he sailed for Charleston, where he arrived in January, 1866. He then recalled his family, who soon rejoined him.

All that he had possessed had been swept away; he had shared in the general ruin that had succeeded the war, but he at once re-established himself in his profession, and, as his old clients had remained faithful to him, he soon enjoyed a large practice.

But great changes had taken place. This was but the beginning of a long and terrible period of reaction, which taxed to its utmost the energies, and vitality, of an already crushed people. War had exhausted the resources of one of the richest, and most prolific sections of the Union; the energies of the people were paralyzed, large numbers of the whites disfranchised, and political supremacy given to those who had been their former slaves. Their principal staple was taxed almost to prohibition; and during the entire history of the war, the endurance and heroic fortitude of the Southern people were never more conspicuously manifest, than during the period of Reconstruction, embraced in the ten long years of suffering that followed.

The State was then under military rule. North and South Carolina formed one military department, under the command of Gen. Sickles ; the Department was divided into two military districts, South Carolina under Gen. R. K. Scott, and North Carolina under Gen. T. H. Ruger.

This was shortly after followed by the election of Gen. R. K. Scott, as Civil Governor of the State.

The Legislatures of those years were composed largely of negroes, plantation hands, who could neither read nor write the English language ; and who held those positions, without the faintest idea of the responsibilities of citizenship.

Instead of equality of representation, the negroes were placed over the whites in places of trust and honor ; former slaves superseded their masters in political and civil relations ; they usurped the public promenades and national festivals, the bottom rail was on the top, and then began one of the darkest chapters in the State's history.

The white people, bowed and broken in spirit, bore their troubles with fortitude ; and this was the beginning of those years of misrule, that gave to South Carolina, the name of the "Prostrate State."

No reform was yet possible ; the leading men were powerless, and during this period, father could but watch closely the course of national events, and await the opportunity, when his assistance could avail.

In September, 1868, he wrote to Gen. McGowan :

"It grieves me to hear the cry of distress that comes from every portion of our State. We might well exclaim with the Psalmist : 'How long, oh Lord, must we endure Thy chastisement !' Things are very little better here than in the interior. Being the seaport of the State, and the natural outlet for its productions, perhaps there is little more money in circulation, but clearly we are on the descending scale. Our merchants are gloomy, trade is stagnant, and every interest is suffering. As a body, I believe, the members of the Bar have fared better here than in other parts of the State, but the most fortunate of us have hardly done more than make a living. I came out of the war like the

rest of my people, and threw myself upon my profession. I cannot complain of Dame fortune. I have had such a share of the general fund as to make me comfortable. It is hardly possible for the Democrats to carry this city. This, and the surrounding islands, seem to have been fixed upon by the lazy African for his home. On the day of election, the dusky legions of Radicalism will rise up from all sides. The negro registered vote is too large in excess of the white, to hope for success, and the promises of the few pretended faithful, are not to be relied upon. The tide of presidential affairs, is not just now flourishing as favorable as we might desire, but the ardor of our people is by no means dampened."

At the bar, as an advocate, he was unusually successful. Many important decisions, won in the courts at this time, testify to his constantly increasing success, and the respect he commanded from the bench.

"With those who were engaged in a common pursuit; of the many, who, sharing with him the cares and anxieties of professional life; the success which sometimes rewards the effort, the disappointment which follows failure, none will withhold their willing testimony to the kindly, fraternal relations which he ever generously cherished. Whatever the phase of life in which he was presented, no success checked the flow of his generous impulse; no defeat damped the inborn resolve to achieve honorable distinction."

This we read from the tribute delivered to his memory, before the Hibernian Society, by Judge Magrath, ex-Governor of the State, and one of his seniors in the profession.

Before a jury, he was irresistible, and especially successful in criminal cases. Amassing his facts and evidence, he would present them in quick succession, illustrated by vivid imagery and rapid gesture; to use his own expression, he would attack his jury as he would a fortress, demolishing each new outpost successively; watching the effect of his argument in their faces, he would finally appeal to their emotions, picturing the scene by the fireside of the home, that would be widowed by conviction, or rejoiced by acquit-

tal ; and drawing them to him by the force of his magnetism, would win a favorable verdict, when least expected.

But these efforts were extemporaneous, and are lost. In the words of one of his legal contemporaries to me : "The greatest speeches that your father ever delivered, were never written."

The political situation had been gradually growing worse ; a spirit of hatred and distrust, had been engendered between the negroes and whites, by political adventurers, and corruption infected every department of the State government.

Goaded and desperate at the open venality of the Legislature, the corruption of the Executive, and the onerous system of taxation then prevailing ; the people felt that an effort must be made to resist this oppression, and even if unsuccessful, at least, to express their just indignation.

A convention of prominent citizens accordingly assembled in Columbia, on June 15th, 1870, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieut.-Governor, and other State officers ; and this was the beginning of the Union-Reform Movement.

The movement spread rapidly over the State, and success at one time seemed assured.

In order to conciliate all parties, the convention nominated for Governor, the Hon. R. B. Carpenter, a Republican of prominence, who had settled in the State, and for Lieut.-Governor, Gen. M. C. Butler, of Edgefield, S. C. These nominations received the hearty approval of the party, and were cordially ratified.

On July 21st, 1870, a mass-meeting of the people of Charleston was called, to ratify the nominations of the Union-Reform Convention ; father was elected Chairman, and opened the meeting with a strong speech.

In a letter to a friend on July 26th, he thus writes of his address : "I note with sincere respect your expression of regret, that you differ, fundamentally, with me, in the position taken in my late speech before the citizens of Charleston. I could not expect the approval of all my friends, and the time is not yet ripe for the full acceptance of those doctrines,

especially in Georgia. I am satisfied, however, that in time all men will vindicate the correctness of my judgment, and applaud the truths I have uttered. 'Revolutions never go backward.' I considered well, every word I was to speak upon that occasion, and I am confident of the verdict of posterity. You must bear in mind, that while I abandon politically the distinction of race, I hold that other qualifications may be, and should be annexed to the suffrage, but they should be, impartial, applying to all men. My doctrine is impartial suffrage, not universal suffrage. The privilege of the ballot, to all educated men alike.

This nation will never go back upon this ultimatum, and I sincerely believe, that such an act would be denounced as injustice, by the rest of the civilized world."

Strong in his convictions, he never failed to express them irrespective of immediate consequences, and satisfied that the future would justify the correctness of his views; as he so often said: "I was born just twenty-five years too early."

Throughout this entire campaign, he took a conspicuous part.

Deeply imbued with the justness of the cause which he advocated, the regeneration of his State struck within him a deep chord of patriotism, to which he responded with all his heart and soul. The theme was congenial, and it inspired some of his most patriotic utterances.

He had loved his State for her past glory and proud memories, had regretted the fatal step she had taken, and predicted its results; but when all the consequent miseries followed, he loved her still more in her grief and desolation, and consecrated every energy to her redemption, which became the dominant passion of his life.

So conspicuous was this characteristic, that we find it emphasized in the glowing eloquence of a eulogy, delivered to his memory in the National House of Representatives, by the late Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana, one of his most intimate personal friends.

"His patriotism was intense. With all the fervor of his great heart did he love his native State. The misfortunes

and calamities that befell South Carolina from 1861 to 1876, seemed to endear her, and her people, all the more to his faithful soul. Again and again, has he recited to me the Iliad of her woes; and with more than tenderness of speech and voice, discovered to me a pathetic and clinging devotion to her fortunes, that prosperity, and power, and victory would never have commanded; and then he would quote these exquisite words of the gifted orator and poet-priest, the laureate of the South:

'A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few, sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart, and of history. Crowns of roses fade, crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take the deepest hold on humanity. The triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.'

In the great work of reform, the Union-Reform Movement was but a beginning; for the terrible reactionary effects of the war could not be overcome by a single measure. Notwithstanding the strenuous and united efforts of the people, the candidates were defeated at the Autumn election, and Gov. R. K. Scott re-elected.

It failed of its direct mission, but was the precursor of Reform; its leaders were not disheartened, all felt the work of redemption must be a matter of time, but the failure of the Union-Reform Movement again made politics subservient to business interests.

Nothing more could then be done, and father once more concentrated his attention on his profession, the enjoyment of his literary resources, and the pleasures of home-life. Besides the political speeches of this year, he delivered in Augusta, on March 17th, the St. Patrick's Day oration, which called forth the admiration and criticism of the European, as well as the American press. The Waterford

(Ireland) *News*, quoted the extract relating to Daniel O'Connell, and referred to the speech as "a splendid oration."

In testimony of their appreciation, the people of Augusta, shortly after, sent him a copy of the oration, handsomely framed.

On March 21st he writes to a friend: "The honor paid me by the Hibernians and citizens of Augusta, satisfies me that there are many, who will be glad to hear, that I have survived their gushing hospitality, and am, once more, safe and well among my people. The memories of the occasion will form a beautiful episode in my life—a spot to which I will ever look back with the most grateful emotions, and cherish as a flower that never withereth, and whose fragrance will never die. There are no words I can use more fit to convey my impressions than those celebrated lines of Tom Moore:

' Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.' "

Towards the end of that year, 1870, a meeting of the Catholics of Charleston was called, for the purpose of protesting against the invasion of the territory of the Holy See by Victor Emanuel. The protest was prepared by father, and it attracted great attention.

In response to a letter from Monsignor Persico, he wrote: "The very kind and approving manner, in which you have been pleased to speak of the part I took, in entering the protest of the Catholics of this community, against the sacrilegious occupation of the Holy See, has touched me deeply. The praise of a good man is worth cherishing."

In 1870 he moved to his residence in Meeting street, and his family then consisted of six children; four daughters and two sons.

Domesticity was a part of his nature, and to him, no hours were so sweet as those spent in the midst of his family. He did not forget the troubles and struggles of daily life as he entered his home ; he brought them with him, confiding to us his joys and sorrows, and entwining us all so completely around him, that we soon learned only to rejoice when he was happy, and to echo his sighs.

He watched with anxious care the inclination of each child, and if he discovered that any one of them was endowed with any especial gift, he spared nothing that would tend to its cultivation and development to the highest degree ; and he always believed, and constantly said, that each would be responsible before God in proportion to his gifts, and the use that had been made of them.

He loved to converse with us of great men, orators, poets, and heroes, were the constant topics of conversation during the meal-hours, and high themes of thought absorbed the leisure moments. He was exceedingly exact that none but the best English should be spoken within the family circle, correcting the slightest grammatical mistake of the youngest child, and neglecting no opportunity to attune our minds and tastes to the most lofty ideals.

In war, Napoleon was his hero ; for him, his admiration amounted to enthusiasm, and he considered him the greatest man that modern times had produced. He would constantly read to us portions of his life, and extracts from the histories of his campaigns. Every phase in which he was represented by painter or sculptor delighted him, and he was not content until he had procured an engraving of the " Napoleon at Fontainebleau," by Delaroche ; this was hung in his library, and he would walk before it, and stop and muse, lost in enthusiastic admiration ; for the intensity of Napoleon's genius fascinated him.

In poetry he placed Shakespeare first, then the poetry of Byron and Moore ; and his appreciation of Thomas Moore has been expressed in an oration, delivered at Baltimore, on the occasion of the poet's centenary in 1879.

In religion St. Francis Xavier was his ideal, and he

would often read to us of a winter's evening, of the life and miracles of the Apostle of the Indies.

Among contemporary heroes of the Cross, Bishop England, of Charleston, held the highest place in his esteem and veneration.

Rapidity and intensity were congenial to him, and for him, nothing could move too rapidly. He wrote rapidly and followed no rules in his writing; nor would he sit idle to wait for inspiration, but would set to work, and, as usual, it came with labor.

To him writing an oration was no task, it was a labor of love. On any occasion when he thought he might be invited to speak, and the theme was congenial, he would immediately write an address on the subject; if he did not receive the expected invitation, he would preserve the address, and these speeches, which were never delivered, will be found in this collection.

He believed in labor, loved it, and was convinced that no great result in life could be accomplished without it; even genius, he thought, could accomplish little without work.

He encouraged work around him in everybody, discountenanced idleness, and would constantly quote to us one of his favorite lines:

"Work is worship, scorn it not."

In a letter to a friend he wrote: "My sympathies have always been enlisted in the contemplation of the triumphant struggles of individual energy; ascribing, as I do, the chief merit of success more to one's achievements, than the accident of birth, the order of inheritance, or the chances of fortune."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS ORATORY—LETTERS—HOME-LIFE.

1870-1871.

“**M**R. O’CONNOR was a born orator. His speech was ready and his soul was full of the true spirit of poetry; and the beautiful in art and nature found in him a devout and constant worshiper. And so he clothed his strongest thought in the drapery of chaste language, and poetic imagery. He could not believe that the column was less strong because it was polished, and carved, and sculptured, nor that the oak tree had less of power to defy the storm, because of the green glory of its garb, or the graceful vine that enwreathed it with fern and flower. Conscious of great gift of speech, he was free from the vanity that seeks ever to parade its excellences in public. The born orator hesitates to speak too often. Conscious of his power, with the loftiest conceptions of true oratory, with a morbid dread lest he fail to realize his ideal, feeling that the failure of genius involves a fall the terrors of which mediocrity can never know, because it never dared, the conscious orator sits oftentimes silent, while others without gift, save of assurance and perseverance, fill senate halls with discordant clamor. And thus it often happens that

‘The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb.’

Mr. O’Connor’s voice was rich and clear and musical; his enunciation was distinct and perfect; his manner and gesture were emphatic and impressive, and polished sentences full freighted with precious thought, and clad with brilliant trope and glowing metaphor—like Jove-commissioned heralds from Olympian portals—leapt from his laboring lips.”

These words are from the eulogy delivered to his memory by his colleague, the late Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana, in the National House of Representatives.

He loved his art as the poet loves nature ; loved to speak of great orators, think of them, and read of them ; of Webster, Mirabeau, Edmund Burke, O'Connell, Legare, Calhoun and McDuffie, and he recalled their achievements and triumphs with genuine delight.

Whether in the forum as an advocate, on the hustings before the masses, or in the halls of Congress ; whether pronouncing the last tribute to the memory of a departed friend, or delivering the anniversary address before some collegiate society, the leading characteristic of all his efforts, was his thorough loss of self in his subject. His great motto was : " Soak yourself with your subject ; " and when engaged in any oratorical effort he would study his theme thoroughly, leaving not the least authority unconsulted ; and, once in full possession of all the facts bearing on his case, he could give affluent expression in that prolific imagery with which his writings abound.

This loss of self in his work was forcibly illustrated on one occasion. While speaking in court, blood was seen amid his gesticulations, apparently from his hands ; on subsequent examination, it was ascertained that he had struck them on a pair of spurs resting on a desk in front of him, and they had been severely lacerated during the speech of which he was perfectly unconscious.

He would often say that he agreed with McDuffie, who when asked to define oratory, replied : " It is *intensity, intensity, intensity !* "

With his ardent and mercurial temperament, so much of the charm of his oratory was due to the excitement of the moment, that even when he wrote his speeches, he did not always confine himself to his manuscript ; but would yield to the inspiration of the occasion, and give free scope to his genius.

It was always so, when he was at his best ; his extemporaneous speeches frequently surpassed his prepared ad-

dresses, and the manuscript was often but a faint reflection of the spoken speech ; it was truly written of him in a leading Journal: "To have to read a speech of Mr. O'Connor's is to lose very much of its value as a speech. His impassioned manner, melodious voice, peculiar accent and honest earnestness, add much to the charm of his splendid periods."

He was ambitious for the glory and sway of the orator, and he delighted in the exercise of his power.

Whenever he began an oration, he wrote, continually, until it was finished ; and when completed, he would speak of the intense happiness he had enjoyed while writing it ; he would then read it for the benefit of the family, and any passage that satisfied him particularly, he would re-read with undisguised and keen enjoyment. He joined in all the amusements, even of the youngest of his children, and interested himself in their most trifling hopes and fears ; their slightest wish or smallest trouble occupied his attention completely, until the wish was gratified, or the trouble had vanished.

When engaged in a case of any importance, he was always in a state of great excitement until the verdict was rendered. If the jury remained over night, without having reached a verdict, that night brought no repose to him, as he never rested until he had heard the result ; if favorable, he would leave his office at any hour of the day to tell us the cheerful news ; and we knew before we saw him, by his footstep on the porch, or his ring at the bell, if the verdict was in his favor. If, however, it had been unfavorable, no philosophy could console him. Always restless under defeat, it would frequently plunge him in profound dejection of spirit, from which the business of life, alone, could arouse him. This was equally true of every case in which he was engaged, whether so important as to attract the public attention, or scarcely known beyond the doors of the court-house ; it was enough that his client's cause was in his hands ; for the time being it became his cause, and it was his own battle that he lost or won.

Triumph, however small, rejoiced him; but defeat he could not endure with equanimity.

He was extremely sensitive; and, although quick to feel an injury, he rarely resented; for resentment was lost in the sense of charity that followed. Strong and true in his feelings, always ready to serve a friend, he expected the same in return; and any exhibition of ingratitude deeply wounded him. It was a constant source of surprise to many that so delicately nervous an organism withstood so long the strain of political life; for the struggle of politics aggravated, rather than diminished this extreme sensitiveness.

"There was one beautiful trait in his character that impressed me," says Mr. Ellis in his eulogy: "It was his broad-minded charity for the opinions, the faults and the foibles of men. I have passed many hours with him in the fullest interchange of confidential thought, and I never heard him speak uncharitably of any man. If he had no word of commendation, he was silent. He endeavored to trace a good and pure motive in the speeches and actions of all men, and believed that men could differ widely from his views and opinions, and still be as honest and sincere as he realized himself to be."

And we read from the Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman's eulogy, a Republican member of Congress, from Massachusetts:

"Although he was firm and decided in his views, he had respect for the opinions of others, however widely different from his own. He never allowed opinions to blossom out and mature into bigotry. His judgment of what was right never ran into the narrow ruts of intolerance, and the sharpest political controversy, or the widest differences of opinion, never caused in him bitterness of feeling, or personal animosities. I doubt if our friend could, under any circumstances, have been a good hater; he was too kind in heart and gentle in disposition. * * * He disliked to do a harsh thing; he hated to say a harsh word, and always he would rather say good of a man than evil. He preferred to apologize for, and excuse the faults or follies

of others, rather than to enlarge upon them. What impressed me most in my intercourse with him, was his unfailing good nature, his geniality of disposition, his kindness in word and act. His impulsiveness did not cover petulance, nor his earnestness degenerate into anger or impatience. * * * His kindness of disposition did not degenerate into weakness, and his pleasant manners were no proof of a soft and feeble nature. There was in him a sturdiness of character, and a force and power of manhood which would prevent him from improperly yielding in those things, whenever his amiability and desire to please might tempt him to give way. I am sure that he always tried to do the right thing, that he meant to do what was just and fair and honest, and that if he had once found out what he deemed to be the right path, neither the desire to please friend, nor to punish foe, would swerve him from it."

Always ready to do for others, suffering or want possessed for him an especial attraction which he never resisted. He spared no effort to help a worthy object, never thinking of recompense; strove always to bring joy and gladness to those around him, and would refrain from the least action that would deliberately give any one a moment of pain.

We read from Judge Magrath's eulogy delivered at the Hibernian Society:

"His heart was open and cheering as the light of day. Suffering, whatever form it took, was resistless in its appeal, and oppression, however imposing in its force, was confronted by him, who never quailed before it. And when it grew in proportion and threatened communities, his spirit rose equal to the magnitude of the occasion; and a generous heart inspired the burning words, that caused his passionate eloquence to stir the most sluggish to sympathy with him."

He was intensely magnetic, personally; in height, he was a little above the medium size; had a well-proportioned frame, a massive head, and splendid frontal development; and with a quick and elastic step, a sunny and impetuous manner, his hearty grasp and characteristic

shake of the hand, he was not soon forgotten by those who had once met him.

As with all such natures, whenever he was depressed, his gloom was extreme; and it was at home that we witnessed those occasional seasons of despondency, from which it seemed almost impossible to arouse him.

Exceedingly susceptible to atmospheric influences, an East wind would plunge him into melancholy, while a wind from the South would as quickly restore him to his usual light-heartedness. Dull days depressed him; and with the first ray of sunlight, we would hear him singing one of Thomas Moore's melodies.

Like all men who make themselves conspicuous in communities by their genius, and do not yield their intellects to the prejudices of the civilization that surrounds them, he excited the envy of men of equal ambition; and as he advanced in life, and his political importance became more defined, the envy and jealousy he created, rather increased, than abated.

To him, appreciation was always most gratifying, whether from the learned or uncultured, the gifted or humble. He loved literature, tried to instill into us the same taste, and enjoyed it as a recreation from the more exacting cares and duties of his profession. He was a great reader, with close powers of observation, and a good memory; and he always preserved such quotations as interested him.

He loved music passionately, and some of his best speeches were composed under its influence. Whenever any of his orations was in course of preparation, he would ask for music from some favorite composer; indicating whether it should be the tender strain of an "andante" or the brilliant movement of an "allegro," according to his mood; and then he would pace the floor for hours, listening intently and silently. He was always deeply stirred by the music of Beethoven, whom he called the Napoleon of the lyre, and he loved the genius of the gentle Mozart. But his passion was for song. Under its inspiration he would sit enraptured for hours, especially when its theme was some

poem, in which the music served but as a higher interpretation of the words.

At home he was constantly singing at every occupation ; and would often declaim by the hour, to exercise and test the power of his voice, preparatory to one of his public efforts.

" Few men anywhere surpassed him in the rich music of a voice, which never seemed to tire, and in the graceful vigor of action, which was always suited to the impassioned words, which flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips."

So was it written of him, and so was it felt by all who heard him.

CHAPTER VII.

OPENING OF 1871—TRIBUTE TO POPE PIUS IX., ON THE
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PONTIFICATE—
LETTERS—LECTURE ON BISHOP ENGLAND—ELECTED
A DELEGATE TO THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

1871-1872.

WITH the opening of 1871, the political situation remained unchanged. The State was still under the misrule and corruption prevailing in high places; and there seemed to be no interruption to the system of unscrupulous taxation and corrupt legislation, by which those in power were enriching themselves at the public expense.

No one could lead, for the people could not follow, and nothing could be done until another election.

On June 19th, of this year, father was the orator at the Catholic Jubilee, commemorative of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Pontificate of Pope Pius IX., who alone, until then had lived to the years of St. Peter. The occasion was one of especial interest to the Catholic World, and was celebrated with unusual splendor in Charleston. In July he left for an extended tour to Saratoga, Niagara, Canada and Lake George, accompanied by my mother, my brother and myself; during the journey, he became so ill, that we were obliged to stop at Albany, where a long and critical illness detained him for several weeks. Of a highly nervous temperament and delicate constitution, the slightest irregularity of habit, caused by travel, or even change of diet, would occasion serious indisposition; but rallying quickly, he soon, partially regained his strength, and reached New York.

Before returning to Charleston, he left me at the Sacred Heart Convent, Manhattanville, for the completion of my education, and after having returned home with my mother, on September 29th, he wrote :

“ MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

“ We left New York Tuesday morning, stopped at the Arlington House in Washington that night, and last evening arrived home. Upon our passage through the City, from the railroad depot, it presented a gloomy and deserted appearance; stores closed, and labeled to let, and the few inhabitants remaining, looking cheerless under the visitation. The yellow fever is truly an epidemic in the city, most of the people who could get away have left, so that many houses are unoccupied. We found all the children quite well. * * * They were happy over our return, and did not wish us to go away again. To-day the house resounds with the sounds of their toy instruments. * * * All our friends in the city were glad to welcome us back to the old place, and all of them enquired most particularly after you. You must try and make a good impression upon your superiors in the Convent, and your classmates. In doing this, always bear in mind, that whatever redounds to your merit or praise, brings happiness to the hearts of your father and mother. Your success and advancement are their highest reward. You must be happy, studious and hopeful—suppress every sigh, and drive away every tear. These are your happiest days. They are golden hours. When you think of us, think only of our aspiration to see you brilliant, accomplished and happy.

“ Write soon and often, for every letter will bring gladness to your affectionate father,

“ M. P. O'CONNOR.”

The death of his youngest brother, Edmund, occurred about this time. Father was deeply attached to him, and with an affection that was paternal in its nature; he thus writes:

“ DECEMBER 3, 1871.

“ MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

“ I have the painful duty of announcing to you the death of your dear Uncle Edmund. He was buried in St. Lawrence's last evening, just when the shades of night were settling in

upon our sorrows. He died on Thursday night at nine o'clock, after a lingering illness of two months. I was with him when he breathed his last, and for twenty-four hours before. In his last moments he suffered no pain, and fell asleep in death, as calmly as a passing shadow from before the eye. He had every consolation of religion, and became quite resigned to meet eternity. Supported in the arms of myself and his wife, he expired like an infant, possessing to the last all the faculties of his understanding, speaking to me, and telling me he was going, as his life was slowly ebbing away. Your mother was by his bedside, along with his family, and we all united our prayers in recommending his soul to the keeping of his God. He often inquired about you, and was always happy and proud to hear of your improvement and success. He was a generous, kind, and dear relation, and you must not fail, my daughter, to remember him in your prayers. I telegraphed the news to your Uncle Lawrence, and I suppose he has broken the news to you, ere this reaches you. His death is a release from the sorrows and troubles of this world, and I experience for myself the consolation that I left nothing undone to alleviate his sufferings, and ease his transit from time to eternity. Mother did not arrive from Columbia until Friday afternoon, but in time to see him as beautiful and happy-looking in death, as he once was handsome in life. The event has cast a gloom over us all, but we must not murmur at the will of Providence. Not ours, but God's will be done. His funeral was largely attended by his friends and mine, and every respect was paid to his memory. He was just 32 years, 5 months and 15 days old. You must not, my daughter, let grief settle heavily upon you, but accept the dispensation in the spirit that the church teaches us."

On Jan. 4th, 1872, at the invitation and under the auspices of the Catholic Institute, father delivered his lecture on the Life of Bishop England. There were no volumes in his library that he prized more highly than Bishop England's works; and when, as was his custom, he would read aloud to us of an evening, they were frequently the sources of entertainment.

When the invitation to speak reached him, without hesitation, "Bishop England" became the subject of his lecture.

The lecture was eminently successful, and the admiration evoked was so universal, that he was soon after invited to

repeat it in Augusta, on March 17th of that year, for the benefit of the charity fund of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

He accepted the invitation, and thus opened his address.

“FELLOW CITIZENS OF GEORGIA :

“I am grateful for the warm and generous welcome you have just extended. I am not unmindful that this is the second occasion that I have been cheered and honored by your kind and friendly greetings ; and they come from a Georgia audience upon a Carolina ear, with peculiar zest, from the sons and the descendants of the sons of Ireland, and all who unite with her afflicted people in congratulation and sympathy on this, her national anniversary. The celebration of this day has been so extended in the character of its observance, that the theme upon which I have been invited to address you, will not be out of harmony with the associations of the festival. It is a subject calculated to stir the depths of Irish national pride, and the name of England, I am sure, cannot fail to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of the people of Georgia. Your mountains and your streams have long ere this reverberated his ringing, Christian accents ; and your Gordons, and your Forsythes, and Stephens, have resounded his praise on many a political hustling, even from where yonder flowing Savannah laves the Carolina shore, to the extreme northwestern barrier of your State, where your lofty mountain peaks are lost in the blue azure of heaven. He was the pride of the land of his birth, and an ornament to the land of his adoption.”

The lecture was received with enthusiasm, and the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul expressed their appreciation in the form of a beautiful gold cross, which was presented to him, appropriately inscribed.

The oration was subsequently published in some of the papers throughout the North.

The coming Presidential election, which was fixed for the ensuing Autumn, was then beginning to agitate the country. The open corruption and demoralization prevail-

ing throughout the South, was but the reflection of the National Administration at Washington, which was closely imitated by its office-holders, who held the balance of power in those Southern States, then under Republican rule.

All felt and knew that a change must be inaugurated.

As with all parties, where undisputed power has been long centred, corruption tainted all branches of the administration, and unscrupulous agencies were employed to accomplish corrupt ends.

So flagrant was the open course of despotism pursued by the administration, that the people's fears were aroused, lest it should end in the destruction of Republican institutions.

To arrest these growing evils, strong, able, and thinking men, members of the Republican party, met in convention assembled at Cincinnati, on May 4th, 1872; and the Liberal Republican Convention, as it was called, announced the principles of a new Reform movement.

They had revolted against the oppression of their own party, and initiated a powerful movement, aiming at the reconciliation of the sections, and proclaiming that the political power of the country must be wrested from the hands of those then wielding it.

Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown were their nominees for President and Vice-President of the United States. The platform of the Cincinnati Convention, recognizing the results of the war, and the binding force of the Constitutional Amendments, became the Platform of the Democratic Party.

The National Democratic Convention was to meet for the nomination of candidates to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency on July 9th, and the separate States were then to elect their delegates to that body.

The State Democratic Convention met at Columbia, June 12th, and father was sent as a delegate from Charleston.

As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, he was conspicuous in the proceedings of this body, and introduced the following resolutions.

“Resolved—That this Convention recognizes the movement, which was organized at Cincinnati on 4th May last, as the only one in this crisis, calculated to secure civil liberty and restore self-government.

“Resolved—That this Convention accepts the Cincinnati Platform as broad, liberal and just to all portions, and classes, and citizens of the Republic.

“Resolved—That it is the sense of this Convention that the interest of the whole country requires, that no separate and distinct Democratic nomination should be made by the Baltimore Convention; and the delegates appointed by this body, are hereby instructed to oppose such nomination.

The Convention then proceeded to elect delegates to the National Convention, to meet at Baltimore, and father was unanimously elected a delegate from the Second Congressional District.

This election gave him great gratification; for the new movement, with its liberal platform, had enlisted his sympathies.

The course pursued by the National Democratic Convention, held in New York, in 1868, in which the reconstruction acts were denounced as revolutionary and void, he considered most unwise, and not likely to be beneficial to the South; and on this occasion, he determined to repair the blunder then made, and to define the true position of the South, before the American people.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION—HIS GREAT SPEECH—NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELEY—EFFECTS OF THE SPEECH.

1872.

THE National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore, on July 9th, 1872.

My Mother and I were with him on this occasion. This Convention was regarded by Democrats, as the most important political gathering that had been held in twenty years. Its leading characteristic was its unanimity, for it was not controlled by a few shrewd politicians in the interest of any candidate; all selfish considerations were lost, and all interests merged in the great issue at stake, for the Representatives of the people were there, determined to overthrow the reigning administration, and free the country from the evils under which it was suffering. This was the dominant purpose of the Convention, and to accomplish this object, all factional feeling was subdued.

Before the Convention met, the nominations of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States, were almost foregone conclusions. Not that these candidates would have been the choice of the Democracy in other circumstances, for Mr. Greeley had, until then, been a most conspicuous opponent of the Democratic party; but all realized that he combined within himself, at that time, all the elements of success; he represented the National and constitutional principles of the platform of the Liberal Republican Convention; had received its nomination for the Presidency, was the strongest

man to oppose the Republican candidates, and the confirmation of his nomination by the Democracy, was confidently anticipated and generally expected.

On July 9th, 1872, the National Democratic Convention assembled at Ford's Opera House, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President.

The City was filled with enthusiastic crowds of people, from all parts of the Union.

Long before the appointed hour for the opening of the Convention, the building, which was decorated, with patriotic symbols, was filled to its utmost capacity; and several bands, stationed in different portions of the theatre, discoursed alternately the National airs, adding to the enthusiasm of the occasion.

The organization of the Convention, absorbed almost entirely the first day's proceedings; every mention of the name of Greeley elicited the most enthusiastic applause, and betokened with sufficient accuracy, the probable result of its action.

Father was placed on the Committee on Resolutions. On the second day, the excitement was intense. After the reading of the prayer, Mr. Burr, of the Committee on Resolutions, announced that the Committee was ready to report, and asked that the Report be read; these Resolutions embraced the Cincinnati platform word for word, and on account of the unusual degree of unanimity, with which they had already been adopted, he moved the adoption of the resolutions as a whole.

At this moment, Senator Bayard, of Delaware, rose, protesting, in a speech against the report, and the policy it recommended.

The excitement increased momentarily; about seven or eight hundred men were trying to be heard; and with clamorous voices and wild gestures, each was striving to attract the attention of the presiding officer.

Among those thus struggling for recognition, I saw father, his uplifted hand eagerly waving, and his voice ringing above the din of the multitude.

Then, for the first time, I fully appreciated the power of his voice; I had heard him before at mass meetings, in the open air, addressing large bodies in great public buildings; but never until then, when in contrast with so many others, could I thoroughly estimate its rare strength.

There was a moment of anxious suspense. Mr. Burr, of Connecticut, the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, had the floor for one hour; father had only asked for ten minutes, would he yield to him?

Another moment, the President of the Convention announced above the storm and confusion of voices: "The gentleman from Connecticut yields to the gentleman from South Carolina for ten minutes; the gentleman from South Carolina has the floor." Father then replied: "Mr. President, I will address the Convention from my present position on the floor, and will endeavor to make myself heard by the whole body;" but the crowd clamored: "Let him take the stage; let him take the stage," and ascending the platform, he delivered the famous speech of that Convention, with a power that bore down dissent, and secured the adoption of the platform and resolutions by an overwhelming vote.

Inflamed with the ardor of his convictions, he swept over the thousands that crowded the galleries, with a torrent of oratory that bent all dissension to his will. He said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:

"I profoundly regret that there should be any division of opinion either upon the platform of principles, or upon our candidates in this juncture of our national affairs. [Applause.] The whole nation is, at the present time, in a crisis, when all issues should be merged in the one great and overshadowing issue of the defeat of the present national administration, which is working such detriment to the Republic.

"Mr. President and gentlemen, the great changes that have taken place in the last eight years, tending to the complete centralization of this government in all of its departments, have emboldened an unscrupulous Executive

to the commission of acts of usurpation and of tyranny, that now endanger the very foundations of American liberty. ["That's so," and applause.] In the rapid march of events, many of the ancient landmarks of all political organizations have been swept away, and entirely forgotten; while many of these landmarks have been comparatively modified and changed, to suit the creative situation of things. The reconstruction acts which in 1868 were, by this convention, denounced as unconstitutional and void, have been accepted by nearly all the State conventions as fixed facts, [Applause] and acquiesced in by the organs of almost all shades of political belief, throughout the country. The fifteenth constitutional amendment—the amendment which gave universal suffrage—that amendment which was felt more seriously in my State than perhaps in any other section of this Republic, I say that amendment which was at first challenged and resented, and threatened to be obliterated from the organic law of the nation—I say that that amendment has been acquiesced in as the public expression of the popular will, never can be successfully controverted, [Great applause] and never can be repealed. [Renewed applause.] Public opinion is higher than all governments, and higher than all conventional principles, and before its rising tide the old landmarks must recede, and new ones must be established. [Applause.]

"I say, Mr. President, that it is just as impossible in statesmanship to establish a government over men that is inflexible, as it is in nature to create men without passing from infancy to manhood, and without being sensible to the changes of season, of growth and of climate. [Applause.] Here is the great Democratic party to-day, with its glorious traditions, with its splendid associations clinging to her name and character, and the whole nation is looking at her, appealing to her to lay upon the altar of our common country all of her prejudices. [Applause.]

"Mr. President, we have not come here to organize a movement for a single State, nor for a single section, but we have come here to organize a movement for the salvation

of the whole Republic. [Cries of 'good' and applause.] Though South Carolina may be crushed almost to annihilation, by the superincumbent mass of infamy and corruption which is weighing her down; and though her sister States of the South may be exhausted by the debilitating pressure of Radical mis-government in the smaller, but equal ratio; the arteries which lead to the great national heart have been poisoned by the great public body at Washington—the exhalations escape and infect the whole atmosphere. It breathes of corruption, and every breeze that comes to us from Washington comes tainted with tyranny. ['That's so,' and applause.]

"Why, sir, what is the condition of this Republic to-day? We have a President who does not present himself in the guise of a simple civilian, but presents himself in the epaulettes of a general before the Republic.

"We have a President, who, one day thrusts his offensive claims in the face of England, and the next day ingloriously strikes the American colors. [Cries of 'shame on him,' and applause.] He submits to the superior British diplomacy of Granville and Gladstone one day, while the next day he orders his Minister Sickles, in Spain, to make threats against the impotent Kingdom of Spain. That is the government, and that is the diplomacy of this government. Aye, gentlemen, I say to you, that these great, these tremendous evils, are sufficient to unite the whole nation into one holy and invincible alliance, to defeat these unhallowed purposes. [Cries of 'good' and applause.]

"Mr. President, I fear that I have trespassed almost too much on your time; [Cries of 'No,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Go on,'] but I beg leave to say for South Carolina, that when the war closed, she did hope to clasp hands with her Northern brethren over that bloody chasm; and she sees the day dawning now, when that hope will be realized; [Cries of 'Good,' and applause,] and when it will be fully realized in the election of a man to the Presidency, who is the embodiment of benevolence, [Applause,] and who is the very spirit of brotherhood and philanthropy. [Cries of 'Good,' and

loud and continued applause.] We will not have a peace like the peace of General Grant, but we will have a peace inscribed upon the banners of Greeley, [Great applause] of universal amnesty, universal equality, and for eternity. [Applause.]

"But let me say that South Carolina is under the starry fold of that banner—the banner of the Union, under which she fought and did triumph, and afterwards against which she fought, but without success—that banner which ever will be triumphant as long as the banks of her great lakes shall echo to the accents of freedom, and the Missouri and the Mississippi shall roll through the inheritance of— [The speaker was here interrupted by loud applause,] freedmen.

"Gentlemen, I have trespassed too long. [Cries of 'go on.'] Let me say this in reply to the gentleman from Delaware. Let me say this, the thirteenth amendment is practically out of view, because all the States have practically ratified the abolition of slavery.

"The fourteenth amendment is practically null in consequence of the late amnesty acts, and will become a complete nullity when Horace Greeley is elected President of the United States. [Great applause.] And, as to the fifteenth amendment, let me say to the gentleman from Delaware, that while our State has had to endure what he is so much opposed to—negro suffrage *ad nauseam*—that, speaking my individual convictions, I would be the last man to assist in, and would deprecate the day when any party in this Republic would ever enroll on its banner, the principle to wrest from four million Africans that which has been given them. [Great applause,]

"Let them have it, and let them keep it, and we will accommodate ourselves to it.

"Have patience, this great party is coming into power, and we will have a government which will be equal in its laws, and equal and exact in its justice to all men. But above all, let me say to this Convention, that of all the effects of this administration that we have felt most severely,

was the act by which the President of the United States was given the power to suspend the great writ of *habeas corpus*.

"Our poor State of South Carolina, the Ireland of America, you may say the Niobe State, South Carolina almost broken upon the wheel of fortune; I say that as far as she is concerned, that when I think of the manner in which that act has been carried out—the manner in which that act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* has been carried out, I say it would shock the sense of the civilized world.

"Now, Mr. President, the suspension of that writ, which may be suspended to-day in our State for one cause, may be suspended any other day for any other cause, and every vestige of your liberties will be swept away.

"Mr. President, I am satisfied that I have exhausted the patience of the Convention, and I will not trespass upon your courtesy longer, but will now cheerfully yield the floor." [Great applause.]

This speech gave him a national reputation as an orator.

The day was very warm, almost every person in that building was provided with a large Palmetto fan; suddenly, while he was speaking, every fan stopped; prominent leaders in politics leaned forward, as if eager to catch every word, until, as if with one accord, the house trembled with the thunders of applause, and men rose to their feet, and cheered again and again.

In the words of one of the daily papers: "He thrilled that mighty multitude, swayed them as the storm does the trembling reed, and found a responsive echo in almost every heart."

"Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina, made a flaming speech, full of real Irish eloquence, in favor of the Cincinnati platform and nominees," writes the *New York World*. "He presented the Southern view of the question on all sides so glowingly, that the Convention yelled again. The desperate condition of the South, her sufferings under the present Administration, her despair of any hope or aid, save through the present coalition, this was the theme elaborated by Mr.

O'Connor. His speech was a spicy preparation for the vote on the platform."

In the *Herald*, we read: "O'Connor was at once recognized by Doolittle, and he came forward, and took the stand for about twenty minutes, and made a speech, such as few members of the Cincinnati Convention would have had the pluck to do. He said, relative to the blacks in the State from which he came, that nobody was anxious to take their hard-earned, and hard-won ballot from them; and at these sentences, to the surprise of the whole Convention, the galleries rose up, and gave one of the loudest yells, yet raised in the Presidential nomination.

"O'Connor is a stout, prompt, and florid debater, full of action, and he made one of the great successes of the day."

"Two things alone seemed to arouse enthusiasm, and these brought out tremendous applause; they were the names of Greeley and of South Carolina. Your State may well be proud of its record here. The speech of the Hon. M. P. O'Connor was the speech of the Convention. He silenced Senator Bayard effectually, and created for himself a lasting name. It was declared on all sides, that oratory as of old, has its fount in the Palmetto State. Even Gov. Hoffman, leading seventy solid votes for Greeley, and himself a national man, holding the eyes and ears of the Convention, did not create a tithe of the enthusiasm created by Mr. O'Connor. The New Yorkers say that after the election of Mr. Greeley, South Carolina, politically, will be next to New York, in his benevolent heart."

Such were the words of the telegram that was sent to Charleston, while another paper, commenting on the occasion, writes: "Bayard is a splendid speaker, one of the best in the United States Senate, and his speech in the Convention, one of his finest efforts. It had an effect on the delegates that threatened trouble. The old Bourbon spirit began to come back on many, and evidently there had arisen an emergency in the proceedings of the Convention. But there was one found equal for it, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor of Charleston. Stepping to the front of the platform, he made,

in the name of the suffering South, an appeal for harmony, that, at once, surprised the Convention, and counteracted the influence of Bayard's Bourbon speech. Mr. O'Connor was unknown to the great body of the Convention; he did not have a powerful following as did Bayard, he came forward modestly and suddenly, and, in a moment, he had enchained the attention of the whole convention. Mr. O'Connor's speech was set down as the great success of the day."

"When he ceased" writes another correspondent, "there was no longer a doubt as to the result. Greeley was nominated on the first ballot."

The *Irish World* writes:

"Hon. M. P. O'Connor, of Charleston, S. C., was the orator of the day at the Baltimore Convention. The delegates, by one universal acclaim, yielded the palm to him; and the press reporters present—whose duty it was to chronicle facts—flashed his triumph to all sections of the country. His was the only name that appeared in the *New York Herald's* bulletin given over the proceedings of the Convention. He rose at the most critical juncture of the Convention. He appeared on the platform to reply to the speech of Hon. Mr. Bayard, United States Senator from Delaware, and the head of the reactionary element in the Convention. The effusion of the mere rhetorician is but the shimmering of a glass, a flash without force; but the outpouring of the true orator is a flash and a hit. O'Connor's reply, writes the *New York Tribune* correspondent, was as remarkable for its effectiveness as for its eloquence. It was indeed. His speech was a very torrent of eloquence; and cheer after cheer went up as his words, like a tempest of shot and shell, discharged from along the whole line of his defence, sent the enemy reeling in dismay, and swept all opposition before him. While dealing out such herculean blows—while doing the Democratic Party's work, (or rather, the Nation's work), so magnificently—this gallant, young chieftain paused in his course, but only to apologize for his tax upon the delegates' time. "Go on! Go on," was the response from all sides. And then in a whirlwind of passionate sentences,

he caught up his entranced audience, and soaring on eagles' wings, ascended with them high up above the region of local politics, high up above the party issues of the hour, up, *up*, UP, above everything small and unmanly—until from this sublime altitude, he directed their gaze out upon the great Republic,—of which they were all citizens—from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, until the empty-rear rung with cheers, and the murmurings of querulousness far down below were lost in the ringing echoes. "Here," said the orator, "here is the great, democratic party to-day, with her glorious associations clinging to her name and her character, here, with the whole nation beyond and outside of her, appealing to her to lay upon the altar of a common country, all past antagonisms. We have not come here to organize a movement for a single State, or a single section, but to organize a movement for the salvation of the whole country." Those who know O'Connor, knew he would make his influence felt, did he but get a chance. But the question was, where there were some eight hundred tongues all loosed and ready to ring, and where, besides, the time was so limited, would he get a chance? Other men went to Baltimore, old in the ways of politics, and with followers at their back to applaud their sentences, and to second their resolutions; O'Connor is yet a young man, is no politician, and was attended by no chums, or cliques, or rings. He stood upon his own legs, he spoke from out of the fulness of his own soul, despising all made-to-order applause, and disdaining the dictation of all officious prompters. His success was therefore the grander, as the fame of his rising reputation promises to become wider and more enduring. We heartily congratulate Mr. O'Connor on his brilliant victory; we congratulate the Democratic Party, against whose disintegration he fought so strenuously and so effectively; we congratulate Mr. Greeley, who had in Mr. O'Connor, so single-hearted, so pure, so ardent and so chivalrous a champion; and lastly, we congratulate our own people for having, in the person of our orator, so genuine a representative of a race which gave to the world

a Curran and a Grattan, an O'Connell and a Burke—not once, but often—a race whose mighty toils and sterling worth of mind challenge recognition—a race in whose veins courses the red warm blood that is to re-invigorate the nation, give perpetuity to democratic institutions, and length of days to the Republic.”

When he had resumed his seat, members from all the different delegations, tendered their congratulations, and the delegations from Maine, Massachusetts, and New York invited him to canvass their respective States in the approaching Presidential campaign.

This speech at the Baltimore Convention, in his estimation, did not rank with other orations that he had delivered; the secret of his success on that occasion was in having said the right thing at the right moment; as was written of him, “the man and the hour had met,” the orator’s triumph was complete. Nor was the impression then created, limited to the passing moment: for years after his death, as late as January, 1886, we find this speech quoted in the *North American Review*, and emphasized throughout the eulogies paid to his memory in the National House of Representatives, in 1882. On this occasion the Hon. John H. Evins, of South Carolina, said: “But the speech which displayed most strikingly his great gifts as an orator, was that made by him as a member of the National Democratic Convention, which met at Baltimore in 1872. The charm and witchery of his eloquence on this occasion, so completely captivated the vast throng who heard him, that, with one impulse, they rose to their feet, and filled the immense hall in which they were gathered, with round after round of deafening applause. The press of the day spoke of it as an effort worthy of a Henry or a Preston.”

And from Senator Butler’s eulogy, we read: “In the course of the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention, he made one of those impassioned bursts of eloquence that electrify an audience, and take it captive. He lighted a spark that swept through the convention with irresistible enthusiasm, and acquired in this national arena, a reputation

as a public speaker that had hitherto been local, but none the less duly appreciated by those who were accustomed to hear him." While the late Hon. E. John Ellis said: "But the fame of Mr. O'Connor, passing the boundaries of South Carolina, had become national; for in a supreme moment in the councils of his party, at one of its great national conventions, with the force and fire of a born leader, he had thrown himself into the torrent of a stormy debate, that was surging and swollen with the impassioned thought of some of the foremost minds of the Union, and had successfully stemmed, and calmed, and controlled it. And the fame of the logical brain, and the music-laden tongue of O'Connor, had gone to all the States and people of the Republic."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—HE CANVASSES SOME OF THE LEADING STATES OF THE UNION—LETTERS— SPEECHES IN MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW YORK.

1872.

ON his return home, he found that the news of his success had preceded him ; from all portions of the State congratulations reached him ; and during this summer he received letters inviting him to speak in Maine, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Massachusetts, New York and North Carolina, during the approaching Presidential campaign.

Replying to the invitation from Pennsylvania, he wrote :

“ CHARLESTON, August 23, 1872.

“ MY DEAR SIR :

“ Your much esteemed honor of the 17th instant, came duly to hand. I am preoccupied by engagements of so pressing a nature, as to debar me from as full an expression of my acknowledgments as I would desire.

“ It gives me pleasure to hear that the few remarks I made in the Convention, at Baltimore, went to the hearts of the people of your State. Pennsylvania has been styled the Keystone State, and in this new movement for union, liberty and reform, she is, emphatically, the keystone of the arch.

“ I have accepted invitations to speak in Boston and elsewhere, and when I am North, and you hear of me amid the granite hills of Massachusetts, you can write to me ; and if possible and compatible with my other engagements, I can aid in propelling the movement in your State, I will do so. I propose to make but a few speeches during the campaign, and those I wish to deliver in the great cities of the Union, the centres of large populations.”

On September 5th he left Charleston, to meet his Northern engagements, and while passing through New York on his way to Massachusetts, he stayed at his brother's residence, in order to avoid publicity; but the leaders of the party found his stopping-place, and calling for the "sledge-hammer," as they had named him, would not let him leave, until he had promised to speak at the mass meeting to be held in New York, on September 12th. During this campaign, he delivered his first speech before the Democratic and Liberal Convention, then in session at Worcester, Mass. The *Boston Post* introduced him to its readers, in the following article: "There was an electric influence in the brief speech of Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina, in the Baltimore Convention, when he rose to reply to Senator Bayard, of Delaware, to which the entire Convention visibly yielded. The speaker was a new man. His burst of oratory was a real surprise; it flamed in the presence of the assembly, like a fresh revelation of patriotism, and by its magnanimous sentiments, warm and confiding expressions, generous pledges and undaunted spirit, fairly lifted the members to the height of a contagious enthusiasm. Senator Bayard had been protesting to the Convention, against the adoption of the Cincinnati platform, and, therefore, of the nomination, which was its result: to which Mr. O'Connor answered courteously and convincingly, compressing his apt remarks into the few minutes allotted him, before ordering the question, in a strain that stamped him at once as the genuine orator, and a master of unpremeditated eloquence. Concerning the existing status of parties, he said that many of the old landmarks had been swept away, while others had been changed to suit the condition of public affairs.

"There was but one issue, and upon that it was possible, because it is essential that honest men of all parties should unite; it was the rescue of the government from the fate of centralization. That issue overshadowed all others. The amendments are a part of the organic laws, and are unalterable. The thirteenth abolished slavery, which nobody dreams of restoring; the fourteenth is practically covered by the

late act of amnesty, and will be entirely so by the election of Horace Greeley; and the fifteenth, which gives the suffrage to the black race, will never be disturbed. South Carolina had been forced to drink the very dregs of the cup, by the operation of this last amendment; 'but,' said the eloquent speaker 'the Ireland of America as she is, and almost broken on the wheel of fortune, I deprecate the day, when any party in this Republic, will ever enroll upon its banner, the principle of wresting from the four million Africans that boon, which has been given them, to-day. Let them have it, and let them keep it.' He had faith to believe that a great, popular party is coming into power, and that we shall shortly have a government that will be equal in its laws, and deal only equal and exact justice to all men. Crushed as South Carolina and her sister states have been, by the arbitrary power of this administration, he still hoped for better things. The perils that surround us all, are sufficient to unite the whole nation in a holy and invincible alliance to rescue the Republic. Public opinion, said the speaker, is higher than all governments at last, and, higher than all conventional principles; and before its rising tide old landmarks must disappear, and new ones be established. The grand old Democratic organization was appealed to by the nation, to lay all past antagonisms upon the altar of a common country. It has been done, and done in the noble spirit of patriotism. Such magnanimous action, begotten of faith, and stimulated by danger, cannot come short of its deserved reward. The eloquent voice from down-trodden South Carolina, announces the welcome result, in advance of its coming. It is with great pleasure that we are led to expect an address from Mr. O'Connor, at Worcester, during the session of the Convention on Wednesday. He will be cordially welcomed, and listened to with the deepest interest."

Of the impression he made at Worcester, there are numerous accounts, among which the following are the most interesting. A correspondent wrote: "The Liberal Convention, at Worcester, was attended by some of the most influential

members of the old Republican party. * * * After the Democratic and Liberal Republican Conventions fraternized, and Gen. Banks had taken the chair to preside over the jollification, your fellow-townsmen, M. P. O'Connor, Esq., was brought out as the 'big gun' of the occasion. When he made that great 'hit' in the Baltimore Convention, his reply to Senator Bayard, he achieved a national reputation. He was, therefore, welcomed with vociferous cheers when he appeared on the platform at Worcester. He made one of those impassioned addresses of his, which brought the Convention up to the greatest enthusiasm. Another amazing evidence of the general topsy-turvy—a South Carolina Democratic orator cheered, in a Sumner Convention, in the old hotbed of Massachusetts abolitionism. O'Connor is greatly in demand for the Northern stump."

The *Boston Post* contained the following notice: "A striking incident at the Worcester Convention was the stirring speech of Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina, delivered after the merging of the Conventions in Mechanics' Hall. Mr. O'Connor's reputation as a sterling patriot and fervid orator had preceded him, his Baltimore speech having found a response throughout the country, and the assembled Democrats, and Liberal Republicans at Worcester, gave him a welcome which must have convinced him, how strong and earnest a spirit of justice and conciliation still exists in Massachusetts. Mr. O'Connor's points were all well made and powerfully put; he reverted to the revolutionary era when Massachusetts and South Carolina made common cause, and looked forward with eloquent hope to a period, when they might once more be united in political aspirations and fraternity. He solemnly uttered his conviction that the South accepted in all earnestness and good faith the three amendments securing the results of the war, and making war questions henceforth dead issues. The graphic and terrible picture, which he gave of the South under the infamous corruptions of the carpet-bag governments, sustained by the Administration at Washington, should have been heard by the millions of voters, who

could then no longer doubt on which side to cast their suffrages.

"He was earnest in declaring that the South needed peace, and rest, and recuperation, and that all she craves is to return in reality to the condition of freedom, to which the grand party falsely pretends to have restored her. Coming, as this eloquent speech did, from the citizen of a State which has felt the most grievously the carpet-bag iniquity and oppressions, it thoroughly deserved the sympathy and attention which it received."

On the 12th of the same month, he addressed a large mass meeting of Liberals and Democrats in New York, at which a number of the most distinguished speakers in the country, were present. The *Sun* of the 13th, contained a synopsis of the speech, and commented on the enthusiastic greeting with which he was received.

But his speech of the campaign, was reserved for Boston. In company, with Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, he there addressed the Liberal mass meeting, held at Faneuil Hall.

The following announcement of this meeting, appeared on the *Boston Post*, September 19th, 1872.

"The meeting to be held in Faneuil Hall, this evening, will possess more than usual significance. It will be the first movement in the Liberal campaign, and, in addition, the speakers are exceptionally interesting and eloquent. Mr. O'Connor's speech at Baltimore, at the National Convention, attracted attention for its warmth and patriotism; and at Worcester, recently, he delivered an able and timely address, which was listened to with the utmost interest.

"Gen. Johnson's reputation as a speaker justifies the highest anticipations in his behalf; and both are fresh from the South, Mr. O'Connor being a citizen of the State of South Carolina, and Gen. Johnson a Virginian by birth. That they will be cordially received, and that what they may have to say, will be of importance to our citizens, there can be no doubt. They can describe the miseries inflicted by carpet-baggers, the ruin and desolation of once prosperous States, and the enduring patience and patriotism of the

cruelly oppressed citizens of a large part of the Union. The sentiment of Boston, which is unquestionably Liberal, will hear the recitals this evening with attention, and the appeal made for a change in the National Administration, that justice to our Sister States may no longer be delayed, will not pass unheeded."

Quick in reaching his conclusions, he already began to foresee the ultimate failure of the movement, for which he had worked so arduously, and in which his interests were so deeply enlisted. From a letter to an intimate friend we read :

"CHARLESTON, September 30, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR :

" * * * I sent you a Charleston paper, with my Faneuil Hall speech, give me your candid judgment. I was well received in Boston. I think the flood has set in again. The ebb has run out. Greeley still has good chances, notwithstanding the adverse currents. Never knew so good a cause so badly handled. His chiefs of organization incompetent, and the whole campaign left to fight its own way, without generals or captains. Defeat will be very sore to me, since I have put forth all my strength to carry it out successfully.

"Write me your views if you have time, and be assured I will take great pleasure in reading them.

"Yours very truly,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

In South Carolina the political situation remained unchanged ; all interest was then centred in the coming Presidential election, and, on October 21st, the name of M. P. O'Connor appeared, chosen as one of the Presidential electors from the State at large.

CHAPTER X.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

1872-1873.

THERE is, perhaps, no medium through which a man can be better known, and the motives that prompt his actions, more clearly appreciated, than through his private correspondence; and when such letters are not intended for publication, but have been written to a member of his family, in the closest interchange of thought, they become doubly valuable, as illustrative of character. I treasure these letters among my most sacred and precious mementos; and I would hesitate to publish them, but that I feel they will add fresh interest to his life, and do honor to his memory.

“CHARLESTON, October 12, 1872.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

“I received your very welcome letter, and was glad to see that you think of me. I note your enthusiasm over my Boston speech, which effervesces when you write about it. I observe that your style is changing. You must be guarded against redundancy. Your mind is young and elastic, and there is more danger from its luxuriance of growth, than any other cause. You must study to avoid the evil of all prolific minds, of overdoing the subject under consideration. Be simple and clear in the expression of your thoughts, and they will reach further and command more attention—don't strain to produce effect, but be easy, and at repose when writing, which is a sure sign of strength. I make these comments, my dear, for your benefit, and because I notice that weeds are growing up in your style, which you must cut down at once. This is particularly perceptible from the fact, that you go into raptures over the florid passages of my speech, and don't stop to consider the dry details or philosophical branches of the discourse. The two passages, which you picked out as specially beautiful, were more *ad captandum*, and not as commendable in my judgment, as the more sedate parts of the oration. But I

think I have criticised enough your criticism of me, and must pass to other themes. You must not be annoyed by my strictures, they are designed to advance your education, and, I know, daughter, you will accept them in that spirit. * * * I am truly rejoiced to hear of your progress in your studies, and trust it will be sustained. You are wise in making good use of the opportunities now offered you, the days of youth are precious days, never to be recalled. You cannot imbibe too deeply of knowledge, nor be too diligent in your endeavors to command the languages you have taken up. A knowledge of foreign languages profits one's knowledge of their own. I hope Mr. — is as much pleased as ever with your voice, and that you continue to develop it finely. * * * Monday, we begin to pack up, and Tuesday to move to the city. The city is lively, there being no sickness, and between trade and politics, there is considerable stir and excitement. I think, my dear daughter, I have written you long enough for this time, and between my hurried penmanship, and the dry subjects upon which I have treated, I expect you will have a hard time in making it all out; but you must read it over and over again, until you thoroughly comprehend it. Your mother joins with your brothers and sisters, in sending you, dear Mary, much love, and many kisses, and with this much, I remain,

“Your fond and affectionate father,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“MY DEAR MARY: “CHARLESTON, October 26, 1872.

“I received your very interesting letter, the perusal of which gave us all much pleasure. My criticism upon your critique, had the desired effect, and is manifest in the style of your answer. It was excellent—your reply—you must not begin to feel homesick. Days should, to you, be like hours, in this, the glorious harvest-time of youth. Keep your sickle bright, and gather in the fairest and best knowledge. I was joyed to hear of your progress in foreign languages. By the time you are a woman, you will find French and German indispensable to you in the walks of educated society. Not that I believe the French will ever give way to any other tongue as the Court language of Europe, but the spread of German power and influence upon the Continent, will make, in time, the German vocabulary a vernacular to every scholar.

“It is too soon to begin to think of Christmas, but I have no doubt before that season returns, you will be invited to

take a look into the heart of the great city of New York.
 * * * We have been at our city home nearly two weeks, and it is very pleasant, all the family look even better since the change of residence. I will send you a copy of the *Courier*, containing an address to the people of the State, announcing Greeley's electoral ticket. The address was written by myself. Tell me how you like it. I also send you copy of same paper with an editorial entitled: 'The duty of patriotism in the hour of peril.' Read it. This is all I will write you at this time, and leaving you to digest it, I will close. * * *

The National Election had taken place on November 5th, resulting in the defeat of the Democratic party, and culminating in the death of the lamented Horace Greeley, which occurred immediately after; the following letter tells of the effect of this event on father's plans.

"CHARLESTON, Nov. 13, 1872.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"Col.— has just finished reading your last, beautiful letter to me, and he is extravagant in his compliments. He is a good judge, and it is advantageous to be fortified by so good a judgment in your favor. He regards your mind as aspiring and advancing. Your comments pleased me much. Keep on the way you are pursuing, and you will draw much comfort from your present labors in after life. * * *

"There is no amusement in Charleston, our street cars have stopped running in consequence of the horse disease, which has recently visited us. You must not disturb yourself on my account about Greeley's defeat. I knew what the result would be months before the election, and the event did not fall upon me unexpectedly. I shall, as far as politics are concerned, 'hang my harp on the willows,' and turn my attention to other fields of employment. The majority was so astonishingly large, that it leaves no room for disconsolacy, that circumstances might have made it different. It was a clear Grant victory. I hope, dear daughter, you will continue to improve, and preserve the happy vein you now display, and with the love of your mother, and all the little children, who are well and happy, and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, dear daughter,

"Your affectionate, devoted father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

“CHARLESTON, January 25, 1873.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

“Just after I had mailed my last to you, your most interesting and well-written epistle was brought to me from the post-office. I received much pleasure and satisfaction in perusing its contents, and was especially struck with the vigor of some of your thoughts, and the aptness of your illustrations. I read portions of this letter to my friend—Bishop Persico, who dined home last Sunday, also to Col. —, who was similarly impressed as myself. Your description of Rubinstein in the form of allegory was well done, and the merit of your delineation consists, in presenting to your reader the man, just as he is in action. This week, Charleston has had quite a treat in the appearance on her boards of the great tragédienne, Janauschek. To-night closes her engagement; and she will leave behind very pleasant recollections of her high art. She struck the Charleston ear, and has carried off the palm of excellence. I have been twice to hear her, and go this evening for the third time. * * * She closes this evening with Shakespeare's great drama, Macbeth. Her masterpiece is Deborah, or the outcast Jewess; she rises to the acme of her power in this piece, and keeps your eyes and whole attention riveted throughout the presentation. She exhibits in bold and sharp relief the power of woman's love, and the range of woman's hate. In fact, her individuality is completely lost in the character she assumes. But enough of the drama. I must direct your thoughts to other subjects. Your excellences and promotions in class have given us true pleasure. Continue. Excelsior! Let this be your motto. * * * The honors and prizes won in this, the spring-time of your life, are free from the stings of chafed envy, and disappointed ambition; they are laden only with the perfume of innocent joy. All good persons will rejoice in your advancement, and encourage you in the path of honorable rivalry and ambition. Before closing, I will briefly give you my opinion about the Patti-Mario concert. Patti (Carlotta) has passed the flower of her days, her voice retains its polish, but has lost most of its melody. Mario is a wreck, and would not be tolerated in any cosmopolitan city. He should retire. Cary is as soft and soothing in her tones as the magic flute, and preserves her own—she sang the “Last Rose of Summer” with remarkable sweetness. She has talent, but is not a genius. The *divina mens* is wanting. And now, my dear daughter, I will draw

to a close. Next week your mother will write you all the news in detail. I can now only add that she and all the family are quite well, and send you much love and many kisses. We felt some anxiety about your cold, until your letter, which came to hand last evening, dissipated it. We hope and pray that you are now entirely well, and with the prayer that this and every other blessing may attend you, I will remain, most affectionately,

"Your devoted father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"CHARLESTON, February 8, 1873.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"It is two weeks since I have written you, and since then I have had the pleasure of perusing several of your charming letters, and especially your last to me. I don't propose now to entertain you, with a dissertation upon any literary subject, nor with a critique upon any of the passing notorieties of the season, but simply to cheer you with a few, simple words from home. The only event in our circle worthy of note that has transpired, was the arrival a week ago in our midst, of Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, accompanied by Father Hecker, head of the Paulist Fathers in New York. The Archbishop declined any entertainment from his friends, as he was travelling for his health, but favored us with a visit last Wednesday. He left Thursday morning, the day after; he was delighted with his trip to Charleston, and found the climate balmy and delicious. What a contrast with the hoary, freezing winters of the North! Last week the temperature was as mild and genial, as a winter sunrise under the tropics. I am glad to hear, dear daughter, that you continue to progress, and to merit the well-done of your superiors. Such tidings always bring joy to my heart. I hope you will soon have a fair day, and have your likeness taken, and forward it to us. We all wish to look upon your image, in the absence of yourself. * * *

"CHARLESTON, February 21, 1873.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"I was regaled this week with another of your interesting epistles, and I was not selfish in the appropriation of its contents, but gave others interested in your advancement, the benefit of reading it. You will pass out of the convent, with your reputation half made, at least, in

Charleston; I only hope you will make such progress this year, as to justify the highest expectations of your friends. I know you will, always spurred and accelerated as you are, by an honorable ambition. Let not these golden hours wax idle, but seize the passing moment, and lay up all of knowledge you can, for knowledge is power. * * * Lawrence Barrett is here, acting in Shakespeare's tragedies, we will go to hear him to-morrow night, in the famous character of Caius Cassius in the play of Julius Cæsar. Next week will be diversified with panoramas, exhibitions, and lectures upon subjects ranging from the Creation to the Deluge, and from the flood to the glorious 19th century. I shall, certainly, remember you, my daughter, on the return of your birth-day, and rejoice that its approach brings your vacations nearer, when we will all meet again. I hope you will not let your anxiety to have your likeness taken, take you out in inclement weather, we can afford to linger in pleasant suspense over the coming of the picture. I was glad to read in your letter to your mother, which arrived this evening, that you had such fine times in prospect Washington's birthday and Mardi Gras; you must write me an account of how it passed off. I am nearly to the end of my sheet, and must draw to a close. * * *

About this time he wrote to a friend, who had lost his mother.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: "CHARLESTON, March 5, 1873.

"It gave me much pain, on taking up the last number of the *Irish World*, to read an obituary notice on the death of your good mother. The loss is to you sad indeed, for it is only a good son, who can appreciate the love and the dignity of a good and pious mother. You can comfort yourself under the load of your present grief with the sweet consolation, that it was her blessing to die a fervent Catholic, in the bosom of her mother, the Church. You have my profound sympathy in this bereavement, and all mine unite in tendering their condolence.

"Very truly yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: "CHARLESTON, March 6, 1873.

"For several days, I have been anxious for a leisure moment to write you, and congratulate you upon the return of the anniversary of your birth. Your mother

sent you a box, containing a souvenir of affection from me, in the shape of a seal ring, the rest of the articles, sweetmeats. To-morrow will be your birthday, and may it shine upon you with all the gladness and freshness of your youth. Though this will reach you, when its evening has closed, it will still be dear to you, as coming from your father. Mr. — has just left my office, and begs me to join his congratulations with mine. I cannot write long, as I expect to be engaged in writing, to repel an attempt that has been made to defeat the regular city appropriation to the Sisters of Mercy. But, of course, about these matters, you know nothing. Professor Miles is repeating at the Confederate Home, his lectures on Shakespeare, which he delivered last summer on the Island. Col. — has been unwell the whole winter, and I have been deprived of the pleasure of his company. He is, at present, engaged upon the critique of some work, which he will send you, after being published. * * * I was glad to hear that you took three days of pleasure in the city, on the occasion of your last visit, and I am awaiting that letter, with a description of Hoffman's performance. I hope the likeness will soon arrive, and that the representation may be worthy of the original. I suppose you rejoice as the time draws near for the close of your term. Profit of the days that remain to you, and your joy at the close will be without alloy.

"With much affection, I am, dear daughter,

"Your fond father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

The slight reference contained in this letter to his efforts in behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, is illustrative of his modest charity. His affection for this beautiful Order, and the orphans under their care was paternal in its nature; his efforts for them all through life, were an unremitting labor of love, and, in this instance, he succeeded in defeating an attempt to reduce the regular annual appropriation granted to the Sisters of Mercy by the city.

He always responded to the calls of his church or of charity, and never refused any assistance, that his ability could lend.

He lived his religion in his life; and it entered into every thought, and word, and act.

On March 17th, 1873, at the annual dinner of the Hiber-

nian Society, he responded to the sentiment: "Ireland, The Land of our Forefathers."

The personification of the Republic, and the tribute to the system of Federal Government, with which this response concludes, created a profound impression at the time, and was copied by Northern papers, as one which "he, alone, could conceive or deliver."

— MY DEAR DAUGHTER: — CHARLESTON, April 18, 1873.

"I avail myself of a few moments before going to Tenebrae, to write you a few lines. I suppose, at this moment, of my writing, you are absorbed in the devotional exercises of this holy week, but when this reaches you, you will be experiencing the mystic joys of the Christian resurrection. Of course, during this holy season, you have prayed for us all, and I trust, have dedicated to me the major part of your prayers. Your mother has been all day engaged in decorating the Virgin's chapel, which is to be made the Repository to-morrow. She was assisted by Miss — with whom she formed a very pleasant acquaintance. I have no doubt after your mother's taste has been tried upon it, the Chapel will, to-morrow, glow with beauty. Your mother will write you about it. * * * Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, passed through Charleston, about ten days ago. He remained here Monday, the 31st, and dined with me. He was delighted with his reception and entertainment, and the gentlemen who had the honor of being presented to him, were very much delighted with him. He has borne with him to his archepiscopal home, in Baltimore, the pleasantest reminiscences of Charleston. Bishop Lynch has just returned, and he assures me the Archbishop was delighted with his sojourn in Charleston. He is a remarkably fine looking gentleman, and an ornament to any society. Father Hewitt, whom you have mentioned in your letter, and who has been pleased to mention me kindly, I did know many years ago. I recollect when he accompanied the Redemptorists, who gave a mission here in 1857. I think he was among them, and a prominent figure in the religious circle. I certainly shall not fail to avail myself of his kind invitation to call upon him, when I go to New York. * * * I hope you want for nothing. Praying the blessing of health and happiness upon you, I remain, dear daughter,

"Your fond, affectionate father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

" CHARLESTON, May 11th, 1873.

" MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

" A pressure of business has prevented me from writing you before, in answer to your last, very interesting letter. * * * Your mother is coming to meet me at my office to take a walk, and I only wish you were along. How much we would enjoy your comments! The islanders, some of them, are preparing to move, but we will not be able to move until the middle of next month, in consequence of the contemplated visit of Father Garesché, who purposes holding a retreat the first of June, to be prolonged for one week. There will, doubtless, be considerable religious excitement on the occasion, and I expect to participate in it. As soon as the retreat is over, we will move to the island, and I expect, almost immediately after, we will leave for New York, via Washington, and will then soon see you. * * *"

In May, 1873, the death of Chief Justice Chase, occasioned a meeting of the bar, to offer a tribute to his memory. Father was appointed on the committee, to prepare a suitable memorial, expressive of the feelings of the bar. He delivered no speech on this occasion, although he prepared an address, which has been preserved, and will be published in this collection.

" CHARLESTON, May 29th, 1873.

" MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

" A few hurried lines I will pen you. It is, principally to express my pleasure at the perusal of your fugitive lines on the sweet month of May. I have not shown them to any one yet. The only fault I can find with it, if you can call it a fault, is, that it smacks too strongly of the school. When we meet, and I have more opportunity, I will make you some suggestion about the cultivation of your poetical taste. * * * Bishop Persico has been a good deal with us this week, and is quite happy; he leaves next week for New York, and thence to Canada. Your mother and all the children, join, dear daughter, in much love and many kisses to you, and may God bless you and keep you well, is the prayer of your ever fond and affectionate father,"

" M. P. O'CONNOR."

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMER LIFE—CUSTOMS—HABITS—PROFESSIONAL AND LITERARY PURSUITS.

1873-1874.

IN the summer of 1873, I left school and returned home. Father now wished me to be always with him, and then began that affectionate communion of spirit between us, which lasted through his life, and which I will always treasure among my most precious memories. From childhood, he had always treated me as an equal, consulted me, and sought my opinion on important matters; but now that I was grown, he confided to me every joy and struggle, every hope and disappointment of his life.

This was our second season on Sullivan's Island, and there was, perhaps, no place more in sympathy with his poetical nature, than the surroundings of our summer home; the balmy sweetness of its climate; the beauty of the summer nights; the richness of the glowing sunsets, and the luxuriant languor of the Southern winds, which, as he would so often say, "comes over me,

'like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!'"

He loved to write there, with the sea before him, and the historic associations of a century around him; and on the long summer nights we would sit together on the piazza, enjoying the moonlit scene, each quoting to the other from some favorite poet, he bidding me repeat any quotation that pleased him, and declaiming to me passages from an oration, or some favorite author, to test his voice amid the roar of the waves.

Or, coming in wearied and fatigued after the heat and burden of the day, he would throw himself into his great armchair, and calling to him his "Quartette," as he loved to style his four daughters, seemed never happier than when we would surround him, one running her fingers through his hair, another smoothing his brow, and the other two caressing and fondling his hands. This to him was happiness, and all the other pleasures of life were subordinate to the unalloyed joys of the home circle, of which he was the centre. And the eloquent charm of those long dinner hours, in our rustic dining-room, still lingers with me; he, discoursing on the politics of both continents, now inviting and provoking discussion from us on the current topics of the day, encouraging argument, and debating with as much eagerness, as he would exert in the conduct of a great case.

Of an evening, he would gather us all around him, and read to us with vivid and dramatic effect, sometimes a favorite oration, sometimes a well-known poem. Then he would ask for a song, listen with delight, and retire, that he might fall asleep under the spell of the music. His bedroom communicated with the large hallway, which served as our parlor, so that he could hear the singing from his room; he enjoyed nothing more, than to be thus sung to sleep; and when, sometimes, it would stop, he would call: "Not asleep yet, but that was so beautiful, sing it again, and never stop."

And the memories of those long summer afternoons come back to me, when we would walk the beach together, and sit, and watch the play of the restless sea. He loved the ocean with its ever changeful moods, and he would say:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar!"

He never liked to be without some of us, and rarely went anywhere, unaccompanied, by at least, one member of his family.

There was, perhaps, no grace of private life, in which he was more accomplished, than in conversation ; if it assumed the proportions of argument, he scarcely listened patiently, but with the excitement kindled by debate, would argue with a force of language, and delivery, that at times, was almost vehement in its energy.

According to his habit, if interested enough to hold decided opinions on any subject, he saturated his mind with it, and, with corresponding intensity, delivered his opinions in language worthy of public occasions. He conversed with us, as if he were addressing an audience, and bestowed as much energy and attention on those home-conversations, as on any extemporaneous address ; they could have been written, and would have read like a finished effort. He would stand before us, with eyes flashing, head thrown back, and face glowing, accompanying each idea with its corresponding gesture, with none but his family around him, the younger ones seated on the floor, and gazing up in speechless wonder at what they could not understand ; and those four walls were to him dearer than the most brilliant auditorium, and the verdict of that little circle more valued than the applause of the most critical assembly.

He always encouraged us to criticise him, asking our opinions, and listening attentively even to the youngest ; his praise was always carefully bestowed on us ; and, consequently, correspondingly appreciated, whenever we received it. In repartee he was quick and felicitous, and his conversational powers were so well known, and generally recognized, that it was noted by the *Irish World* in the following manner : " Mr. M. P. O'Connor, a distinguished member of the Bar of Charleston, is a natural born orator. Byron said of Curran : ' That fellow speaks more poetry in half an hour, than I have read in my whole life ! ' Now, we will not undertake to assert how much poetry Mr. O'Connor is able to get off in any given time, but we have no hesitation in saying, that he is the most eloquent man in private conversation, we have ever listened to. Then we like the man, if only for his fine, old Irish name, particular-

ly, when spelt in full, Michael Patrick O'Connor! There is a declaration of war against Anglo-Saxondom in the very ring of this! And yet the man is not an Irishman by birth—never saw Ireland. Certain Anglo-Irishmen whom, we have the misfortune to know, would like much to change their Irish names—in fact, they often feel like petitioning the Legislature to allow them to do so—and when they get married, and have children, they take good care that they receive some fashionable name. Mr. O'Connor's honest, old father, never knew how to put on the fashion of the age. The vigorous, sturdy branch sprung from him, shows he never was sick that way!" A splendid memory for anything good, he had once heard or read, left him in possession of a large number of varied and beautiful quotations, with which his conversation was constantly interspersed, lending an additional charm and interest.

He memorized his orations thoroughly, as it was always his custom to speak without manuscript; but as years advanced, he could not trust so implicitly to his memory, but was compelled to use his manuscript for occasional reference; this, to him, was always a source of regret, for, reading a speech, he considered detrimental to the effect of its delivery.

Fortunately, for so highly nervous an organism, he could sleep easily, in any position, at any hour of the day, and while engaged in any occupation; he could then awaken, in the shortest possible time, from the deepest sleep; give an intelligent answer to any question immediately, just as if the conversation had not been interrupted, and look, speak, and enter into the subject under discussion as if he had never slept. He retired as early as half past eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and rose habitually at five o'clock in the morning. He valued the morning hours above all others, devoted them to reading and study, and in winter, he would be in the library, reading by gaslight, long before the fires were kindled. Even when travelling, he would rise and greet at the office of the hotel, the surprised night clerk, who had not yet

retired from his duty, and, procuring a paper, would read there until the day would dawn. He was very ambitious, but it was the ambition of an aspiring and unselfish nature, who seeks for his object to benefit others, and to leave behind him, a name associated with good deeds; whenever success rewarded his efforts, his ambition was so restless that he never seemed satisfied, but aspired and worked for more than he had already attained. He was not proud in the ordinary sense of the term; the humble laborer was received into his parlor, with as hearty a greeting as an equal, and no voice was ever lifted more promptly and willingly, in favor of the down-trodden and suffering, and against the oppressor and wrong-doer, even if he dwelt in high places; but his social creed could be condensed in this phrase; he treated no man as an inferior, and recognized no man as his superior. He valued courage above all qualities, and considered courage and self-reliance, as two of the most important component elements in the success of life.

He feared poverty, and would constantly exclaim: "Lord, give me neither beggary nor riches."

CHAPTER XII.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY ORATION, SAVANNAH, GA.—SPEECHES ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS—ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

1874.

ON St. Patrick's Day, 1874, he delivered the Anniversary Oration, before the United Irish Societies, of Georgia.

The theatre was crowded with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience. When he was introduced, in the words of the press reports: "He was received with reverberating demonstrations of welcome. His voice was clear, his enunciation distinct, his language glowing, and his manner impressive, and sometimes impassioned. Again and again was his oration interrupted by bursts of applause, as his glowing periods fell from his lips, and touched the vibrating hearts before him. It is but simple truth to say that the effort was an undimmed triumph of oratory, and was greeted with the warmest expressions of delight and gratification by all whose good fortune it was to hear it."

Another authority states: "The dress and family circles were packed with ladies, and when we state the fact that they gave their undivided attention throughout, despite the many inconveniences to which they were subjected, an idea can be formed of the great interest which the orator excited by his never flagging eloquence."

This oration was copied in papers throughout the North, and the London *Universe* presented a large portion of it to its readers, introduced as follows: "In Savannah the day had its finest celebration South, outside of New Orleans and Baltimore. * * * There, the oration of the day, was to

be delivered by one, of whose name and fame as an eloquent speaker, the South and the whole Irish-American people were proud. Though he never saw the old land, he was as well qualified to speak for and of her, as if he had been born there, for he had inherited from an Irish father and mother, the blood and the heart that makes the finest of men. Mr. O'Connor is a South Carolinian by birth, and therefore, chivalric in thought, word and action; he is Irish by descent, and, therefore, patriotic, God-fearing and brave, and he is an American, and, therefore, he is independent. Tumultuous applause interrupted him every now and then, from the opening till the close, and the most glowing expectations of his power as an orator, were more than realized."

During this visit to Savannah, he received the telegram that announced his unanimous election to the Presidency of the "Hibernian Society" of Charleston, to which he replied:

"TO THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE 'HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.'
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"I have closed my address amid the rejoicings of a generous and glorious people. The message you have sent of my promotion to the Presidency of the old, and time-honored Hibernian Society, borne to me upon the wires, over a hundred miles from my home, and the people whom I have loved well, comes to me with a grateful and soothing unction. The honors of the office, which you have conferred, I will wear. Its responsibilities I will assume. The duties devolved, I will discharge, and now it only remains to flash to you my felicitation, upon the return of our joyous anniversary, my ardent wishes for the increasing prosperity of the Society, my ambition and my hopes for the more complete and harmonious union of all Irishmen, in all that concerns their welfare in the land of their adoption, and their fathers and kindred in the land of their nativity.

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

This oration was shortly after published in pamphlet form, and he was elected an honorary member of the Hibernian Society of Savannah.

Among his works will be found numerous addresses delivered on the Irish festivals, centenaries, and anniversaries: in each of them, his treatment of the same theme is new, and none of these speeches are alike.

His knowledge of Irish history and of Ireland was so accurate that many thought he had visited Ireland; but he had never been there, although it was one of the desires of his life, which was never gratified.

At the annual Hibernian banquets he frequently wrote the toasts each year; a few are inserted here as illustrative of his style:

"The State of South Carolina. There are signs which indicate the dawn of a new and better era. When, shaking the mildew of corruption from her garments, she will array herself in the robes of honor and honesty."

"The Press. The welcome morning messenger to the millions. The guide and reflex of public opinion; to be potent, it must be brave; to be true, it must be free."

"The United States. Our government—designed to be perpetual, as the inheritance of freemen. It escaped dismemberment. May the virtue of its people preserve it from the tyrannical domination of party, and the selfish ambition of rulers."

"Ireland, the land of valor, genius and song. Her sons cherish the hope that sorrow's cloud which has so long hung over her destiny, will, ere long, sink beneath the gorgeous sunburst of freedom and independence."

"The Judiciary—Its independence essential to its dignity and power; its purity and integrity, indispensable for the maintenance of our rights, and the perpetuation of our liberties."

On April 8th he delivered his first address, as the newly elected President of the Hibernian Society. There are few cities in the United States, where the social character of the Hibernian Society is better preserved, than in the comparatively small community of Charleston. It had always numbered among its members, men conspicuous in the social, literary, and political world of South Carolina, Protes-

tants as well as Catholics, and was, probably, unsurpassed anywhere, in the genius and distinction, that characterized its annual gatherings. Father had always been devoted to its interests; as President he spared no effort to preserve and even elevate the high standard it had already reached, and the most distinguished men of the State and country were always guests at the anniversary banquets during his administration. In that capacity he represented the Hibernian Society on all public and social occasions.

In July of that year, he was invited by the Chrestomathic Society of the Charleston College, to be their "Commencement Orator," to which he replied:

"TO THE SECRETARY OF THE CHRESTOMATHIC SOCIETY.
COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON.

"DEAR SIR:

"It was only yesterday, that I received your much-valued, and highly complimentary note of the 4th, announcing my unanimous election as an honorary member of your Society, coupled with the distinguished honor of being chosen your commencement orator, for Feb., 1875. The very flattering terms, in which you have been pleased to couch your invitation, and to allude to my past humble efforts, I most gratefully acknowledge. The value of a compliment depends much upon the source, whence it originates, and I should be recreant to my own "Alma Mater," and unmindful of my own past, and happy academic years, if my sympathies were not keenly aroused, by the contemplation of your youthful studies and aspirations, in the pursuit of education, in our own city's temple of knowledge and science. In accepting the position you have assigned me, as your next commencement orator, I do so with some diffidence of my ability to realize the expectations, which, judging from the tenor of your letter, have already been excited. Permit me, in conclusion, to express my concurrence in the objects, and sympathy with the improving and refining influences of your association; and with due appreciation, subscribe myself your obedient servant,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

He was very undecided about a theme for his oration, and, finally, selected "Faith," which he believed to be one of the chief elements of success, and which entered so

largely in his character and life; faith in the cause espoused, and faith in the result. He believed that no success could be achieved without it, and, when engaged in any undertaking, he never allowed himself even to doubt of success, or question the possibility of failure, for doubt weakened endeavor. Disappointments and obstacles rarely discouraged him; on the contrary, they excited him to greater effort; and he did not dwell long on them. He had an abiding confidence in an overruling Providence, who guided all things for His special purpose. Every event in his career, whether or not it helped his plans, whether it brought success, or tore it from his grasp, contained for him a special meaning. This unwavering confidence in God never deserted him, and this deep, religious trust was the great motive that sustained him throughout his life.

This was, so often, one of his favorite topics of conversation, that it became the subject of his lecture before the "Chrestomathic Society," under the title of: "Faith, in the Natural Order."

This address was repeated on several subsequent occasions under different titles, and will be found in this collection, in the oration delivered before the graduates of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., of which it formed the substance.

In September of this year, Charleston suffered from the great gale of 1874, which we experienced in all its violence, on Sullivan's Island.

The night before the storm, he paced the house through restlessness, and the howling of the dog disturbed him. It was one of his favorite theories, that a strong, sympathetic chord existed throughout nature, connecting us more mysteriously and intimately than we imagined; and the restlessness of the animal betokened some approaching disturbance of nature. He loved to talk about the invisible bond of sympathy, which made itself felt throughout the whole creation, and to which high natures were the most susceptible.

Another subject on which he liked to converse, was death. It possessed no terror for him, and he liked to visit and look on the dead ; "it created meditation," he said, and always made him better. His veneration for the dead was so tender, that he expressed it throughout his life in eulogies and tributes to deceased friends and acquaintances ; and he never missed an opportunity to eulogize the dead. When the subject was connected with those whom he loved, he shrank from it with aversion ; but, with regard to himself, he would speak frequently of his own death, would enumerate the calamities that might happen, to which he thought death preferable, and would frequently say, that he thought it must be sweet to die. He did not wish to outlive his usefulness or reputation, and to linger to old age, with his powers impaired, and a burden to others. In speaking of himself, in connection with the possibility of a long life, he would assure us that that could never be, for his life had been too active, he had drawn already too largely on nature. As he often said : "I will never live to see fifty," and he died within six months of his fiftieth birthday.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

1874-1875.

ABOUT this time, he wrote a letter, to the Secretary of the Manhattan Club, New York, in acknowledgment of an invitation to attend the reception tendered Governor Tilden and Mayor Wickham. It was published at the North, with the following introduction and comments: "It is an able production, and contains many statesmanlike reflections, which men of both political parties, in view of the existing troubles in Louisiana, would do well to consider."

"DEAR SIR: "CHARLESTON, S. C., December 23, 1874.

"I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the invitation of the Manhattan Club to be present at a reception, to be given on the 29th inst. at their rooms, in honor of Samuel J. Tilden, Governor-elect of the State, and William H. Wickham, Mayor-elect of the city of New York.

"I feel a deep regret at my inability to be present with you on this interesting, and nationally pregnant occasion. I should experience great gratification, in being able to participate in the rejoicings of your members over the grand triumphs of the Democratic party, in the recent fall elections. The potential majority rolled up by the Empire State—the sudden and unexpected change of front of the old Bay State—the glorious victory in Pennsylvania—the uprising of the Northwest—the signal overthrow of the corrupt rings in several of the Southern States, and the recorded triumphs of the party in seventeen out of twenty-seven States that voted in November last, I take to be the herald of a new morn of awakening for the old and time-honored Democratic party. It affords the best guarantee the American people can have that the end of corruption is nigh, and that *liberty* and *equality*, united with law and justice, will soon reign supreme again.

"The fact cannot be disguised that the announcement by

the party at Baltimore, in 1872, of new dogma in harmony with the advanced ideas of the age, and in acceptance of the fundamental changes wrought by the war, was the entering wedge to the consummation of this great political revolution. By the remarkably united action of the Democracy in convention in 1872, the party was placed upon a higher and broader plane of intelligent national action, and it removed the hindrances which interfered to prevent a more general co-operation of all classes of citizens in the struggles and aims of the party. The new departure forced the two great national parties squarely into line upon the grave questions which had distracted the country since 1865, and left the merits and claims of the respected organizations to stand upon the intrinsic value of their men and measures, disentangled of the issues which had grown out of the abolition of slavery.

"My hope and my trust is that the controlling spirit which shall pervade the Democracy in future, will be to adhere sincerely to the Constitutional Amendments, and never permit them to be disturbed. We can afford to bury and leave buried all old dead issues, and move on to empire by the perfection of laws and measures, that will lift our nation out of the slough into which she has been sunk by the depravity of men, and the unrestrained license of the dominant party. If the old national sore engendered of the animosities of the civil conflict, and the intemperate haste of our rulers to pull down any symbol of law relating to the previous status of the negro, and almost blinding him with excess of light—if this sore, which has been fast cicatrizing, is ever re-opened, in my judgment, it will threaten the very rending of the party. Liberty and Equality must forever in the future be the watchword of the party. *There is no occasion to agitate the negro question any longer.* It would be bad policy to elevate this subject again into undeserved prominence. Time is effecting a more speedy and permanent cure of many evils, than can be accomplished by legislation. The unchecked career of the Republican party in the Southern States, fostered by the National Administration in abuses and corruption and abomination, has dragged the whole party down to so low a depth that men now breathe a little freer, feeling that the bottom has been reached and we may safely look for the recoil. In deference to a sound statesmanship, I would not have the rebound too violent and sudden, lest it might imperil our efforts and hopes for the future.

"The philosophy of history teaches us that in society there are certain reactionary forces, which give a contrary direction to human affairs after periods of long depression. These forces have no other outlet nor medium of operation at this time, than through the great national organization of which we are members. It is upon this wave, supported by these forces, that we are now swimming to power. As a general rule, the common sense of the people, will at last assert itself, and before the restless demand of a misgoverned, abused and plundered people, all opposition must go down. The triumphs of November, over which the whole nation rejoices, are due as much, if not more, to the dissatisfied state of the public mind with regard to the conduct of national affairs in every department, than to the perfection of the machinery of our organization.

"In view of the surrounding circumstances of the situation, the leading spirits and guides of our party cannot be too wary of their movements, confronted as they are by an audacious and enterprising party foe, ready to assail every vulnerable point in our line, and to take every advantage that a lack of vigilance might give them. I would not venture at this time, and in this desultory manner, to discuss any other of the grave, national subjects, which will soon demand the highest wisdom, and best judgment of the representatives of the party. I am now more concerned about what the party should not do, than with what the party may do.

"We can safely rely upon the sober, practical thought of the people, operating through the press and other avenues to men's convictions, to ensure the satisfactory solution of the problems that will enter into the discussions of the two prevailing parties. If the welfare of the whole people is consulted, and their interests guarded with a broad and not a selfish view, I have no doubt but the counsels of the democracy will be so directed, that out of the change that must inevitably ensue, a lasting peace, sound prosperity, and a national credit co-extensive with our vast and unparalleled resources, will take the place of diseased administration, a distressed public mind, and insecurity upon the subject of our national finances. I look forward confidently to greater victories under the ægis of the Democracy, than ever yet have been won by might over right, and justice over oppression. He is the true statesman who can feel and judge the popular pulse, and determine the proper remedy to correct any disorders of the political system. Among those high in the

faculty is the sound thinker, Governor Tilden, who will guide with a sure and steady hand the fortunes of the party in your state, while Mr. Wickham will hold in subordinate control the strong elements of your city democracy, which has stood a barrier against centralized power, and been the invincible guardian of the liberties of our Republic.

"With sentiments of the highest consideration, I have the honor to remain sir, very respectfully yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"CHARLESTON, December 26, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I am very thankful for your kind attention. The invitation from the Manhattan Club to unite with them on the 29th in paying honor to Gov.-elect Tilden, and Mayor-elect Wickham, was received by me on the 22d. As I could not make it convenient at this season to be present in person, I anticipated your suggestion, and addressed a communication on Wednesday last to the Club. If the time allowed me had been longer, I should have entered more fully into the discussion of the future aims and prospects of the party, but as it is, I have merely sketched an outline of my views, as to the future policy of the party, in relation to the Southern States. I think you will agree with me, that by judicious management on the part of our party-leaders, and skillful legislation, as soon as the power passes into our hands, we have the fairest opportunity that has ever been presented, of conciliating and capturing the negro vote, and perpetuating upon immortal foundations, the power and the prestige of our organization. Disintegration in the Radical ranks is making rapid headway, and this tendency has been recently precipitated by the shameful breach of faith of the Freedman's Bank, and the sacrilegious plunder by its officers of the poor negro, over whose tutelage, with pharisaical sanctimony, they had taken special charge, as the privileged wards of the nation. I abhor their hypocrisy, and lament over the unsuspecting credulity of the poor African, who has been outrageously cheated of his small and humble earnings. I have already said more than I intended, and must check the progress of my thoughts. I am satisfied, standing as you do, in New York, upon the mountain, from whence all the movements of politics can be discerned, and a clear reckoning taken, that empire and glory are destined to succeed the long era of obscurity and repose, of the faithful and undying Democratic party. * * *"

"CHARLESTON, December 29, 1874.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"A merry Christmas and a happy new year, I wish you from the bottom of my heart. When you look back upon your work of the year just expiring, which has been so nobly performed by you, you have much cause for interior consolation, and just claims for congratulations from without. You have been the outspoken advocate of the cause of the people, and have maintained their rights with remarkable courage and constancy, amid the revolutions of thought and feeling that have taken place during the past twelve months. They have been chequered months, and much has occurred in their progress, to shake the convictions and purpose of less resolute champions than yourself. Ideas and things seemed to have been in a state of solution, and this process is still going on; with the heterogeneous confusion of thought among the editors as to all plans and systems, the true road of happiness for the people seemed to have been lost sight of in the multifarious discussions. Some were carried away by a superserviceable and misdirected zeal for religion, others by a fondness for the pomp, and splendor, and attractions of royalty—others by a blind idolatry of the predominating power—and others again by a vicious pursuit of unhallowed gain. All these manifestations of opinion have been displayed, utterly regardless of the true principle upon which the people's welfare can be grounded. When Kings, and Emperors, and Courts can find so many, who, basking in the sunshine of their favor, are ready to prostitute their talents to the vindication of wrong and oppression, it is refreshing to find a select few, springing right up from the loins of the masses, girding on the armor of truth, and battling for liberty and the toiling millions. Though the cause in which you have been engaged, would, for a time, be overcast, never fear—its bright sun will again shine forth, more brilliant and beaming than ever. The cause of the peoples must advance. You might as well attempt to stop the sun in its course, as to turn back the tide from the course in which it is running. I endorse very generally, the theories you have propounded for the improvement of the human species, and the advancement of Republican institutions. The shouting demands of the millions for popular freedom, is in consonance with, and is a part of the genius of our age, and as soon as old prejudices have been dissipated, these new opinions will spread, creat-

ing a new atmosphere of thought, and sustaining the world with their new life and energy. Excuse me, for having indulged in so many glittering generalities, I merely sat down to extend you the compliments of the season, and wish you a career of unclouded prosperity, and with this benison upon you, I will write myself,

Very truly your friend,

"To * * *"

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"Georgetown, College, D. C."

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

"It gave me much pleasure to receive and read the oration delivered by Dr.—before your society. The attention, evincing that I was remembered by the student in his academic retreat, was, if possible, more grateful to me even than the pamphlet itself. Orations nowadays, have become so frequent and numerous, that they are like leaves scattered to the winds. Not that I mean to derogate from the excellent material and finished style of this composition, but the public ear and appetite seem to be palled with this kind of pabulum. I express this truth with gloom, because I feel that I am trespassing upon the country of my own domain. That the days of the orator's power are passing away, is lamentably true, but to be succeeded by an age of wood and iron, and an unchecked and defamatory press. Oratory was among the graces, and sat side by side with the muses of poetry, but sentiment now is gone, and without sentiment, the vocation of the orator is lost. Let not, however, these reflections turn your mind from pondering upon some of the salient points in Dr.—'s oration. The tribute he pays to the orator, is worthy of the object and the subject, and his future usefulness in moulding the soul of the nation, which he so ably prefigures, is worthy of the artistic tastes and elevated tone of a statesman and a scholar. Accept my thanks for the kind attention, when I produce next something worthy to read, I shall remember you, and reciprocate the favor. I hope my growing son, Charles, is doing well, and has made himself a favorite among his fellows and his teachers. Do me the favor to present my most friendly salutations to your mother and the Honorable Senator, and accept my compliments for the good judgment you have displayed in sticking to your first and dear Alma Mater, and wishing you a future of honor and distinction,

"I remain, very truly, your friend,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

CHAPTER XIV.

EULOGY ON JOHN MITCHEL—CORRESPONDENCE WITH
PAUL H. HAYNE.

1875.

EARLY in the following February, he was engaged in a criminal case, to assist the prosecuting attorney. He had been so successful in such cases, that he was always averse to prosecute; but, on this occasion, he was persuaded to act contrary to his custom by the family of the murdered man, an Irishman, who had been killed by a negro. We read of the case in the press reports of the day: "Mr. M. P. O'Connor assisted the solicitor, and followed his putting of the case to the jury in a cogent manner, couched in language, the fervor of which carried the earnest conviction of the speaker's mind, into that of his hearers. He asked no compromise, but insisted, from the outset, that the evidence and the law, the State, and the welfare of the people at large, demanded that they should, uninfluenced by appeals to the passions, render the verdict, which, in their consciences, they were bound as sworn jurors, to do. He claimed that the evidence proved, not only murder, but murder most foul, and cited as authority, passages from numerous murder trials of the State, comparing the circumstances in those, with the facts in the present case. The speaker confined himself, principally, to the law and evidence, and made but little appeal to the feelings of the jurors." The result was conviction, and the negro was hanged.

To his sensitive nature, this was a source of keen regret, and although he had argued from conviction, yet he would have spared no effort to obtain that negro's pardon, had such an action not been inconsistent with the services rendered. He declared that he would never again prosecute another criminal, and he never did.

April 16th of this year, was the day that had been chosen by the friends of John Mitchel, Carolinians as well as Irishmen, to give expression to the general sorrow, felt at the news of his death, which had just been chronicled. John Mitchel had especially endeared himself to the Southern people. He had sympathized deeply with their cause during the late war; one of his sons had fallen in the ranks of the Confederates; and this occasion of the "Mitchel Memorial," was the outgrowth of their affection to do honor to his memory. Father was invited to be the orator of the occasion.

The following letter from the poet, Paul Hayne, in connection with this oration, is interesting.

Mr. Hayne and my father were life-long friends; they were about the same age, and so sympathetic in tastes and temperament, that this congeniality ripened into a warm friendship, which lasted through life. Whenever any conspicuous literary effort of either, was given to the public, a congratulatory letter from the other almost surely followed.

Mr. Hayne frequently consulted father, when about to publish any volume of poems; and this interchange of thought and confidences, occasioned the following interesting correspondence:

"COPSE HILL, GA., R. ROAD, April 22, 1875.

"MY DEAR O'CONNOR:

"I do not know when I have been so thoroughly and honestly pleased by *anything*, in the shape of a *public oration*, as by your recent address, published in the "News and Courier," upon the life and genius of *John Mitchel*. Your entire biographical sketch of him, with the comments thereon,—in brief—the whole oration, strikes me as a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. I admire John Mitchel *intensely*. He was that *unusual thing, a perfect man!* Once, just after my marriage, I chanced to be travelling in Virginia. On the cars between Petersburg and Richmond, I met and was introduced to the great Irish patriot, going, like myself, to Richmond, and accompanied by his wife and a daughter. Then, and subsequently at the hotel, we talked and argued on many points. I—as a young man—listening, with a species of reverent

delight, to the rich tones of his tenor voice, and the eloquent sentences, which flowed, like "magic wine" from his lips. Ah! and he was *such a gentleman!* "Courtly as any knight of the olden epoch! With a manner towards *women*, especially, that was *irresistible!* I knew some of his sons in the after-time: particularly Capt. Mitchel, who sacrificed his life at Sumter. A noble fellow was the Capt., brave as any lion, but in *personnel*, *manner*, and general bearing, not to be mentioned in the same day with his graceful, fascinating father. But to the chief purpose of my letter, please send, *if you can, one printed copy of your oration* to me, *by mail*. The only copy I had, was taken from the house. One *other* point, an *egotistical one*. Soon, perhaps in May, I am coming out with a new vol. of poems, from the press of the *Hales*, N. Y., who published Timrod's book—and frankly, I want all my Charleston friends to exert themselves, and promote its sale. Being 44 years old, and having devoted myself to *So. Literature* from early manhood to the present period, surely I have won the right to ask of my old *compatriots*, the men once my fellow-citizens, "*help me*, now at the 11th hour;"—see to it, that possibly my last publication shall not be allowed to fall "*still-born*" amongst you! If this be conceit, or undue egotism, why, I must endure the "*soft impeachment*." You *won't misunderstand* me!! Please drop me a line, so that I may know you received this, and, *believe me, very truly,*

"Your friend,

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

"CHARLESTON, April 24, 1875.

"MY DEAR HAYNE:

"Immediately upon receipt of your very kind and complimentary letter of the 22d, yesterday, I mailed you a paper containing the eulogy, which you have been pleased to laud so highly. I assure you, nothing has occurred for a long time in my life, that has given me so much genuine pleasure, and awakened so just a pride, as the generous commendations you have lavished upon my humble address. To a man, who prides himself a little on his literary taste, there is no keener satisfaction, than to feel that you have found a response in a bosom of a kindred nature. When I think of you, with your 'eye in fine frenzy rolling,' amid mountains and caves, and streams, and in every pathway of romance weaving the golden spell of poetry, from the tender sensibility of a warm imagination and highly tinged

fancy; stepping aside from your banks of perfume, to place a flower at my feet, I feel a strong sentiment of gratitude. And then, it is so long since we have met, and so many changes have taken place to make old friends dearer, that for this, I value the attention still more. I attached no special significance, and bestowed no great care upon the preparation of my address, and strange to say, I have received more encomiums upon it, than any other of my public efforts. And now, as to you, the Poet Laureate of the South, you can count upon my assistance in circulating your publication, and though the world is sadly becoming more and more selfish, there are true hearts still left to answer to the appeal of true merit. You must pay Charleston, your old home, a visit, and your presence among your old friends, will contribute much to the success of your enterprise. And when you do come, I claim to be among the first to be informed of it, that I may have ample opportunity to revive sacred reminiscences of a past, both sombre and gay. Hoping that all your family are quite well, I remain,

"Very sincerely and faithfully, yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"DEAR O'CONNOR:

"AUGUSTA, May 9, 1875.

"Your letter was most *characteristic* in its kindness. Would to Heaven that I could pay a flying visit just now to Charleston! But the fates forbid! Meanwhile, I know you'll do what you can in the matter I ventured to bring to your attention.

"*Deus vobiscum,*"

"In haste, but ever,

"P. H. H."

"MY DEAR HAYNE:

"CHARLESTON, June 8, 1875.

"I only received yesterday your letter of the 4th, the warm and tender sentiments of which I cordially reciprocate. In the afternoon, I dropped in to Fogartie's, but to my agreeable surprise, found there was not a volume of your work left on hand. The copies received by them from the publisher, were rapidly taken up. I have, therefore, to defer the pleasure of a glance at the book. I was rejoiced to find the evidences of your appreciation decidedly affirmative, and not neutral nor indifferent. I shall await with a keen relish of anticipation the number you ordered to be forwarded to me. While at Fogartie's, I inquired if

any one was engaged in preparing a notice of it for the daily paper, and was told that Mr. G. H. Sass, a knight of the quill, had undertaken to review it for the benefit of our public.

"I hope I have not been deceived, and that neither you nor I shall be disappointed with the critique, when it appears. I shall use the little influence I have, to advance its sale and dissemination among our people, and if all our people were as true admirers of art, and lovers of genius as I claim to be, every pier-table in our city mansions, would expose the triumph of your muse. Your allusion to the slow, cold, and freezing recognition, which is given to art, in our Southern clime, I feel most keenly. The man, who, in this day and generation, worships the ideal, and glories in the revelations of the spirit, is like an outcast. Unless you bow down and worship the golden calf, you are like an outcast. Neither prophet, nor poet, nor orator can break through the iron bars, which encase the rigid and morbid selfishness of the age. I feel sometimes as if the kingdom of the glory of the mind, and the sublimer aspirations of the soul, had departed forever. And without the love of the ideal and the culture of the spirit, what is man but as 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal?' But pardon in me this transcendentalism of the moment. I merely intended to acknowledge your kind and valued note, to express my sympathy in your work, and to renew the expression of my warmest esteem and confidence, and to remain as ever,

"Truly and sincerely yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"COPSE HILL, GA., R. R., June 11, 1875.

"Thanks, *My Dear O'Connor*, for your second cordial letter. I fully appreciate it. As to the *book*, you'll certainly receive a copy *soon*. There has been a merely accidental delay. You seem to think it is selling well in Charleston. Mon ami! With a population of 40,000, my native city has thus far ordered (thro' Fogartie, I believe) 15 copies only!! Comment is needless! Several little inland villages of Ala., and Va. have done better than this! But I have already imposed upon your good nature touching this matter, and must here *drop it!* Not in our generation will S. Ca. come forward as a patroness of any of the arts. 'She has turned to her *idols*, let her *alone!*'"

"Believe me, in haste, but ever most truly,

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

"CHARLESTON, Aug. 21, 1875.

"MY DEAR HAYNE:

"I owe you manifold apologies for my apparent remissness in attending to your correspondence. The neglect is only apparent, I have often thought of you, and with that sympathy which only a nature like mine can feel for a kindred spirit; but with running to the island, where I am sojourning for the summer, and laboring under frequent spells of the Blue Devils, I have not been in the mood to write to you as I should do. I received from Mess. Hale & Son a copy of your volume of poems, and have beguiled many a weary moment amid the scenes you have painted with an artist's hand, and in the soft contemplation of repose, upon the beautiful characters that illuminate your work. It has been to me a refreshing spring of happy meditations. But what an age! How indurated is conscience—how steeped in its sordid delights, as to be dead to the finer glow of purified sentiment—to such as worship at the shrine of art or poesy, it holds out no encouragement, it offers no comfort. Men have taken to their idols, and they are idols of brass, of wood, and of stone, which money can build—they are of the earth, earthy, and not of the spirit, ideal, and spiritual. A state and people in times that are past, were known and honored by their radiancy, now, by their hoarded wealth and grasping avarice. Æschylus, Phidias, Socrates and Homer made Greece immortal, and the past of South Carolina might have attempted to vie with the mistress of the world of art and genius, but now no longer. A change has come over the spirit of our dreams. I called upon many of our friends, and recounted the pleasures I received from your poems, and got promises to take it; but I can't say how many have complied. They, like the rest, I fear, have inhaled and become infected with the surrounding atmosphere. * * * Hoping for more auspicious days for both of us, I remain,

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"MY DEAR O'CONNOR:

"Soon you will see in the columns of the 'Journal of Commerce' an 'Appeal' over my signature to the Citizens of Charleston, concerning a topic which you can't fail to be interested about.

"Now, without hesitation, I beg you to lend me your powerful influence in this matter.

"The 'Appeal' will explain details, and if only my friends, or, *I should rather say, the friends of the illustrious dead, and of the honor of Charleston and Carolina*, choose to exert themselves ever so little, why, in a week or two the needed sum for the publication of the '*Lives*' mentioned *must* be ready.

"You have a *warm heart*, O'Connor, and moreover, you are a *Patriot*. I rely upon your aid.

"In haste, but ever yours,

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

"MY DEAR O'CONNOR:

"Possibly you may have seen, nay, I am sure, *must have seen*, my 'Appeal' to the '*Citizens of Charleston*,' made last week thro' the columns of the '*Journal of Commerce*.'

"I need not ask whether you approve of the project set forth therein. I know that you approve! With this conviction, I have no hesitation in writing to ask your co-operation. Possessing a large, practical influence in the community, few men could help my plans as effectively as yourself.

"An *agent* has been appointed to secure subscribers, but private influence is omnipotent in these matters.

"May I not count upon your aid? I write in the *greatest* haste, bewildered by more work than any one man should have upon his shoulders.

"Let me hear from you soon, and believe me,

"Most faithfully,

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

CHAPTER XV.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.—THE O'CONNELL
CENTENARY.—ORATION ON DANIEL O'CONNELL.

1875.

“CHARLESTON, May 29, 1875.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:

“You don't know how much pleasure it gave me to receive and peruse your very welcome letter of the 24th. It has been so long since we have met, and not meeting you when recently in Washington, I began to despair of seeing or hearing from you again. There were many things I wished to talk to you about, some pleasant and some unpleasant, but all productive of influence, springing out of an experience mostly sombre and sad, and occasionally lively and hopeful. There is no doubt things are looking better for us here, in a moral and political point of view. Chamberlain manages the helm with a steady hand, and is keeping the ship in her true course; but this is not surprising, it is all the result of the moral mania which has seized the people. It only realizes the philosophy of all history, that there are certain reactionary forces in the constitution of society, which give a contrary direction to human affairs, after periods of great depression or undue exaltation. Grant is the only man who has perched himself up so high, as to be inaccessible to this influence.

“We will have a blast in 1876. The winds and the waters will rave, and the opposition will not down at the order, until a change is consummated. While there is a more healthy tone prevailing here, nevertheless business is very stagnant, and enterprise shows no pluck. It is so, I believe, everywhere, but gradually the sinews of trade will grow strong, and after a while, business will boil again. But why should I lucubrate about matters which I am not important in moulding? Wise and prudent counsellors are not sought after in these days! We must be content in the modesty of our retirement, to imitate Cicero and his friend, Publius, by interchange of our private reflections. * * *

“Hoping that you and yours are quite well. I remain,

“Very truly and faithfully yours,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

"CHARLESTON, May 31, 1875.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

"I received your brief letter this morning, and it was very welcome. Why don't you give us more news about yourself, and your doings in Gotham? You must not forget that you are our child, and an interest is felt in all your actions and movements. Where you have been? Whom you have seen? What pleased you? What you did, and where next you are going to? All these little revelations, coming to us old folks among the pines and cypresses of Carolina, are very refreshing, especially to your dear mother, who feels the loneliness of home since your absence, even more than I do. Life is too short, and art too long for me to pine. I notice in your letter the attention you claim to have received from your teachers. This is very gratifying to us, and, no doubt, exhilarating to you in the full tide of your young ambition, but as you are still young and unsophisticated, and have only us to advise you, be always in your deportment to your teachers, a little reserved, lest too generous an intercourse might breed familiarity, which is to be avoided. To set off your talents, you must be always dignified, and the admiration and attachment won in this way, will be always more enduring. * * *

"While on the Battery we met — ; she enquired about you, but made no allusion to your characteristic letter. * * * I guess her religion is swallowed up in society. Oh, the vanity of this world! An hour of the Saints' sweet and holy repose is worth the combined splendors of the universe. But notwithstanding, these latter are good in their own way, and with a little moderation. Toil to achieve an end, and that end the benefaction of the human race. You must, at moments, withdraw from the vortex of pleasure, and think of the hours of intellectual interchange in your secluded Charleston home. * * *

"I am beginning to feel the return of the ennui and depression which come over me in this place. This is the land to die in, not to awake to live, and be elevated in. But fate, for the time, has fixed us here, and here we stand. I can judge from your letters, dear daughter, that the amusements and pleasures of New York take up much of your time, but regale us now and then with a long letter—indite a letter to your dear mother in Salmagundic style, noting everything that transpires in your daily routine, and we will all remember you, if it is possible, still more fondly than we do now. Take a kiss from your mother—one from your

brother, and each of your little sisters, and as many as you are willing to have from your dear father, and believe him ever fondly and affectionately yours,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"CHARLESTON, June 7, 1875.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"* * * I am not surprised that you find the air of New York salubrious and invigorating; your nature, like mine, is pent up in a narrow, contracted circle, and would always crave for a broader and higher region of thought, consonant with a free, independent, and aspiring mind. I must be content with my lot, until I can see my way clear. The responsibilities upon me are imposing, and challenge my earnest solicitude.

"I have just taken from the P. O., and read, a very interesting letter from my friend, the poet Hayne. How he deploras the want of appreciation of art at the South! His work has come from the press, and he is terribly anxious for its fate, that it may not be strangled in its birth. You must express to my friend, Dr. —, my constant regard and esteem for him. I value his friendship among the few, contracted in the agonies of our Confederate struggle, and I shall bear him through life in warm remembrance. * * *

"CHARLESTON, June 15, 1875.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"I have just perused, with great gratification, your entertaining letter of the 11th instant, and we are all enlivened by the happy account you render of yourself. It is well to experience that in the midst of the overarching gloom that oppresses me, there is one whom we love, enjoying a higher and better atmosphere of life, and surrounded by those attractions which are a stimulus to great effort. Here all is demoralization, and the depression consequent therefrom has cut to the very quick of my soul. * * * However, let my sorrows not invade the precincts of your young and happy heart. I delight in hearing that you are so well and happily engaged. * * * Accept much love and many kisses, from your mother and the children, and, with a paternal injunction to you, to preserve that sound discretion that should ever characterize your conduct through life, I remain, as always, your fond, and affectionate father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

In response to an invitation from the Palmetto Guard, he wrote :

“CHARLESTON, June 24, 1875.

“TO * * *

“Chairman Committee Palmetto Guards.

“DEAR SIR :

“It would give me great pleasure to comply with your kind invitation, and participate with the Palmetto Guard in their patriotic celebration of the approaching 28th of June. As the days roll on, and we find ourselves coming up to the Centennial Jubilee over the great American victory, the anniversary you propose to commemorate with befitting ceremonies, re-awakens the national pride which so glorious an event as that which took place on the 28th of June, 1776, is calculated to stimulate. I say national pride, for it was the signal stroke of arms of our forefathers in a national struggle, which has been productive of more enduring blessings to the civilization and happiness of mankind, than can be found in any heroic chapter in the pages of history. We cannot circumscribe the area of its results within State lines, nor would we selfishly appropriate to ourselves the honors of a victory, in which a whole people are proud to be sharers. The results of that battle are of more consequence than the battle itself, ushering in the dawn of a new and dearly-bought liberty, resting upon the foundation of American institutions, which are intimately bound up with the early sacrifices, and the labors, which have procured the present happy, and commanding position of the American people. If it were possible for me to be with you on next Monday, I should like to hear the echoes of the distant past ring forth again in the shouts of joy and triumph, which will be sent up from the young and living generation. I take an especial pride in your memorial of the day, and will, in spirit, indulge with you in all the thrilling and heart-stirring sentiments, which, I am sure, will be kindled under the auspices of your celebration. With the pledge of a glorious future for the Palmetto Guard, your honored and war-lustred organization, I remain, very truly, your obedient servant,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“CHARLESTON, June 26, 1875.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

I received your cordial and cheering letter, and derived comfort from your serio-comic exhortation. All that you

think and say is very true, but you can't make a sombre and gloomy sky serene and azure, nor make an East wind blow South, nor extirpate from the earth malice and envy, nor soften hearts hardened by ingratitude. The gloom in which I sometimes write to you, is not permanent, but shadowy, and evanescent; if it were constant, there would be danger of enwrapping my soul, perhaps, to a fatal degree. But there is no danger of this. I travel on the journey, at times, faint, but now strong, and supported mainly by the hopes I repose in my children. * * * The island has braced us all up vastly, the children are throwing off that puny appearance, and putting on the bronze hue of health. The climate of the sand-bank cannot be surpassed, and I already feel freshened and invigorated. * * * The Sisters' case has not yet been decided. The judges appear to struggle under it, two thoughts contending—strong prejudice operating against a sense of law and justice in the case. Notwithstanding the delay, I am still sanguine of a favorable result. * * * Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," has taken possession of me for a short time, and for a few weeks, I will keep company with the Earl of Warwick, and Sir Marmaduke Montague. There is inspiration in the author, and the highest literary epicure can feast in the voluptuousness of his writings. * * *

"CHARLESTON, JUNE 29, 1875.

"HON. AUGUSTUS SCHELL:

"Tammany Hall,

"New York.

"I have received the invitation of Time-honored old Tammany, to unite with them, in celebrating the approaching 99th Anniversary of American Independence.

"I realize the full importance of an enthusiastic commemoration of that great day by the Democracy, this year especially, and the wisdom of attracting a union of counsel and deliberation from the members of our party, throughout the entire country, upon the grave issues, which, at this moment, excite the earnest solicitude of the American people.

"These issues, which were momentous in 1872, when, by a confederation with the outside liberal elements, we undertook to change the administration of the government, and shape anew the destinies of the Republic, have gradually enlarged, until they have become portentous of evils of

growing magnitude to the institutions of the country. But while these symptoms of misgovernment have increased to an alarming degree, the most hopeful auguries of an early national triumph by our compact organization, have been held out to us, by the glorious victories won during last November in seventeen out of twenty-seven States, that then voted in favor of a Democratic constitutional government.

"Nothing can wrest victory from our grasp in the great national contest of 1876, unless our onward career, so auspiciously begun, should be checked or impeded by the too intemperate zeal, or an overwhelming confidence on the part of some of our leaders. Though we are better prepared for the conflict, and victory now streams from our banners, we will have to confront an audacious, enterprising and unscrupulous foe, fully equipped with all the material necessary to wage an arduous and hard-fought battle. The patronage of the government alone, which is equal to fully a hundred thousand political troops in the field, will be unsparingly and corruptly used if necessary, to perpetuate in power the Republican party. The control, which it has exercised and maintained by false and sordid appeals to the passions, over the colored vote of the South, will be vigorously exerted to wrench from our grasp certain of the Southern States, which, from recent pledges, we have been led to believe, had been completely won over to the Democratic fold. So vital is success to the ruling party in the next struggle, that I do not believe its leaders would hesitate to establish a political despotism for the South, which had been subjected, and laid prostrate by their iniquitous and tyrannical policy.

"Another element, which we shall have to cope with, which is fraught with danger to our fortunes, is that which springs from a selfish opposition from some of our capitalists to any change of rulers, under the senseless apprehension that such change might produce financial uneasiness, affecting the value of their possessions; and deluded with the vain idea, that a strong government in the hands of a military President, is the best safeguard for their property. This sentiment, I know, entered largely into the opposition to Horace Greeley; and I do not fear to say, that there are some of this class, who, absorbed with the love of their gains and ambitions, to grace their wealth with aristocratic titles, would see our free institutions perish, and prefer an absolute master, to a free representative Government. I notice, however, with much satisfaction, that these blind

apprehensions, unduly excited four years ago, have been greatly allayed by the experience of the reckless extravagance, speculation and fraud, which have been, for a long time, practiced by the party in power, and which have, providentially, driven into our ranks, some of the wealthiest men of our nation. Above all, it is important that no distracting issues should fret or divide our lines. We should, on this day, with fervent hearts, renew our pledges and fidelity to that glorious Union of Equal States, under a constitution, guaranteeing freedom, justice and protection to all men alike, which was happily founded by the wisdom of our fathers nearly a century ago, and cemented by the full and generous outpouring of their blood.

"The organic changes wrought by the late war, must never be disturbed, nor should a whisper of discontent with these results, ever emanate from the mouth of our party. The faith which we pledged to the millions of free-born, and the emancipated classes in 1872, must be kept sacred, and that confidence in the patriotism of our party, and its high purpose to restore the government to its pristine purity, which has been hourly increasing, will become crystallized, and in the end, prove disastrous to its enemies. All issues must be subordinate to, and absorbed in the overshadowing necessity, of a change of the national administration.

"The financial theories of the East, and those of the West, must not be arrayed in opposition to each other in the national platform, to confound the grandeur of our aims, or impair our legitimate hopes of success.

"These questions must not encumber the party-pronouncement in the ensuing campaign, but as the subject of the Tariff, which has been a constant bone of contention since Whig encountered Democrat, was disposed of at Cincinnati in 1872, to secure united and harmonious action; so this financial question of the hour, should now be remitted, as the Tariff was, to Congress, the proper and only tribunal for its fair solution.

"Let your society send forth the command along the line! Close up! Until we present one solid, serried mass, rigid and inflexible as the Macedonian phalanx of old, which, with its unbroken front, resisted the combined hosts of Persia.

"And 'from the ashes of despotism, will flash again the fires of liberty!' From the gates of the Temple of old Tammany, victory has often been signaled by the stormy elements of your invincible City Democracy, and been

borne with our banners in other and better days, to the farthest ends of our Union. Reconsecrate those standards, under the benign influences of the day we celebrate, and by the light of that solemn declaration, the gospel of American liberty, which was ushered in ninety-nine years ago, changing the fortunes, and conferring untold blessings upon a larger portion of the civilized world.

"The day has come much sooner than was predicted by the statesman, when the language of Milton would be spoken from shore to shore, and the banks of great lakes would echo the accents of liberty, and the Missouri and Mississippi roll through the inheritance of freemen.

"It is your—it is our mission to transmit the blessings of our free institutions, to the most distant posterity. From whence I now write, upon the soil of one of the old thirteen, the blazing disc of constitutional liberty, has for years been covered by a dark and overhanging cloud. The descendants of the men of 1776, have been compelled long, aye, too long, to hang their heads in shame, while their State has been ravaged and torn, by every species of vice, and form of outrage that could disgrace civilization, while the ministers of the Republic at Washington, have tolerated this infamy, and looked upon its victims with derision or silent disdain.

"It is to the restored conscience of the mighty North, we must look to remedy these crying abuses, under which we have so long and patiently travailed.

"The rushing current of a returning sympathy, must dissipate those clouds forever, and the sun of liberty shine forth again for us in common with all. With the assurances of my distinguished consideration and regard, I remain, dear sirs, very respectfully,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"CHARLESTON, July 5, 1875.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"I have run up from the island for an hour to receive and read your letter, by the sweet chimes of old St. Michael's. The day is dark and gloomy, and not at all calculated to inspire patriotic and enthusiastic feelings. The celebration of Independence on the 5th is not the same thing as celebrating it on the day itself; the poetry of the immortal 4th, with all its glorious associations of renown, and events prodigious in their consequences for good to all mankind, cannot be prolonged into the 5th. It brings me joy to hear you

are so happy, my daughter. Col. — spent yesterday with us on the island, and gave us a glowing account of you, and your happy frame of mind in your present situation. God grant you may always feel so. I shall do my part to make the road through life for all my children, smooth and cheerful as a pleasant lawn, at spring-tide eve. * * * The sentiment here is not healthy, nor productive of human felicity and content. * * * In conclusion, I have only to convey the love and affection of all the family, and hoping always to hear such happy accounts from you, to say God bless and hold you in His keeping, and remain, as ever,

“Your fond and affectionate father,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“P. S. I wrote a long letter to Tammany, which may appear in one of to-morrow morning's papers. Read, if it should come out.”

“CHARLESTON, July 13, 1875.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

“* * * I have not seen my letter published anywhere. It is vain to surmise causes. It makes no difference, perhaps, is just as well. I am drifting into obscurity, and the faithlessness of men has made me callous to all effort. I shall place the letter in the collection of my manuscripts, and one day, after I am gone, it may find the light. This State and community have no gifts to bestow, to excite that courage to brave and endure, and that burning thirst of fame that drives us to maddening endeavor. I agree with Lord Lytton, ‘Happy he, who hath not known what it is to taste fame. To have it is a purgatory. To want it is a hell.’ I must now close, my dear child, be happy as you can—that is my pleasure now. * * * Be assured of the love and affection of all at home, and of your fond and affectionate father,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

On August 6th, 1875, the O'Connell Centenary was celebrated. Father was invited by the United Irish Societies of Atlanta, to deliver the oration there, and also received a similar invitation from Savannah; but having consented to act in that capacity in Charleston, he declined them.

The Hibernian Society, with a large number of invited guests, assembled at Hibernian Hall, to celebrate the occasion. As President of the Society, he was the orator.

The following extracts from letters received at the time bear ample testimony to the impression this oration made.

" ATLANTA.

" DEAR SIR :

* * * "The Catholic people of this country, and in Ireland, who have the rare pleasure of reading your address delivered on the 6th inst., will thank and honor you for the eloquent and instructive sentiments embodied in the address. Indeed, sir, it was a grand oration, and in reading it, I can scarcely refrain from re-echoing the shouts of applause which greeted its delivery; and your Catholic friends in this city, will now, even more, feel their disappointment in not having had you declaim to us, in accordance with the invitation extended you. I hope, however, dear sir, that at no distant day, on some one of the occasions dear to the Irish heart, we may have the great pleasure of having your voice in our midst.

" Your friend and obedient servant,

* * *

" Ass't Sec. T. & B. Society."

The following letter is in reply to a correspondent from Illinois, with whom he was unacquainted :

" CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 6, 1875.

" DEAR SIR :

" I am thankful for your enthusiastic note of the 1st instant. It is gratifying to know that my orations have reached the far West, and found in you an appreciative reader. My orations have not been compiled, and I don't think, will be, during my lifetime. Those that I have delivered upon literary and national subjects, are detached and scattered; and my pursuits do not lead me, nor would the state of the community in which I live, warrant the enterprise of reducing them to a single volume. The fame of the orator and the poet, in these times, is chiefly posthumous; and, however, brilliant it may appear, if not associated with the patronage of public station, will never command the homage it deserves, during the life of the author. I have never courted the publication to which you allude, and which you compliment me in wishing to possess, and while I have no vanity to indulge such expectation, I am confronted by the many proofs shown me, that my speeches have not been entirely unproductive of those results I aim-

ed to achieve. With the assurance of my cordial acknowledgment, I remain, dear sir,

“Very truly and sincerely,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“CHARLESTON, Aug. 9, 1875.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

“So you are now in the vortex of gayety at Virginia Springs. I am pleased always to hear of your happiness, but in the midst of your joys, keep present before you, that there is no royal road through life. Labor, and that directed to a given end, for the benefit or improvement of society, is the allotted work of each one of us, whose heart is big enough to aim to be useful in life. To render ourselves independent of our fellow-creatures, we must not work merely for our accomplishment, but garner up knowledge to be practically applied for our own support and happiness, and that of others. These meditations are worthy of crossing the track of your daily amusements, and your big head, I know, will digest them.” * * *

“CHARLESTON, Nov. 1, 1875.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER MARY:

“I had the pleasure yesterday, which was Sunday, of reading your last and choice letter. The sentiments you wrote touched a chord, and the nobility of your character was stamped upon the production. * * * It gratifies me, nevertheless, to see that you appreciate the value of money so much, as not to let it slip away without adequate consideration. Money is King—the inexorable master of the situation, and we cannot fully realize its paramount importance and its indispensability, until we are left without it. He is the wise man who foreseeeth the tempest, and puts his house in order to meet it. * * * This is All Saints' day, a bright and cheerful one, and I feel better than I have for some time past. It may be owing to the Communion, which to finer natures, is insensibly kept up with the spirit land.” * * *

“CHARLESTON, November 17, 1875.

“MY DEAR DAUGHTER MARIE:

“I have just received your most cheerful and charming letter. * * *

“In the vale of declining fortunes, I cannot but feel at times saddened at the prospect, as my life grows older; but

enough of this, as I said before, I do not wish to darken the pathway of your young joys. Make merry while you can, for our days are numbered, and the world accords little that we do not wrench from it. * * *

"I have written this letter in a very perfunctory manner, in the interval of an irritating and unprofitable case. I have only to add, in concluding, my hope that you will not allow any ebullition of feeling from me in my gloomy moments, to shadow your pleasures, but preserve your serenity; let every one who inquires about me, believe that they possess my confidence and esteem, and with the love and many kisses of your mother and the entire family, I remain, dear daughter, your fond and affectionate father,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

CHAPTER XVI.

SPEECH AT THE INAUGURATION OF HIBERNIAN PARK—SENT
AS A DELEGATE TO THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CON-
VENTION—A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE TO
ANNOUNCE TO GOV. TILDEN HIS NOMINA-
TION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

1876.

“CHARLESTON, S. C., May 24, 1876.

“MY DEAR FRIEND FORD:

“I trust you have not for a moment supposed, that I was not more than fully impressed with the affliction, which has lately visited your family. I caught up the first sad tidings of the death of the brilliant and gifted ‘Una,’ as they flashed over the wires, and were published in the press of the country soon after her demise. You must have noticed my appreciation of her writings in the manner I used her poems, scattering them like ‘pearls at random strung’ through many of my speeches. The profound pathos of her soul, and the heavenly intonations of her poetic lyre, ever struck that chord within me, which only vibrates under the spell of the chastest and sweetest of the muses. That gift, ‘the blossom and the fragrance of all the arts,’ she possessed in an eminent degree, and as time advances, and the human ear and the human soul become attuned to the tender melody of her songs, they will swell in popular esteem, and take their place among the classics in poetry. How true is real genius! Always modest, reserved, and retiring; the world not identifying its presence frequently, until it has passed from its embrace.

“It required death to make this lovely, modest, and gifted lady renowned and immortal. Every line of her verse that has from time to time appeared in the columns of your paper, I have clipped out and treasured. They will be fresh with the perfume and fragrance of the poet, and scanned by generations to follow, ‘a hundred years from now.’ My heart is full; my pen falters to indite more upon the memory of one who awakes such touching recol-

lections ; but the heart speaks most when the lips breathe not. Extend to your brother the condolence that springs from a friendly heart, and bid him be comforted by living in the Christian halo which surrounds the memory of his dear wife. In profound sympathy, I write myself very sincerely and faithfully your friend.

“ M. P. O'CONNOR.”

This letter appeared in the same number of the *Irish World*, with similar letters from Wendell Phillips, Hon. S. S. Cox, Roscoe Conkling, and other Americans of national reputation.

Early in June of this year, he delivered an address at the inauguration of the new Hibernian Park, at Charleston. This occasion was called “The People's Festival,” and we may best judge of its effect by the editorial which accompanied its publication on the following day: “The orator of the day, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor passed on to a broader field. In musical tones, and with passionate emphasis, he portrayed the struggles of the fourteen millions of Irishmen, who are now American citizens. Clanship and segregation, he told his excited auditors, are incompatible with the genius of the Republic; ‘the theory of the State is unification.’ Warning them not to inveigh against Liberty, because of the excesses committed in her name, he reminded them that the experience of men and nations shows that an era of debauchery, and the reign of vice, are generally followed by a fever of morality and a paroxysm of reform. ‘Let there be,’ he said, ‘a truce, a permanent truce to the animosities and prejudices of men and nations. Destroy not the trunk of the century tree,’ he exclaimed, ‘because for awhile its fruit has been bitter, and its juice like unto gall ; but prune its branches, protect it, and its shade will be a shelter to millions of the free yet unborn.’ The keynote was union, liberality, patriotism and hope ; and the citizen soldiers, and the civilians of all nationalities, who heard the golden words flow from the orator's lips, shouted back their assent and their approval. Mr. O'Connor is always eloquent, but never was he more eloquent, never did he speak to better purpose than yesterday.”

The opening days of 1876 marked the dawn of the Centennial year; an eventful year for South Carolina, replete with new struggles and final triumph.

Four years had already passed since the last Presidential election, and the time was now rapidly approaching for another national contest. A burdensome taxation had robbed the people; depreciation had rendered their property almost valueless; their liberties and rights had been disregarded by the party in power. The intelligence of the State was without representation; eighty thousand slaves had been made voters, without any appreciation of their new privilege; the State was bankrupt; her treasury depleted; her credit destroyed; and ignorance and corruption had ruled for ten years.

More than once the people had tried to rise from their prostrate condition; but the State authorities, sustained by the National Administration were too strong to be overthrown by political action, and, suffering in silence, they had accepted the result. The approaching Presidential and Gubernatorial elections, would afford the people ample opportunity to make another effort.

A great party in power is not easily removed; strengthened by wealth, and the accumulated influence of years of possession, it dies hard; and the struggles for reform in the National Administration, begun in 1872, by the nomination of Greeley and Brown, and renewed at each successive election, with repeated failures, were not successful until the election of President Cleveland in 1884; and South Carolina having failed, in her effort for reform in 1870, secured in 1876 the reward of her struggles. Months before the coming campaign was planned, father, with his usual foresight, when asked his opinion as to the probable result, invariably replied, without giving any reasons for the assertion: "Wade Hampton will be the next Governor of South Carolina." Many smiled at his enthusiasm, and wondered at his confidence; and so thoroughly impracticable did such a result seem, that these views were then received with incredulity.

There were few of his characteristics more noteworthy than this political prescience. The magnetism of his enthusiasm was contagious, and, many soon believed with him, while wondering at the earnestness of his convictions.

Preparations were then in progress for the National Democratic Convention, which would meet at St. Louis, on June 27th, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency; and for the purpose of choosing delegates to that body, the State Convention assembled at Columbia on May 5th, to which father was sent as a delegate from Charleston.

On this occasion, he introduced the following resolutions.

“Resolved—That the maintenance and preservation of free institutions among any people, is compatible only with the prevalence of public virtue, personal integrity in official station, and purity in the administration of the powers of government.

“Resolved—For the corruption which has crept into nearly every department of the National and State Governments, the crimes that have been committed and exposed in high places, the diseases that have contaminated, and spread over the body politic, poisoning the atmosphere of American society, we charge and hold the Republican party responsible; which, after ten years of profligacy, of widespread waste and reckless plunder, of tyrannical and unconstitutional usurpations of power, has plunged the whole country into an abyss of degradation and of shame, of financial disaster and popular despondency.

“Resolved—That for the salvation of our Republic, the well-being and security of the States, and the welfare and happiness of the people, it is indispensable that this party should be hurled from power. No effective and lasting reform can proceed from an organization which is corrupt to the core, and has betrayed the trusts committed to it by the people.

“Resolved—That the overthrow of the present national administration is to the country at large, the paramount and overshadowing issue of the hour; and, to accomplish this end, the Democracy of South Carolina places itself in line

with the National Democracy, reaffirms its party allegiance, and accepts its political creed, with the dogmas enunciated by its national council at Baltimore, in 1872.

“Resolved—That pledged as the Democratic party is by the most solemn sanctions, never to interfere with or disturb the constitutional enactments designed to secure unto all men equal political rights, with free and impartial suffrage; we can, with assurance, appeal to all classes in the community to unite upon this basis in forming an invincible alliance for the defeat of corruption, and the return of honest men to power.”

On this occasion, he was chosen one of the two delegates from the Second District, to represent South Carolina in the National Democratic Convention.

This Convention resulted in the nomination of Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President. The following extract is from a letter, written by father at this time:

“On Thursday evening, at the close of a handsome entertainment, given at the Lindell House in honor of our delegation, the members dispersed—leaving in various directions—some farther West, some East, and some for the South.

“The work of the nomination was speedily and well done, and the enthusiasm which it has excited is unprecedented in the history of the party. With one acclaim, all along the banks of the Mississippi, it has been hailed with glorious rejoicings, and from the East, we catch the reverberations of similar demonstrations of joy. All differences within the lines of the party have been healed, and all that is now needed is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to carry the party triumphantly to power next November.

“The first day after our arrival, the delegation resolved to go solidly for Tilden. Great efforts were made in the beginning by the anti-Tilden men to divide us, but the delegation stood firm as a rock, and its stern attitude had its effect. The vote taken in the National Committee on Monday morning, for the designation of a temporary Chair.

man, and which resulted in the choice of Mr. Watterson, was a test vote; and as soon as it was shown that Watterson had received 25 to 8 cast for Mr. Cox, it was evident that Mr. Tilden's strength would be irresistible in the Convention. * * *

In this Convention, he served on the National Committee, and was also a member of the Committee appointed to announce to Gov. Tilden his nomination.

For this purpose, he went to New York, and his first impression of Gov. Tilden, is highly characteristic, and illustrates forcibly his power of reading character from the countenance. He believed strongly in a first impression, and was rarely deceived; when it had been unfavorable, it was very difficult to change his opinion; and it was equally hard to depreciate any person, with whom he had been, at first, pleased. He read character from the smallest actions, and formed opinions of people, instantaneously, which more intimate acquaintance generally confirmed.

On the occasion of this visit to Gov. Tilden, as a member of the Committee to inform him of his nomination, the Committee repaired to the Governor's residence at Gramercy Place, and among the invited guests was my father's brother, Mr. L. J. O'Connor, who accompanied him. They were all assembled in the parlor, awaiting the entrance of the Governor. As he entered, father told us his hopes fell in an instant, and leaning on the marble mantel, after having looked at him steadily a moment or two, he turned to my uncle, saying: "Mark what I tell you here to-night, that man will never be the ruler of forty millions of people."

He did not say he would not be elected, but asserted that "he would never be the ruler of forty millions of people."

During that visit, he steadily announced at the North to all who asked his opinions about the political outlook in his State: "Wade Hampton will be the next Governor of South Carolina;" and on his return home, he found that events were developing towards this result.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "STRAIGHTOUT" PARTY—GEN. WADE HAMPTON NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR—MR. O'CONNOR NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS—HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE—HE CAVASSES THE DISTRICT—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AND OVATION THROUGHOUT ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

1876.

THE State Convention met at Columbia, August 16th 1876, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor. There was a long struggle; all felt that a great crisis was imminent, and how to meet it was the disturbing question. A mistake then would be irretrievable; and that there must be a complete and radical change was a foregone conclusion. A new movement would begin, a hero must lead it, and Gen. Wade Hampton, as a typical representative of the civilization of South Carolina, seemed to embody all those qualities necessary for the accomplishment of this end.

His nomination was a bold stroke; but no half-way measures could meet the exigencies of that situation; it must be reform, complete and absolute, and Gen. Hampton was considered its truest and strongest exponent.

They appropriately called themselves the "Straight-outs;" as it was a "straight out" Democratic ticket they intended to nominate, and a "straight out" policy they intended to pursue.

At first, there was some discussion as to the expediency and wisdom of strengthening the tickets with Republican

names in the division of offices, but this idea was soon dismissed; and the party decided to nominate a full Democratic ticket, with a Democratic candidate for every office at the ensuing general election.

With this purpose, the Convention met, resulting in the nomination of Gen. Wade Hampton as the candidate for Governor. At the time, there were no sanguine hopes of success, and it was not easy to find candidates, willing to accept the empty compliment of a nomination where defeat seemed inevitable.

In the Convention, the Congressional nomination for the Second District was tendered Major Theodore Barker, which he accepted; but, on the following day, he withdrew from the contest. It was then offered to father, and it was no surprise to him.

All that had occurred, he had foreseen; but felt equally sure they would be compelled to have recourse to him, for the execution of their plans. He appreciated the great labor he would be forced to undergo, and the sacrifice, involving the loss of his profession, even if elected, and he hesitated.

But there are times in the history of States, crises which develop, and on which the political salvation of an entire people seems to hang; and there are men who fit these occasions, and without whom success seems impossible. He fitted this occasion, and the occasion needed him.

His name was necessary to strengthen the State ticket; and although for him, defeat was certain, he waived that consideration, made the sacrifice, and accepted the nomination. In the words of the press:

"It was felt that O'Connor was the man to lead the forlorn hope, by reason of his strength and attractiveness as a public speaker, and his well-known earnestness and activity in any cause in which he was engaged. It was pressed upon him as a duty that he owed the State. Reluctantly, and only because it was a duty, Mr. O'Connor accepted the nomination, and began, at once, a thorough canvass of the District."

The following paragraph appeared about this time in one of the Northern papers: "Hon. M. P. O'Connor, of Charleston, S. C., has been nominated for Congress, by the Democrats of the Second District. If eloquence, strength, and a desire to work for the greatest good of the greatest number, be qualities to recommend a candidate, Mr. O'Connor ought to be sure of election."

While in the *Clarendon Press*, we read:

"The opportunity is presented to Charleston, Orangeburg, and Clarendon, of being represented in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses by one, who equals in eloquence, the great political leaders of the past—Poinsett, Legare, H. L. Pinckney—and is as national in sentiment as either—one who goes for the country and the flag all the year round."

Shortly after this, his letter of acceptance appeared as follows:

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:

"In view of the circumstances, under which my name has been put in nomination as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Second District, there is especial propriety in my making a public declaration of my acceptance, and returning thanks for the honor which has been done me. If I had consulted my own inclinations, I should have refrained accepting the proffered distinction, but regarding the interests of the party, the situation as represented to me, and the public considerations which were involved, there was no choice for me, as a citizen, but to obey the call, as that of duty.

"We have been launched into the midst of the most momentous struggle, that has ever aroused the energies, or excited the hopes of a people. The whole State is in a blaze; her people are better organized and more united than they have been since 1860, and the honest and intelligent of all classes of the people, are serried in a solid array, to rescue our government from the hands of the spoiler, and to preserve the remnant that is left of their rights and liberties. All good and true men, who have any permanent interest in our institutions, realize that there can be no enduring peace, no genuine prosperity under Republican rule in this State. The incubus must be thrown off; a

change of rulers must come first, before we can hope for any improvement in our condition. For sixteen years this party has been on trial before the American people; and eight years before the people of this State; and, during this time, all of its methods have proved utter failures. Its operations and results can be traced in our ruined industries, our broken credit, our bankrupt institutions, disorganized labor, wasted estates, and the people everywhere discontented and unhappy.

"By virtue of these influences, party lines have been gradually disappearing. Minor questions of political doctrine have vanished; the smaller sects, which have from time to time branched off from the main bodies, have been merged again into the two great rival organizations. Every change of political faith has been made, which has been demanded by the clear, outspoken public opinion of the country. By a slow but steady current, the conservative elements of the community have been gravitating to the Democratic party, while those elements opposed, have been undergoing absorption into the Republican ranks, until with us of this State, the issue which is at last presented, is whether intelligence, virtue and prosperity shall rule, or ignorance and rapacity continue to hold sway. There is no middle ground for any one to stand upon. Safety to us can only come with the triumph of the Democracy; ruin must attend its defeat.

"I estimate in its full importance the magnitude of this contest; knowing how tenacious men are of power, and how indispensable its retention becomes as an immunity from exposure and punishment, to a party that has flagrantly abused it, I shall be prepared to see the most prodigious effort put forth by our enemies, to hold the citadel in which they are now intrenched; and I shall not be surprised to find an insolent and overbearing despotism at Washington, undertaking to overawe our people in their exercise of a free election, by the exertion of powers that are unwarranted and usurpatory.

"I shall expect to see them wrestle for their hold of power, until they shake the very foundations of this government; but these threatened aggressions, and others even greater than these, a brave and thoroughly united people, contending for a just cause, can, and must overcome. The platform of principles enunciated by the National Democracy at St. Louis, is broad and liberal enough for all men to stand upon; and the declaration of our own party made in the

State Convention on the 16th of August, settles beyond cavil or doubt, and places, if possible, in a stronger and clearer light for the future, the political creed of our people. The first resolution of the series:

“ We declare our acceptance in perfect good faith, of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Federal Constitution. Accepting, and standing upon them, we turn from the settled and final past, to the great living and momentous issue of the present and future,” puts an end forever to any question of a color line in our politics, and removes the only obstacle to the harmonious and friendly union and co-operation of the colored people with us, in the present movement. For my own position on this subject, I may be better understood by quoting from a speech I made as early as July, 1870, when in advance of the sentiment of my people, I said: ‘ The decree has gone forth ratified by three-fourths of the States of the Republic, that no citizen shall be deprived of his right to vote on account of the color of his skin, and guaranteeing, in the exercise of the suffrage, that no distinction shall ever be made on account of color, race, or previous condition of servitude; other qualifications may be annexed to the suffrage, other distinctions may be raised by society, but in the forum of politics all distinction on account of race or color, is blotted out and extinguished forever. This decree cannot, and should not be ever reversed.

“ I render unto it, not the forced and compulsory submission, exacted by necessity, but the cheerful obedience of an approving mind and willing heart.’ And, subsequently, in 1872, before the assembled Democracy in convention at Baltimore, I repeated these same sentiments, and enforced my convictions, amid the applause of a Northern and Southern gallery, and worked until this new dogma was engrafted upon the political creed, and was made part of the organic law of the Democratic party. From that hour, this subject has, with me, passed out of the forum of politics, and become fixed in the forum of conscience. From that hour, every barrier between the colored man and the Democracy, fell to the ground: and, thenceforward, there being no political antagonism between the races, every prompting of self-interest, every instinct of self-preservation should urge the colored people to make common cause with their fellow-citizens, in driving out the political leaders, who have manipulated their votes, to the destruction of their employers, and the consequent necessary depreciation of their own labors.

"The labor of the country must depend upon the capital of the country for its support. Capital and labor are partners, not enemies. They stand face to face, in order to bring about a fair division of common profit. These two factors in our civilization, must work, hand in hand, together. Any injury to one, is felt an injury to both. As the laborer and the tiller of the soil, the colored man is inseparably bound up with the fortunes of our estate, and he must work to redeem it, or he will inevitably perish with it. False prophets, and false guides, have been teaching a simple people lessons of wrath, which lead to destruction. Avert your eyes from these idols, who mean to deceive you, and look toward the Mecca of honest government, for your safety and happiness. In this mighty upheaval to dethrone corruption, which stirs our people to their depths, I do not despair of seeing the colored people strengthening our alliance, and by their union and aid, rendering our cause invincible.

"A pronounced and life-long Democrat, I go before a constituency, two-thirds of whom are colored, and classed as Republicans, and will make this canvass, planting myself with faith, upon the broad and eternal principles of equal laws, equal rights, and equal justice unto all men. There is no wall now of political separation, that divides me and my people; nor is there anything in my principles, as a Democrat, which would preclude me, if chosen a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, from giving my support, and raising my voice in defense of the humblest, as well as the proudest, citizen of my State. It has been said, that in accepting the nomination of my party, I would be called upon to lead the forlorn hope of this battle, but I do not think so. I am not so gloomily impressed. Fully alive to the difficulties of the situation, aware of the desperate odds that face me, conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and relying upon the justice of our cause, and the awakened spirit of our people, I will assume the mission assigned me, and abide the issue.

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"September 7, 1876."

Gov. D. H. Chamberlain had been renominated by the Republican party for Governor. C. W. Buttz for the unexpired term of the 44th Congress, and R. H. Cain, a Negro Methodist Preacher, commonly known as "Daddy Cain," was the Republican candidate for the 45th Congress. The

following letters, accepting congratulations on his nomination, give us an adequate idea of his appreciation of the situation, and the value he attached to the honor.

“CHARLESTON, September 11, 1876.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:

“Accept my heartfelt thanks for your very kind note of congratulation. It is the manifestation of the spirit which cheers me, rather than any pleasure I derive from the event, which has induced your words of sympathy. To occupy a seat in the National Congress, is worthy of a high and honorable ambition, but in times like these, the most arduous and difficult, the road to honors is thorny, and a man must be thrust upon the highway, to feel equal to the task. You have, doubtless, read my letter of acceptance, which explains my position. I have given myself to the party and cause, and, though the chances appear to be few and slim, I shall make the contest, and the issue may yet be favorable. I spoke last Friday in Orangeburg, and the yeomanry of that county were fairly carried away. Again thanking you, I am, yours very truly,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 11, 1876.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I was gratefully impressed with the lines of sympathy and congratulation, which you wrote me. I know they come from your heart, and they gratify me. I have a hard road to travel, but it is a long lane that has no turn, and it may be that upon the growing popular opinion, I may ride into office and disappoint many, who think the effort hopeless. The candidacy was not sought, but thrust upon me, and this makes me feel stronger. * * *

On Aug. 26th, of this year, a large mass meeting was held in Charleston, to ratify the nominations of Tilden and Hampton, at which father spoke; and on Sept. 8th, he addressed a meeting of the Orangeburg Democracy.

The following are some of the Press reports of his opening speech at Orangeburg: “Our future Congressman, M. P. O'Connor, aroused the meeting to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and it fairly thundered his recall at the

close of his address. The affair was a triumph, and secured the victory for the Democracy in this county.

"The Hon. M. P. O'Connor then rose, and for an hour, entranced the audience. His clarion tones were music to the patriotic ear, and every pulse bounded with electric response. The crowd, reluctantly, permitted him to close, and cheer upon cheer echoed to the river-side."

This was followed by an enthusiastic meeting at St. Stephen's, where he again spoke; and on September 24th, he addressed the people at Fort Motte.

Of this meeting we read :

"Our candidate for Congress mounted the rostrum, amid repeated bursts of welcome and applause. He discoursed for over two hours to those assembled, and far beyond the extended limits of the throng, his sentences rung out upon the air, awakening the echoes of the dense and silent forests around. He, principally, addressed the colored hearers, and was deliberate and minute in his exposition of the true relations that should prevail between the races, answering, at length, and with argument irresistible, the threadbare, false statements, that have been dinned into the ears of the colored people, to prejudice them against their Democratic fellow citizens, and continues to hold them in slavery to the Republican party, and its unprincipled leaders.

"The effect produced by the argument and eloquence of Mr. O'Connor, was marked and decisive. For two long hours he riveted their attention, and carried the crowd along on the tide of his oratory. If faith is to be given to the profession of those who listened, the eyes of many in that throng were opened to the light, as they said they felt the truth of what was said, and pledged themselves to vote with the Democratic party. The speech altogether was a signal stroke of effective oratory, and it will be long ere the sound of the voice that heralded great truths to these people, will die upon their ears. At the conclusion of the address, which was the chief feature of the occasion, the welkin rang again and again, with the shouts of approval and joy."

This first visit to Orangeburg as a candidate, was an occasion of great happiness to him ; and the enthusiasm of his reception there, gave him great pleasure.

His supporters in Orangeburg and Clarendon were second to none in his affection, and he always anticipated his trips there with genuine enjoyment, saying: "For I know those people truly love me."

His progress through the State was one series of triumphs and ovations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RIOT IN CHARLESTON—THE RIFLE CLUBS—JOINT DISCUSSIONS
—MEETINGS IN CLARENDON AND ORANGEBURG COUNTIES—OVATIONS THROUGHOUT THE STATE—
CONFLICT AT CAINHOY.

1876.

AT that time, the struggle was assuming a grave aspect. To the party in power, the success of the Democracy, meant political destruction; they feared the results of the new movement, and feeling that their opponents were desperate in their energy and resolve, their demoralization at the prospect of losing power, began to express itself in collisions between the whites and negroes, which resulted in violence and bloodshed. The first of these collisions occurred in the City of Charleston, on September 7th, 1876, in which one white citizen was killed; and it was but the beginning of a series of similar disturbances, in which several lives were lost. This soon forced the people to realize, that measures must be adopted for self-protection. The Rifle-Clubs and the young men of the city, organized themselves into committees; and they spent the nights guarding the city.

The ladies of Charleston then formed themselves into bands or committees, to supply the citizen soldiers with refreshments, during the hours of their military vigils.

Shortly after this, the Rifle-Clubs were disbanded, and disarmed by Gov. Chamberlain's order, and the citizens were thus deprived of their self-constituted protection.

Socially, the demoralization in Charleston was great; men rarely went unarmed; when ladies attended the theatres, their escorts were always armed, and it was not

unusual, at that time, when gentlemen called of an evening, to see them remove their pistols from their pockets, and place them on the mantel-piece, until the visit was over.

A succession of joint discussions was then arranged, in which an agreement was made, that the Democratic speakers should have the opportunity of addressing the negroes on the Sea-Islands, the time to be equally divided between speakers on both sides.

Father opposed this plan, when first suggested, deeming it unwise; but it was otherwise decided, and the accuracy of his judgment was soon confirmed. The plan was not only unsuccessful, but the meetings were attended with great danger, imperilling, on each of these occasions, the lives of those present.

An agreement had also been made, that neither party should carry arms, which, on more than one occasion, was violated by the negroes, and the whites were placed completely at their mercy. This occurred at the first of these joint-discussions, which was held at John's Island, where a collision between the two parties was, at one time, feared; and was only warded off by the presence of mind, and prompt action of father, and those present.

Of this meeting we read:

"Hon. M. P. O'Connor next made one of his stirring addresses, which have made his name ring from Baltimore to St. Louis. His manner, at once, produced attention, and he commanded order by his action, and the force of his arguments. This was especially the case, when, speaking of the Freedman's Bank, the school fund, and similar corruptions that existed in the Republican party."

He continued his campaign in company with Gen. Hampton, Gen. M. C. Butler and others, and won increasing popularity as a political orator.

On October 5th he left Kingstree with the canvassers, and entered Manning, Clarendon County, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. Their progress through the country was a triumphal march, and the following extract is from the account of a correspondent at Manning, S. C. * * * "Hon. M.

P. O'Connor was then introduced to the audience by ex-Gov. John L. Manning, in some remarks highly complimentary to the distinguished orator. Mr. O'Connor, in this, his first appearance before the people of Clarendon, one of the counties in his congressional district, delivered one of the most comprehensive and statesmanlike addresses that I have heard."

He spoke at this meeting with great satisfaction to himself, and described it as one of the best speeches he had ever delivered. It is a matter of regret, that these campaign speeches were all extemporaneous. No report of them remains. It was during this campaign that his versatility in public speaking was forcibly illustrated. The negro element had to be attracted and conciliated, and one of the most noteworthy features of these speeches, was the success with which he adapted his style to their tastes. He would appeal to them in language that they could easily comprehend, intersperse his discourse with amusing anecdotes, and delight the ignorant auditor, as well as the most cultured imagination. At this time, he consolidated the Irish-born voters in Charleston, an element which contributed largely to the success of the campaign; and at a series of meetings, called to organize them, he spoke amidst the greatest enthusiasm; these were also spontaneous efforts, of which we have no record.

The dominating purpose that animated him, during this campaign, was the election of the State ticket, and his own election was but a second consideration.

Although almost certain defeat confronted him, still he would think only of success, and rejected impatiently all contrary suggestions; he despised the sympathy of those who always looked on the dark side of things, and accompanied their assistance with pessimistic predictions.

Another joint discussion then followed. This time the place of meeting was at Brick Church, about three miles from Cainhoy, a village in the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, thickly settled by negroes. This meeting culminated in a fatal encounter between the negroes and whites, in

which six white men were killed—Messrs. Wm. E. Simmons, Alexander McNeil, Wm. Daly, Thomas Whitaker, J. King and Walter Gradick, and about sixteen Democrats were wounded. My father, Mr. W. St. Julien Jervey, candidate for Solicitor, and Mr. John F. Ficken, candidate for the Legislature, were the prominent Democrats who attended this meeting. From father's statement we read :

"The steamer Pocosin embarked for Cainhoy, with about one hundred and twenty-five men aboard, a number of Republicans among them. I was requested by the candidates on the State ticket, who were present, to confer with Bowen and arrange the order of proceedings at the meeting. Bowen agreed that four hours should be given to the discussion, equally divided between the two parties, and in closing the conference, remarked : ' Keep your men in order if you can, and I will manage mine, if I can.'

"Upon landing, Bowen proceeded in advance of our party to the meeting ground, and must have arrived at least twenty minutes or a half hour in advance of us. Arriving at the ground I saw no fire-arms in the hands of the negroes, nor any stacked, as I had seen them on John's Island. The rifles which were used in the melee, were concealed in the small building to the left of the table, and others in the bushes or near by the road, from which the negroes took their position.

"Bowen called the meeting to order, and urged his people to be quiet and attentive. The negroes were gathered in a body around the table, and next the building, in which some of the arms were concealed—the whites on their left, towards the road by which they came. After Mr. Jervey had spoken, I ordered the band to play, while McKinlay took the stand. Some negroes I heard say :

" ' Stop that music and let us hear our men talk.' McKinlay had spoken about two minutes, when I noticed a commotion on the outskirts of the negroes, numbers rushing to the road, from which they fired. I demanded order, and in an instant after I heard a shot, which appeared to proceed from the direction in which the negroes were running. I then saw, through the school-house, on the farther side, about eight white men with rifles in their hands.

"On the hill, about thirty yards from them, I saw a lot of negroes with rifles. Before I could turn the corner of the building to parley with the men, the firing became promiscuous and general, the negroes firing from the woods,

while the white men were retiring down the road. There was a pause of a few seconds in the firing, while a number of whites stood behind the vestry-room, when a second volley was discharged with deliberate aim from beyond the branch, where the negroes were formed in a body. The whites who received the fire did not return it, as they were unarmed, save a few with pistols, and some of their loads had been spent. I directed the few men beyond the vestry-room to fall back, as they were not prepared to meet an assault. Upon arriving at the landing, the white villagers, who were in a state of consternation, desired protection, and I suggested a committee be raised to proceed to the city, and procure a number of armed citizens to return and protect the lives of the inhabitants, and look after the wounded, which was done. My impression is, that the negroes, who came to the meeting with their fire-arms were told before our arrival of our numbers, and advised to conceal them. This excited that apprehension among them which was soon kindled into a conflict, and which has so deplorably resulted in the slaughter of our citizens.

"This is the second joint discussion I have attended, the first on John's Island, which the negroes attended with arms, and stacked them; on this latter occasion, when their rifles were concealed. On both these occasions, the temper displayed by the Republicans was such, that it would require but a spark to inflame them, and carry them beyond the control even of their leader, Mr. Bowen."

The following extract is from the *News and Courier* :
 * * * "Mr. O'Connor escaped an ugly wound by being pushed aside at the church as a negro fired at him, and Mr. Jervey was deliberately shot at."

And we read from another account: "A moment of suspense followed, in which Mr. M. P. O'Connor, and some other gentlemen, endeavored fruitlessly to re-establish order. In another moment a shot was heard from the negroes. It was returned by a single shot, and immediately followed by a volley from the blacks upon the whites, who sheltered themselves behind a church. A broken, straggling fire was kept up by both parties. All the rifles found in the chimney had been captured, and they had been discharged. In the meantime many unarmed whites, together with the band, had retreated towards the boat. The negroes kept up a brisk

fire all this time, and as the arms of the whites were emptied, they were forced to retreat also. The whites were continually fired upon until they got out of range. Several halts were made 'en route' to the boat, but it was thought prudent not to return until a thorough organization was effected, and until all the weapons and ammunition possible were obtained. We proceeded, therefore, to the boat; arriving at different times and in straggling bodies, and a meeting was called, of which Mr. O'Connor was appointed chairman."

On the following day, about one hundred and fifty armed citizens left Charleston for the scene of the disturbance, to protect the inhabitants of the village, and bring back the dead and wounded.

The remains of those killed were found mutilated; and this added greatly to the excitement in the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

MASS MEETING IN CHARLESTON—ELECTION DAY—RIOT IN
CHARLESTON—RIOTERS DISPERSED BY THE UNITED
STATES TROOPS—GEN. HAMPTON ELECTED GOVERNOR
—MR. O'CONNOR DEFEATED FOR CONGRESS—
LETTER TO HON. S. S. COX—THE POLITICAL
SITUATION AT COLUMBIA — THE DUAL
HOUSES—INAUGURATION OF GEN.
HAMPTON AS GOVERNOR.

1876.

ON October 31st, the candidates for election, visited Charleston in the course of the canvass; and the day, which was called Hampton's Day, was a great occasion in the city's history. Father was prevented from participating by the death of his father-in-law, Mr. P. A. Aveilhé, who died at our home on the morning of the celebration.

There was a large civic procession, composed of the old and young, on foot, and in citizen's dress; men and boys from every rank of life. All the private houses along the line of march were handsomely decorated, with the National and State colors; and mottoes, transparencies, and all symbols that express enthusiasm, were used.

The negroes were boisterous, and insulting in their expressions of hostility to the whites. Gen. Hampton and his party rode in carriages at the head of the great procession, ladies and children crowded every window, and available point of observation on the line of march; and as bouquets and wreaths were thrown to the Gubernatorial candidate, they would be seized by the negro women on the sidewalks, and torn into pieces, with vile execrations.

On November 3rd, the last meeting of the campaign was held at Orangeburg. Soon after day-break, fully four thousand men were drawn up in line on the road, to receive the party.

A large number of these men wore red shirts, which had been generally adopted by the young men of the State, as a typical uniform of the unterrified Democracy, and the "Red Shirts" became one of the most prominent local features of that memorable campaign.

The houses along the route of the procession were decorated, and thronged with spectators, and the great outpouring of the people testified to their enthusiasm and appreciation of the momentous struggle, then so near its culmination.

Father spoke, and of him we read :

" Mr. O'Connor, our future Congressman, was the next speaker introduced, and he at once, by the fervor of his eloquence, the richness of his imagination, and the deep sincerity with which he appealed to the colored people to break down the barriers of separation between them and the whites, struck a chord in the breast of every one present ; and upon the liquid flow of his oratory, he bore his delighted audience, who would not permit the current of his thought to be checked, even by the casual interjection of an interrogation.

" The demonstrations of approval at the close of his discourse were long, and hearty, and enthusiastic ; and if the vote of the Assembly could at that moment have been taken, we believe every vote, Republican or Democrat, would have been cast for Hampton and his ticket.

" This gentleman's argument was a masterpiece of rhetoric and eloquence, and all, whose good fortune it was to listen to his silvery tones, were unanimous in their expression, that it was one of the grandest, and most sublime displays of eloquence that they had ever heard ; and as he was about to leave, he was stormed by the citizens offering their congratulations to him."

The election was to be held on Nov. 7th.

Large reinforcements of United States troops had been sent into the State upon the call of Governor Chamberlain, for the ostensible purpose of preserving the peace, and preventing violence ; while we read from the Report of the Congressional Committee that was sent to Charleston to in-

investigate the election: "In addition to the Army, the State was crowded with United States deputy marshals and supervisors of election. Fifteen hundred of these men were stationed on election day at the various precincts in the State. Many acted as electioneering agents for the Republican party. Many of these could not read their own commission, nor the printed instructions issued by the Attorney-General. They were entirely unfitted to be charged with preserving the peace of the community, at a time of so much excitement."

On the night of the 6th, few persons slept; long before day dawned, the drum and the fife were heard, and the call of voices at each house; it was a detachment of negroes, sent out by the Republicans, and they summoned with loud demonstrations at each citizen's gate, the negro-servants as voters of their party. During the greater portion of the day, father rode around the city from precinct to precinct, watching the election, and alternating his trips with visits to his home, where he consulted with politicians and interested friends on the course of events.

November 7th, the day of the election, passed off comparatively quietly, which was a general surprise, as the streets were literally crowded with negroes brought from the country and neighboring islands, and Charleston resembled more an African settlement than an American city.

Before sunset, it was generally felt and understood that Gen. Wade Hampton had been elected Governor of South Carolina.

The great majority of negroes in this district, made the issue for a long time, doubtful, and it was not until the day after, that the news of the election was confirmed. The next day dawned quietly, and although a vague sense of anxiety was felt, still election-day having been uneventful, all apprehension of danger was allayed: and the United States troops, which had been conveniently stationed in the city, during this period, in case of an emergency, were preparing for departure.

As soon as the result of the election had been announced,

declaring Gen. Wade Hampton Governor of South Carolina, the negroes, it was then believed, at a preconcerted signal, ran for their fire-arms, and they caused another riot on the streets of Charleston, which resulted in the death of a well-known young citizen, Mr. Ellicott Walter, the son of a prominent merchant, and several were wounded.

During the riot, it seemed for a while, as if there might be a general massacre, for the Rifle-Clubs were still disbanded by the Governor's order, and the people were disarmed; but fortunately, the United States troops had not yet left the city, although they were on their way to the depot. They immediately returned, soon terrified the negroes by their presence, and dispersed all gatherings, until comparative quiet was restored. The citizens acted with great fortitude and dignity; they refrained from violence and assembled at the guard-house, where they placed themselves under the command of Gen. H. J. Hunt, of the United States Army, commandant of the Post.

The city was in the hands of a mob; the homes and families of the citizens were at its mercy; yet they stood there in a body, quiet and steady, even as the regulars, awaiting from the General the word to act.

The command was not given, and by their admirable discipline, order and quiet were soon restored.

Gen. Hunt's appreciation of the self-control of the young men in this crisis, was so great, that he afterwards said in private conversation, that in point of discipline, and under the circumstances, the militia of Charleston could not be surpassed by any in the United States.

The Democratic State ticket was successful, Gen. Wade Hampton was elected Governor, but father was defeated for Congress.

Referring to this riot, father afterwards said:

"These are the death-throes of the Republican party in this State, for parties are like individuals: they cannot die without the agony that precedes dissolution."

Governor Hampton had been elected, but Governor Chamberlain refused to recognize his election.

Gen. Wallace was then elected as Speaker of the Constitutionally elected House, which assembled at Carolina Hall; then followed the investment of the capital with United States troops; the contest with Mr. E. W. M. Mackey, the speaker of the Republican House, for the election returns of Governor; the novel occupation of the hall of the House of Representatives by the Wallace and Mackey Houses; the interference of Gen. Ruger, of the United States Army, in the expulsion of the Democratic members; their return to Carolina Hall, and the inauguration of Governor Hampton.

Few situations can be imagined more dramatic; the inauguration of Gov. Hampton in the open air by the people, in open defiance of the authorities; the dual Houses in session at the same time; the constitutionally elected House occupying a private building, and the Republican House in possession of the State Capitol, under the protection of the United States troops; a multitude of armed Democrats in Columbia, to see their Governor inaugurated, and party feeling intense on both sides.

This was the unprecedented situation at Columbia at the inauguration, that developed in our people an endurance in the midst of trouble, which would have evoked from almost any civilization, a passionate outburst.

“CHARLESTON, Nov. 13, 1876.

“HON. S. S. COX, M. C.,

“New York.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I cannot refrain communicating my congratulations upon the great national victory, just achieved by the Democracy. No estimate of its importance to the whole people of the country, can possibly be exaggerated. It brings relief to thousands oppressed, and happiness to many who have been under the yoke. I feel confident that the Washington Junta will not be able to swindle us out of this victory. As far as our State is concerned, the pirates here will leave nothing undone to wrest the victory from us. I look for nothing fair being done by the Board of State Canvasers here; I expect they will ride rough-shod over all law and right, and declare Chamberlain Governor-elect, and that he, supported by Federal bayonets, will inaugurate himself.

but what then? We shall see such monstrous usurpation and tyranny as will not, in my opinion, be endured. In spite of the whole machinery of election against us, with Federal troops to overawe, and the bloody spirit of riot and insurrection stimulating the blacks, we carried the day, and now as their next desperate move, by a fraudulent count, they will attempt to reap the fruits of our victory. I ran for Congress from this place, being in our 2nd Congressional District. I was opposed by a black negro preacher. The negro majority in this district being immense, of course I was beaten, but the frauds which have been committed here by illegal voting, and repeating without end, would make a mountain of rascality, and when exposed, Congress should blast the whole election. Knowing your wide experience in these matters, I desire your opinion whether a formal protest is necessary, and should a protest be taken up, could Congress in sustaining the protest, seat me or have to throw out the election altogether? Enough can be shown to invalidate the election, even if I should fail to make it appear that I was duly elected by a majority of the honest voters of the district. If you have a leisure moment to spare, drop me a line, and confer a favor upon

"Very truly and sincerely your obedient servant,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

"MY DEAR FRIEND: * * *

"Your very kind and friendly letter reached me to-day, and I thank you for the information and advice that you give. I am convinced that you are right, that I should not enter into the contest at my own pains and expense, for, it is the fight of the party, more than my individual fight, and this opens up before me the circumstances of my candidacy, which, I feel like communicating from the sympathy which unites me to you. I was not nominated, in the first instance, by the Congressional Convention. Barker was, and after the Columbia Convention adjourned, the Charleston wire-pullers in it, thought over their proceedings, and came to the conclusion that there was an element of the community not represented upon the ticket, and set to work to have me fill it. In spite of my unwillingness to run, and my resistance to their overtures upon the plea of public considerations involved, that demanded my consent, I, at last, yielded, and took the lead of the forlorn hope. I never thought I could be elected under the circumstances, and the result has been no personal disappointment. I took the field to save the party and the cause, and went down in the

fight. Personal friends, under an idea, that a Democratic Congress can do improbabilities, nay, impossibilities, have been urging me to enter a protest, and my writing to you, and others, has been to place me in full and exact possession of the situation, that I may decide my final conduct with all the lights before me. My competitors in the race, beat me by 8,400 majority, and I think this is too much, even for a Democratic Congress, no matter how willing, to overcome. I thought if I could get the seat upon the opening of Congress, by any manœuvre, I would give the proper notice to Buttz and Cain, but if I could not, I have concluded it would be a fruitless effort for me, to prosecute a contest, drawing upon my time, my nerves, and my means, with no prospect of success. The Democratic managers, since the election, have not alluded to the subject in my presence. * * * My friend, S. S. Cox, wrote me a letter a few weeks after the election, regretting that I was not returned, and advising contest. I wrote him, in reply, all the facts of the case, and asked his judgment thereon. I have not heard from him since. I hope you may have got that information from Mr. Adams that I asked, and I have no idea that it will be favorable; it will conclude me, and I will dismiss the subject from my mind. I had a heavy campaign, and yearn for rest, and the peace and quiet of home. We are in a state of revolution here, and awaiting the next turn in events at Columbia, that a day or hour may bring forth. Hampton has grown wise with experience, and his conduct in the whole campaign has been distinguished by the unselfish devotion of a true patriot, and rises to the plane of statesmanship. The highest evidence of his hold and control upon this people, is the manner in which he held in rein the passions of an excited multitude yesterday in Columbia, and that not an accident occurred under the most exasperating circumstances. The bottom of the Radical tub in this State, is bound to tumble out before long, and the odium which will attach to the conduct of the President in the case, will strengthen Tilden, and, I think, will insure his election. He will be our next President, and Hampton, certainly, Governor, and South Carolina, the buzzing bee, that is ever humming in the ears of the American people, may yet win the glory of deciding the fate of constitutional government, in the Western Hemisphere. * * *

"Yours ever faithfully, and sincerely,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

CHAPTER XX.

MASS MEETING IN CHARLESTON—MR. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH—
A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE VISITS CHARLESTON TO
INVESTIGATE THE ELECTION—MR. O'CONNOR CON-
TESTS THE ELECTION—PRIVATE CORRESPOND-
ENCE—PRESIDENT HAYES WITHDRAWS THE
UNITED STATES TROOPS FROM THE
STATE CAPITOL AT COLUMBIA—
GOV. HAMPTON RECOGNIZED AS
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH
CAROLINA.

1876.

DURING this political crisis, Charleston was in a state of unrest.

The city was still under the protection of the military, who patrolled the streets day and night, and their presence filled the people with a sense of security, and kept the turbulent negroes in subjection.

Although the people endured, and refrained from violence, all felt keenly the imperative necessity of a public denunciation of the Republican party's usurpation: and, for this purpose, on December 21st, 1876, a large mass meeting was held.

Father spoke on this occasion, and of this speech we read in the *New York Herald*:

"M. P. O'Connor, Democratic candidate for Congress in the last election, was warmly eloquent in pouring epithets upon the Radical actors in the State's drama, which seemed to strike the chord of mightiest indignation in the hearts of his sympathetic listeners. They had sacrificed too much for eight long years, which were black with the infamy of their bereavement, hideous with their anguish, and stained with the crime of their foes. Bayonets hedged in the

guilty usurper, while he again affected to govern, trampling on law, and outraging decency and right. The answer should go forth thousand-tongued to-night: 'We will not submit—never. We repudiate him as a tyrant and his acts as treason.' A people who are in the right, and are imbued with virtue and intelligence, could never be enslaved. They should not despair; there was an irresistible law of society in their favor. The pendulum had been pushed too far, and must rebound. They should preserve themselves in fortitude, do nothing in vengeance, and shed no human blood. Through all, all would yet be well."

In December, 1876, a Congressional Committee was sent to Charleston, to investigate the election, and the Democratic members of the Committee were entertained at our home. Shortly after, we read in the papers: "Mr. O'Connor owes it to the Democratic party, as well as to himself, to contest the election of Cain, and backed by the whole district, and by the State officers, he can present a case, that will command the attention of Congress."

Responding to this feeling, he soon after left for Washington, to contest the election. He knew and felt that to secure the seat in Congress, would involve a hopeless struggle; but he hoped, at least, to annul the election, and have it referred back to the people. In Washington, he made all the preliminary preparations for his contest. He then returned to Charleston, and the subjoined brief extracts from some of his letters, about this time, will give a glimpse of the varying moods of his temperament:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: "CHARLESTON, Feb. 8, 1877.

* * * "Governor Tilden is now stretched upon a Procrustean bed of anxiety, awaiting the determination of his political fate, and this reminds me that the dispatches from Washington, which appeared this morning, do not look so encouraging for our side. The conspirators have got the fort, and seem resolved to hold it. I do not despair, however, there is a morrow after the darkest day. I cannot, as yet, realize that the conscience of the American people is wholly dead; it will be the doom of our fair and

free fabric should fraud and imposture triumph in the tribunal. It looks as if it were a purely partisan court, and as if no decency or regard for fairness would restrain them. Should they, with the evidence before them, declare Hayes, President, their crime and infamy would be greater than the notorious Louisiana Returning Board. Let us hope, notwithstanding, that another day may bring about a change in the aspect. If we are cheated this time, my course will have been run. I am not prosecuting the contest: it is no use: it would be impossible for me to succeed, with the odds against me, and it is vain to waste my time and means in a contest, where all my instincts suggest failure. If Hayes should be elected, I will not go on. I hope you are profiting well of the short time you are staying there.

"There is nothing doing here—no theatre, nor amusements, everybody is just waiting for something to turn up, and if it don't turn up very soon, the bottom will tumble out of things. * * *

"CHARLESTON, Feb. 17, 1877.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

"I have to force myself to write you a few lines, as you will expect them from me, but I am not in the mood or spirit to commune with you, as you would have me do, from your standpoint. I am really glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself, and hope that you may continue to do so for the remainder of the time you have to remain. I can scarcely realize it, that you have been gone nearly two months, but in those months you have compressed a great deal of pleasure, I hope enough to make you feel satisfied for a few months of retirement in your Charleston home. * * *

"Make hay while the sun shines, should be your motto for the remainder of your visit. I am glad to hear you are profiting by your vocal lessons, and that we will all find your voice richer, sweeter, grander. It may come into play at a difficult and opportune moment. * * * We should not murmur at our circumstances, for how many are worse off: but, those that are worse off, have not the aspiring spirit that frets itself away in repining over a world's cold ingratitude, and selfish neglect. I shall be a philosopher, though: for you 'on with the dance, let joy be unconfined.' * * *

We are all waiting to hear the news this evening, that is to decide Tilden's fate. The decision upon the Louisiana case must be made, and known by this hour, but we have not got it yet. If Louisiana is given to Hayes, it is all up with the

Governor. * * * If he is overcome, I shall regard the Democracy as fatally doomed. The sin of pride and slavery, it would seem, has not yet enough been atoned for. If Hayes reaches the White House, he will be carried there by the Solid South, acting on the principle of the backward motion. * * *

"CHARLESTON, Feb 23, 1877.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

* * * "I received your long, welcome, and interesting letter to-day. I was cheered by the happy sentiments it contained. I am rejoiced you are in such a happy frame of mind, as not only to be able to maintain your own pride and élan, but that you have enough left to inspire others. You are breathing stimulating air, I am breathing stagnant, poisonous air; if it does not put my candle out in the next two years, I think I shall be outside the latitude of its exhalations. Circumstances in that time will change here, or I will change situations. * * * I knew you would cool down over Uncle Sam (Tilden.) You have found my measure to be correct. He was not formed in the same mould with the heroes. The qualities he possesses are all fine enough in their way. They will do very well to manage the affairs of a state in regular action, but are not such as to regenerate a nation or save one. We musn't be too quick in consigning him to the tomb of the Capulets. He may yet win, and disappoint us all. He is a fatalist on this Presidential subject, and the fates may save him. * * * I wrote him a long letter last Tuesday, upon the situation, and the action of the commission. * * * I am glad you are reconciled to coming home, and I will endeavor to fulfil all good estimate of my entertaining powers, for outside of what I may bestow, there will be precious little from abroad. We can feel like barons and baronesses in our castle, now mantled with ivy. * * * I shall talk with you over future movements, and you can safely promise your friends that it will not be very long before you see them again. * * * The newspapers will tell you all about Grant, prohibiting us from celebrating Washington's Birthday. What a desecration! * * *

"CHARLESTON, March 1, 1877.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I almost feel sorry as the time wears, for you to return, that you have to leave behind you so much gayety; but I am sure you have acquired so much philosophy from experi-

ence, that you will come home, prepared to stand the contrast, and resist any gloomy impression therefrom; you must console yourself like Macaulay did, when he was in India, and cut off for eighteen months from all congenial association, he lived in his books, and by forcing his mind to be constantly occupied, he never suffered from ennui. I am just now reading his biography, by his nephew, Trevelyan, and it is astonishing how much book-matter he did consume; and à propos of myself, he says, no man should think of engaging in politics, until he has accumulated a competence, and become independent of the rest of mankind.

"He always deprecated poverty, until he became so rich as to place such a thing beyond a peradventure. But enough of Macaulay. * * * Alas, for our country, it is sunk to the lower deep of abasement, by the last act of imposing a fraudulent President upon the people! No matter how favorable Hayes' administration to the interests of the people, a cureless wound has been inflicted upon the Republic, a stain upon our National honor, that rushing waters cannot wash out. Poor Tilden, I doubt if you shall see him again, his political career is ended; he allowed victory to be wrenched from him, for fear of the dangers of the responsibilities of the position, to which his party raised him. He never can win again. The people will never condone the surrender, and capitulation of the Democracy. I should have made the continent tremble, and the hot breath of war fill the air, before I would have submitted to be cheated out of a fair conquest. * * *"

The Counting-in of President Hayes by the Electoral Commission, and his inauguration as President of the United States had been accomplished.

The people of South Carolina now only awaited his recognition of General Hampton as Governor, by the withdrawal of the troops from the State Capitol at Columbia. All hoped this would be the final decision; but, until then, doubt and uncertainty hung over all interests, and the temporizing policy of the new President was seriously damaging the business interests and prosperity of the State.

Mr. Chamberlain remained in the State House until April 10th, 1877, when the United States troops were withdrawn, and Gen. Wade Hampton was recognized as Governor of South Carolina.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANNUAL ADDRESS AT WOFFORD COLLEGE—FAILURE OF THE
CONTEST FOR HIS SEAT IN CONGRESS—TRIBUTE TO THE
MEMORY OF POPE PIUS IX.—SPEECH AT THE UNVEIL-
ING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD OF THE
IRISH VOLUNTEERS—MEETING OF THE
STATE CONVENTION AT COLUMBIA—
MR. O'CONNOR'S UNANIMOUS
RE-NOMINATION TO
CONGRESS.

1877-1878.

ON June 29th, father delivered the Annual Address before the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies, at Wofford College, and selected for his subject: "The State's Deliverance; its cause and effect."

His reception in Spartanburg, gave him great gratification, and we find ample expression of the appreciation, which greeted this effort, in the following comments of the press.

"* * * O'Connor won his oratorical spurs in the Baltimore Convention of 1872, that nominated Horace Greeley, of great memory, to the Presidential office. * * * Yesterday, O'Connor spoke for little over an hour on a subject still fresh in the hearts of the people—'the State's deliverance; its cause and effect.' The address was read with all the oratorical power for which the speaker is eminent. * * * He gave a succinct history of the State, and of the peculiar characteristics of our people, touching upon our condition and surroundings, previous to, during, and since

the war. He reviewed the trials and sufferings of our people, during the period of reconstruction and carpet-bag rule, which were necessary to prepare us for the great work of redemption. He paid a glowing tribute to the patriotism of the people in the recent campaign, and attributed our success to the combined efforts of the corruption of the Republican party, and the determination of our people to throw off the shackles of a corrupt government.

"In the course of his remarks, he urged that the disposition shown by President Hayes to remove the causes, and rectify the errors of Grant's administration, and to restore relations of amity and fraternity, between the two sections, and the two races, should be met by our people in the same spirit, to secure the object so earnestly desired; that our devotion to the flag and the Union must be in feeling as well as words. The speech was able and complete, and was well delivered, adding fresh lustre to the enviable reputation the speaker had already established."

From one of the papers of the State we read:

* * * "His diction was pure, his style elegant, the construction of his sentences beautiful, his delivery excellent, his manner graceful. The qualifications requisite to effective oratory seem to meet in him in good measure. * * * He stirred every heart in which patriotism exists as a principle or a sentiment, and caused the people to appreciate more than ever, their recent salvation."

And Bishop Wightman, the Methodist Bishop, wrote:

"Charleston made a happy contribution to the occasion, by sending her eloquent son, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, who delivered before the Societies a well-timed oration, full of sound counsel, generous, glowing, and broad with statesmanlike views of current events."

Although the following summer was undisturbed by campaign work, the contest for his seat in Congress was still pending, and the new Congress would convene in extra session on Oct. 15th.

On Oct. 1st, a strong and most convincing paper appeared, addressed by him to the Secretary of the State of

South Carolina, in relation to his claim to the seat in the 45th Congress of the United States, from the Second Congressional District of South Carolina, and applying for a certificate of election, on the grounds therein presented. He soon after left for Washington, and arrived there in time for the organization of the 45th Congress. He had determined first to try and obtain his seat on his official certificate, and for that purpose, remained about a week. It was decided against him.

As that decision of the House was only temporary, and as nothing more could be accomplished until the case should be decided on its merits, he placed his case in the hands of competent counsel, although less sanguine than ever as to the result; and after a socially brilliant visit, he returned home. Shortly after the telegram from Washington, announced that the case had been dismissed.

The papers of the day referred to the matter as follows: "Messrs. Tillman, Richardson and O'Connor made a gallant fight at a time when their election seemed hopeless. Each one of them received a majority of the legal votes in the district, in which he was a candidate, and each one of them has for months vainly knocked for admittance at the door of the House of Representatives. They have given time, money and arduous labor to the popular cause, and the least that the Democracy can do, is to renominate them in evidence of the fact, that they are the choice of the people, and can be, and shall be elected."

Those with whom he had struggled in 1876 were then enjoying the fruits of the victory, to which he had so largely contributed, while he had been defeated.

The State's position in the National Councils, where she had so long been misrepresented, must be regained to make the victory complete, and this was the motive that inspired him, amidst the discouraging circumstances around him. The redemption of his beloved State, was to him an exhaustless subject of inspiration. It was the theme of every conversation, and the mainspring of every public action. In the following tribute after his death before the Hibernian

Society, Judge Magrath said: "But for his own State, his own city, his own home, his own friends, every generous and indignant passion in him, was stirred to its deepest depths in the suffering he saw and shared. When in giving expression to his feeling, when the heart and the brain, with intensity that could not be surpassed in their union, rose into the grand diapason of oratory, he stood to champion her cause; no more devoted son could be found within her limits. * * * O'Connor loved his State, his city, his people, with a lofty and pure devotion. He loved his State for its past glory; he loved its noble endurance of suffering and wrong. He loved it as he loved his mother. He gave to it all he had. He would have died for it—he did die for it. More could he not do to show his devotion to it."

The recurring contests of politics, and his new experiences of the insincerity of the world, reacted keenly on his extreme sensitiveness, and he would often say: 'If I had but one friend, one single friend whom I could trust;' and when I would quote to him that even Rienzi, the famous Tribune, when at the height of his power, confided to his little page, that all he wanted was one single friend, he would answer me quickly: 'Yes, and even at that moment, the page was planning the Tribune's destruction.'"

A meeting of the Catholic Institute was held on March 15th of this year, for the purpose of receiving the report of the Committee, appointed to prepare a tribute to the memory of the late Pope Pius IX., and father, on behalf of the Committee, presented and prepared the tribute; this essay excited great admiration among all denominations.

On June 28th the Monument to the Irish Volunteers, who fell in the American Wars, was completed and unveiled, and he was chosen as the orator of the occasion.

On July 18th, the County Convention at Orangeburg met, and instructed the delegates to the Congressional Convention from that County, to cast their votes for the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, as the nominee for Congress from the Second Congressional District; and on July 24th, 1878, the Democratic County Convention met at Charleston, adopted a plat-

form, reaffirming the principles upon which the campaign of 1876 was won, and renominated Gov. Hampton, and the entire State ticket. During the Convention, the following Resolution was offered by Dr. J. F. M. Geddings, and unanimously adopted :

“ Resolved—That we are firmly impressed with the importance of having a Democratic representative upon the floor of Congress from this District, and we recognize the bold, fearless, and eloquent championship by the Hon. M. P. O'Connor in the last State campaign, of the principles of the National Democratic party ; and the delegates appointed to the District Congressional Convention are requested to give him their undivided support for renomination, as the nominee of the Democratic party for Congress, from the Second Congressional District of South Carolina.”

Clarendon also soon adopted similar resolutions, and took similar action.

On the eve of his renomination to Congress, he was in doubt whether he should or should not prepare an address in acceptance of the nomination. He had decided to wait and speak extemporaneously, and on that evening asked for some music. Many of his favorite songs were sung in succession, to which he listened silently, and apparently asleep. Suddenly, during the music, he arose, rushed out, and disappeared, without uttering a word ; the hours of night were succeeded by those of morning, and not reappearing, we sought him, and found him, reading his oration for the next day, which he had written and completed in two hours.

On August 1st, the State Convention met at Columbia, and father was unanimously renominated to Congress. The platform of 1876 was reaffirmed, and it became the platform of 1878, omitting merely the reference to Tilden and Hendricks ; the entire State ticket was renominated, and the Convention was but an echo of the victory of 1876, congratulation for the past, and renewed hope for the future.

Mr. E. W. M. Mackey was the Republican nominee for Congress, from the Second Congressional District.

The following letter, written by father about this time, furnishes an accurate description of the political situation :

"We supposed and had hoped that not a man could be found in Charleston to dissent from the declaration of principles, which was unanimously adopted by the Democratic party in the late County Convention. The doctrines which were enunciated in the first resolution of the platform were of such general import, and so comprehensive in their nature, that we believed they would have met with the same universal favor outside as they did within the Convention. In this expectation, we have been disappointed by the appearance of two articles, contributed to your columns, attacking the platform of the Convention.

"The objectionable features in the series of resolutions which have been selected by the writer for his animadversion, appear in the following paragraph : 'That it is in contradiction of the cardinal principles of a Democratic form of government, to confer upon the few, special privileges in derogation of the general rights of the people ; and repugnant to the essence and form of our free institutions, that any class, or bodies, or particular individuals of the community should be granted exclusive rights in the public domain, at the expense of the general public.' Analyze these propositions, and who can contend, with any show of reason or sense of right, that privileges or grants made in and out of the public territory, in derogation of the rights of the public, can be upheld? Such grants may be made by the law making power of a State, and under such conditions as to take their reversal out of the power of the Legislature ; but such an exercise of power does not make it right, nor can it, nor should it, stop the voice of the people being raised in complaint. The people of the State are the sovereign ; not a few of them, nor any part of them, but the whole people ; and, it is part of the law of eminent domain, that, whatever belongs to the whole people, and is taken away, by legislative enactment or grant, or conferred upon a few, they are privileged in derogation of the rights of the public ; and when such are granted, they become, and are termed, monopolies, and are odious to the people. No special grant, no particular monopoly, is singled out and aimed at by the resolution. The pith and principle of the resolution is directed against all monopolies, as contrary to the genius of our State. The proposition seems to be so manifestly just and conformable to wise government, that King John would have set the declaration down in his great Charter, if

it had been demanded or thought of by the Barons at Runnymede.

"By the third section, sixth article of the Constitution of the State, the people of the State are declared to possess the ultimate right in, and to all lands; and in, and over all the manageable streams of the State. In many of the States, an express clause against monopolies has been incorporated in their constitutions. In the constitutions of Maryland, North Carolina and Tennessee, it is in terms expressed 'that monopolies are contrary to the genius of a free government, and ought not to be allowed.'

"This, of course, applies to all monopolies, whether of banks, of railroads, or of mines. It gives form to the inborn instincts of the people. It is a part of the traditional policy of the Democratic party, which has come down with its teachings from the beginning; and can be found interwoven with its creed in terms either expressed or necessarily to be inferred. To hold a contrary doctrine at this time, would be deemed heresy by the Democratic party, as much so as in the earlier history of the party, a tariff for protection and not for revenue only, was considered an anachronism in its charter. To promulgate the opposite doctrine now would dissolve the Democratic party, and it would not deserve to live an hour.

"The system of monopolies, and of rings formed to support them, is of recent origin in this Government. This offspring owes its maturity to the Republican party.

"It has had a marvellous growth, and, like a Colossus, it now bestrides, in its magnitude, the Continent. It is the spawn of Radicalism, the twin sister of Consolidation. It has aimed to centralize all the wealth and power of the Republic, into as small a compass as possible; and to wield it with despotic arrogance against the people.

"Like the deadly Upas tree, it has shed its baleful shadows over the whole land, so that nothing under its influence has flourished, or can flourish. It has paralyzed the industry, congested the money, and hindered the development of the resources of the country. It has been against this mammoth wrong that the Democratic party has been waging incessant war, since it first made its appearance. And it is but right and proper, that the Democratic party of South Carolina, should protest against its introduction here. It is sure to breed discontent, and distract the people, and impede the growth and prosperity of our community.

"The once rich and prosperous State of California, furnishes a signal example of the evils, that of late years, have resulted from chartered monopolies. Under the operation and management of this greedy and avaricious power, and by the manipulation of the Legislature of the State, the ownership and interest of the people of that State, in the mines of wealth imbedded in their soil, have gradually passed away from them into private hands, until it has come to this pass; that fifty men on the Pacific Coast, styling themselves Bonanza Kings, have parcelled among them, and enjoy exclusively the rich and vast deposits of that young empire. By this same system of aggrandizement of wealth and power, a stupendous railroad monopoly has grown up, in the two States of New York and Pennsylvania; where a few individuals, under the orders of Vanderbilt on the one hand, and Tom Scott and Garrett upon the other, control the carrying trade, the mails, the intercourse, and the prosperity of the people. It has become a trite saying that the Camerons carry in their breeches' pockets the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Vanderbilt sweeps from the great commercial city on the Atlantic, through New York, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, to the no less great Grain City of the Lakes in Illinois; the monarch of \$100,000,000 of dictatorial power, crushing all who oppose, ruining all who interfere, and rolling with the swift force of steam his car of juggernaut over whatever is in his way. Scott, the master of 7,000 miles of connecting railroads, starting from the Hudson River, holds New Jersey in irons; Pennsylvania is handcuffed under the fetters of his will, and so, from State to State, over the Continent, he holds the whip, and commands the steamways to the Pacific with a despotism of power, no monarch possesses, and with an arrogance of will no tyrant ever surpassed. His argument is the rifle, his purpose subjugation. To command profit for his extravagance, he attacks labor, and if labor rebels, he breaks it into submission. And this man, bolstered up in his authority, cries 'Communism.'

"This digression is only useful to show the tendency of the legislation of the times. That policy which makes the few very rich, and the masses extremely poor, cannot conduce to the welfare of our institutions, or the prosperity of our country. Such a policy is anti-American. It is a fungus growth upon the body politic, and the sooner extirpated, the better. And if these things are shown up to public criticism, the men who do so, are not innovators, nor disorganizers.

nor disturbers. Rather they who would unreasonably condemn the platform, and provoke discussion and irritate the people, who are shrewd enough to see and know what is what, are sowing the seeds of division. The Legislature is the proper forum for the discussion of the question of monopoly, and this discussion can only arise when it is proposed to vest in the few, chartered rights in the State's domain, to the exclusion of the public. The principles in the platform, which are objected to, most men hold to be abstract truths in American politics. They should be nailed to the party's mast, for they are the sheet-anchor of its safety."

CHAPTER XXII.

CAMPAIGN OF 1878—ELECTION TO CONGRESS—"SWORN IN"
AS A MEMBER OF THE 46TH CONGRESS—MR. O'CONNOR
PLACED ON FOUR COMMITTEES—HIS MAIDEN SPEECH
—THE COMMITTEE TO INQUIRE INTO THE CAUSE
OF THE DEPRESSION OF LABOR, AUTHORIZED
TO INSTITUTE AN INVESTIGATION —
ORATION AT THE MOORE CENTEN-
ARY—INTRODUCES IMPORTANT
BILLS—DEPARTURE FOR
CALIFORNIA.

1878-1879.

THE campaign of 1878, was conducted in the same spirit as the campaign of 1876.

It was but a reaffirmation of the policy sanctioned by success in 1876; congratulation for the past, increasing the unbounded enthusiasm that characterized all the similar meetings, held throughout the State at this time. Father criticised those speakers who had, during this campaign, indulged in strong invective, or personal abuse, which he considered unwise, and lacking in statesmanship; he considered vituperation the weak weapon of a weak case; in the greatest heat of the campaign, he never indulged in any raillery against his opponent, and not a single reproach against his personal character was uttered by those who opposed him. It was as the representative of one party against the other, that he conducted his campaign, but not as a personal contest.

His popularity had increased with the negroes, and this was noted in the newspapers, as follows: "The odds on O'Connor in the Charleston District are steadily rising.

Curiously enough, the Radicals themselves concede that his prospects are better than those of any other candidate whose name is on the Democratic ticket in Charleston. To use their own words: 'O'Connor's election is sure, whatever becomes of the rest of the candidates.'" And again: "They like O'Connor. They know him to be pure, capable, unselfish and industrious. They trust him. The colored people in Charleston City by hundreds, avow their determination to elect O'Connor, and the Democrats are bent on it."

He concluded the campaign, regardless of the constant strain to which his health had been subjected by its arduous labors.

The fatigue of constant travelling; irregular meals; incessant public speaking; the excitement always attendant on these efforts; the tension to which a highly strung nervous organization was subjected, together with a delicate constitution, and no time for recuperation, were probably the causes that afforded an easy opportunity to the insidious disease, that developed eighteen months afterwards.

On the day of election, the city was quiet, and everything was peacefully conducted, and he was declared elected by the large majority of 7,386 votes.

Telegrams from all sections of the country, expressed the congratulations of his numerous friends, who had watched the long struggle, and rejoiced in his success; and for the first time since the war, the "old Charleston District" was appropriately represented in Congress.

He soon after received notice of contest from his opponent, Mr. E. W. M. Mackey, and this contest opened with every show of determination and perseverance on the part of his adversary. There were many who thought that he would never be able to keep his seat in Congress, but he declared that he would, despite the obstacles he had to overcome, and the close party division in the House.

Soon after, he tendered his resignation as President of the Hibernian Society, as his election necessitated his continued and indefinite absence from the city.

An extra session of Congress had been called by President Hayes to meet on March 18th, and he left for Washington on March 16th.

The contest for the Speakership was then pending, and the approaching election promised to be close and exciting.

The Democratic candidates for the nomination, were the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the preceding Congress, and Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky. Both candidates were so high in popular favor, that the followers of each, felt assured of the election of their respective favorite.

Father had always been a friend and admirer of Mr. Randall, from the time they had first met at the Baltimore Convention, in 1872, and he alone, of the entire South Carolina delegation, voted for Mr. Randall. Mr. Randall was nominated and elected, and this cemented the friendship between him and the Speaker of the House, which grew with time, and ripened into an intimacy, which lasted until his death. On March 18th, he wrote :

* * * "Last evening, we nominated Mr. Randall. We had a severe fight for it. Excitement ran higher than ever before over such an event. I was kept busy aiding my friend, and his election is a relief, and will prove a decided advantage to me. I stood alone for him out of the five members from South Carolina, and indicated in the result that was accomplished, the truth of my prediction. I guess they will, after a while, begin to give me credit for some foresight in politics, and will, probably, defer a little more to my judgment."

The 46th Congress convened on the 18th instant. Some feared, that he would not be allowed to take his seat, but he said : "I will not only take it, but if I live, I will keep it." Without the least difficulty, he was "sworn in" on that day, as a member of the 46th Congress.

In the organization of the House, he was placed on four Committees: Claims, Accounts, Reform in the Civil Service, and the Depression of Labor.

On April 4th, he addressed the House on the Army Bill, then under consideration.

As he was a new member, it was very doubtful if he could obtain an opportunity to be heard, and it was not until the last day, amid the confusion attending the close of the debate, that he was recognized by the Speaker, and allowed five minutes; under these circumstances he spoke. A Northern newspaper thus wrote of it:

* * * "And now South Carolina opens her eloquent mouth once again, in the person of M. P. O'Connor, on the floor of Congress, whose brilliant speeches, when his tongue is once let loose, will make musical the halls of the National Legislature, and recall the silver trumpets of a generation gone by."

At this time he wrote to me as follows:

"If my speech did not largely attract in the delivery, owing to my being so cramped for time, and when the House was eager for a vote on the main question, it has certainly commanded the notice and criticism of the press, and especially of the Republican press. It drove the spear into the sides of the Republicans, and they seem to writhe under it. The *National Republican* last week styled me chief of the red-hot artillery of the House, and Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts on Wednesday, just as I was entering the Senate Chamber, commenced reading from my speech, and deplored that I had risen into office upon the necks of 5,000 innocent African citizens. These notices from my adversaries are complimentary, and my entrance into the Senate Chamber, pending Mr. Dawes's allusion, was the subject of slight comment and observation. To-day I heard from the Republican side, a member from Michigan, the most eloquent, decidedly, who has spoken on that side, and he quoted from all the prominent speeches on the Democratic side, mine among the number. You will read his speech in the record—it is savagely against us, but by far the best speech that has been delivered from the Republican side this Congress. This man, Mr. J. C. Burrows, is an orator in the true sense of the word. I award him the meed ungrudgingly, though he is my adversary. * * *

During these years, his opinions were sought on political questions, and they frequently appeared as interviews in leading papers in the North and South.

My mother then joined him in Washington, and about

this time, a delegation, representing all the Irish Societies in Baltimore, and led by an ex-member of the forty-third Congress, waited on him, and invited him, to deliver the address at the celebration of Thomas Moore's one hundredth birthday, on May 28th; he accepted the invitation, notwithstanding the pressure of official duties, and he began at once to prepare his oration.

The Moore Centenary was celebrated in Baltimore in a most elaborate manner, and the oration was delivered at the Academy of Music, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, by a large and brilliant audience.

One of the Irish-American papers of the North, wrote of the different orators of the anniversary, throughout the United States, in the following manner:

"Baltimore invited M. P. O'Connor, of Charleston, to address her on the Centenary. We have not his speech to hand, but we know what Mr. O'Connor *can* do; we have witnessed so many displays of his eloquence—now flowing placidly onward, clear, calm and smooth as a limpid stream; now rushing forth as a torrent, foaming and seething, bearing itself on, on, on, with the energy of the cataract, until, having reached the sea, it seemed to become not so much a part of, but the controlling principle in the multitudinous ocean. We are, we say, so familiar with Mr. O'Connor's oratory, we feel safe in pronouncing his effort, on this occasion, as second to no other address delivered on either side of the Atlantic."

On June 6th he wrote the following letter in response to an invitation to be present at the unveiling of a bronze bust of the late Wm. Gilmore Simms, which would take place at White Point Garden, Charleston, on June 11th:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1879.

"GENTLEMEN:

"Your very polite invitation to me to be present at the unveiling of a bronze bust of the late Wm. Gilmore Simms, at White Point Garden, Charleston, on the 11th instant, has been received, and I thank you. I knew Dr. Simms for many years as an author, before I knew him as a man. His

history of the State, and his romances, all woven out of the thread of Carolina life, were all familiar to me, long before I had caught the inspiration of his presence, and his broad-hearted, manly sympathy. I first knew him when the waves of adversity were dashing him upon the breakers of wreck. He had not yet stranded. It was just after the war, when stripped of his possessions, his spirits began to give way before surrounding misfortunes. From the time I first knew him, friendship grew into an attachment, and I, an humble follower in the light of his wisdom and learning, treasured it, until I saw him die upon the pallet of poverty. Under these circumstances, it would be, to me, a source of peculiar consolation to join in your interesting, and honoring ceremonies. He is thrice, and four times worthy, of all the honors our people can pay him. Long after the bust you have unveiled shall moulder, his name shall be called and echoed among the classics of our devastated, but historic State.

"His history will adorn our early annals, his works of fiction will rise with the fragrance of our spring morning, invigorating our senses, and set upon our memories in the golden sunset peculiar to our clime in early autumn.

"I am cautioned against the propriety of extending my observations further. No bust or marble can preserve his image longer in my remembrance, than the beautiful, marked impress of his nature, which I carry in my mind, and which I shall carry until I die.

"May Charleston pour forth her largest tribute to him, who has honored her, and made his entire State eminent and distinguished.

"Be assured of my entire sympathy with the occasion, and all the precious, classic memories it revives, and believe me in spirit with you, yours faithfully and sincerely,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

During this session of Congress, he had been quietly active in the interests of his people, and introduced many bills. The most important of these were "A Bill Providing for the Judicial Ascertainment of Claims, against the United States."

This Bill was to provide for the judicial ascertainment of claims against the United States, and to confer upon the Court of Claims jurisdiction for that purpose: and the object of this Bill was to relieve the files of Congress from the

countless thousands of claims of every description—good, bad and indifferent—which are constantly pouring in from every section of the country, and which it is a moral impossibility for any legislative body to handle, with either satisfaction or safety.

Another Bill was to “Authorize National Banks, to make Loans upon Mortgage of Real Estate.”

This Bill provided that all National Banks can make loans to the extent of one-quarter of their capital and surplus, upon real estate mortgages, subject to such conditions as may be imposed by the directors, or by the laws of the banks.

Both of these measures, and especially the National Bank Bill, attracted general attention throughout the country, and their fate in the House of Representatives, was watched with universal interest. Shortly after the introduction of this Bill, the following resolutions were offered and adopted in the State Senate of South Carolina.

“Whereas, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, representative in the Congress of the United States from this State, has introduced a bill looking to the relief of real estate in the United States, from discrimination against that species of property under the financial system of the Federal Government, relating to the national banks; be it

“*Resolved*—That it is the sense of the General Assembly, that the proposition to authorize the national banks to make loans upon mortgages upon real estate to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of their capital and surplus, will greatly relieve the agricultural interests in this State and the entire country, and infuse new life and vigor into manufactures, commerce, and other national interests. That we would be glad to see the efforts of Mr. O'Connor seconded by the entire South Carolina representations in the Congress of the United States.”

At the next session of Congress, the following account of the progress of this Bill, appeared in the newspaper reports:

“Representative O'Connor, of South Carolina, addressed

the House Banking and Currency Committee to-day, in advocacy of the bill introduced by him and referred to that Committee, authorizing national banks to make loans upon mortgages on real estate to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of their capital and surplus, subject to such conditions as may be imposed by the Boards of Directors of the respective banks.

"Mr. O'Connor said that the measure originated with the national banks of Charleston, S. C., whose managers had found, by experience, that they had a plethora of money in their vaults during a large part of the year, after moving the crops, and that some such measure was needed to relieve the agricultural classes of the South, who had no other security than real estate to pledge for loans.

"Mr. O'Connor said that the interests of the people, and the banks alike, demand the utilization of real estate as security for the proper proportion of loans, especially, since so vast an amount of personal securities, has, as the result of war, and of the shrinkage of values, been almost annihilated, and ceased to be available for that purpose.

"The bill was referred to a sub-committee for consideration and report."

At this session of Congress, the "House Select Labor Committee," to inquire into the cause of the depression of labor, of which father was a member, submitted a special resolution to prosecute their investigation during the recess; the resolution was adopted, and after the adjournment of Congress, he returned home to prepare for his journey to California with the Labor Committee.

My mother having declined to go, I was chosen to be my father's companion; and the following letters and extracts, written at this time, will convey an excellent idea of his impressions of the Western country, through which he was travelling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTERS DESCRIBING THE TOUR—EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF SALT LAKE CITY AND SAN FRANCISCO
—INVESTIGATION OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

1879.

AS we travelled through the Alleghanies, he was enthusiastic over the mountain scenery of Pennsylvania; the lovely valley of the blue "Juniata," and the shifting scenes of mountain and valley, for which this portion of Pennsylvania is so noted.

He was very receptive to the impressions of beautiful scenery, and a close observer of the natural characteristics of the different States.

Chicago was a city of great interest to him; its enterprise, and increasing activity delighted him. In speaking, he would characterize it in the following quotation; as that "City of sublime unrest; imperial Work-shop of the busy West."

He was also impressed there by the crude and youthful type of the civilization, and remarked that he met on the streets of the Western cities so few old men; everything, like the country itself, seemed to be in its youth, and this characteristic seemed to have impressed itself on the people.

Father was such a great talker, that he was always very accessible to reporters, answering their questions readily, and giving his views freely on current subjects. On one occasion in Chicago, while in conversation with a gentleman to whom he had been introduced, and to whom he had expressed his views without reserve, he was annoyed to find the entire conversation in the newspaper the next day.

During his stay in Chicago, an excursion to Milwaukee was proposed; he accepted the invitation, and spent a delightful day on Lake Michigan; as he stood on the deck of the steamer, he would say: "This is a great country, but do you think it is as sweet as ours? I no not."

He left Chicago for Omaha, and crossed the Prairie State; the novelty of the scenery increased his pleasure, and when we reached the Mississippi River, he became eloquent over that wonderful section of country, which he said, had developed since his birth.

He loved to talk of the associations connected with each new scene through which we passed, and would trace the pathway followed by the lonely emigrants, and picture to himself their long journeys across those boundless plains.

They seemed like an ocean of land, no tree within sight, a desolate waste as far as the eye could reach, until we arrived at Cheyenne, the City of the Plains. He visited the town during the few hours we stopped there, and soon after, we found ourselves among the Black Hills of Wyoming Territory.

Gradually ascending the Rocky Mountains, the scenery overwhelmed him by its expanse; a vast, unbroken plain stretched on every side, and in the distance, the barren mountains bounded the horizon, North, South, East and West, until they seemed like the blue billows of a distant sea, against the still bluer sky.

Then we entered the Echo and Weber Cañons, narrow gorges between two walls of perpendicular rock, that lead into the Salt Lake Valley; huge masses of rock, hung about us in fanciful shapes, as it were, in mid-air, while the prolonged echoes of the rushing train, formed a fitting accompaniment to the grandeur of the scene.

Around us, the mountains were seemingly piled upon each other; the nearest, towering and threatening, and, as the more remote ranges faded in the distance, rearing their snow-clad peaks one above another, their blue outlines melted into the Summer sky of that beautiful July afternoon.

As we descended into the Salt Lake Valley, he said: "And can you wonder now, that those poor emigrants, after having travelled for three long and weary months across those dusty plains, upon reaching this garden spot of nature, should have fancied that they had reached the 'Promised Land!'" And as we passed "Pulpit Rock," from which, it is said, Brigham Young addressed his weary followers, urging them on but a little further, he could, from the surroundings, picture the scene, and live over again in imagination, through all the historical and romantic associations of the country, through which he was travelling.

On reaching Ogden City, the Mayor and Mormon Elders of Salt Lake City met the Committee.

From this point he wrote to my mother:

"SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 7, 1879.

* * * "This city lies embowered by the surrounding mountains on three sides, upon whose heights, I saw to-day the snow, while we were burning in the valley below. In front of the city is the Great Salt Lake, sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, with mountains behind it, forming islands. To-day the party went down and took a sulphur bath. This evening we go to the Lake and take a salt bath. I am in hopes I will feel better after it, for I feel very much jaded by the trip. This morning, at 10 A. M., the Mormon Elders and Apostles called for us in carriages, and, in style, drove us all around the settlement. We have been treated with great distinction here. On Saturday evening we will leave for San Francisco, and will arrive there Monday evening, the 11th, at nine o'clock. I hope I may find some letters awaiting me there. This long silence from home is what chiefly disturbs me. * * *

"After this trip is over, I won't want to travel for a long time to come. I shall have become surfeited with moving about, and yearn now, more than ever, for the repose and tranquillity of home." * * *

"MY DEAR SON CHARLES:

"August 8, 1879.

* * * "Last evening, took a swim in Salt Lake, and feel benefited from it. The view of the Lake is perfectly magnificent. To-day we visited the Mormon Tabernacle.

It is built in the shape of a large canopy, with an oval roof, resembling a bee-hive. It is capable of seating 13,000 people, and its acoustic properties superior to that of any temple in the world. It is 250 feet long, and you can carry on conversation in ordinary tones, from one end to the other, and actually hear a pin fall on the floor, across the length of the building. The organ, next to one in Boston, is the largest in the United States. It is 58 feet high, and made of wood cut in the cañons. Pet played upon it, and sang several pieces for the audience, and her voice filled the Tabernacle, and sounded grand; the Mormon Elders, who accompanied us, were much pleased.

"They have, in course of construction, a temple, which has been building for over 20 years. It surprises me that so much genius in the arts should exist in this silent, secluded valley, nearly 2,000 miles off from the Eastern frontier of American civilization, and among a class of people, who sprang from the lowest strata of society, and committed themselves to the observances of institutions, calculated to degrade them to the level of the beast. It is, nevertheless, so; they are exceedingly industrious, frugal, and contented, and believe themselves the chosen people.

"They call this the 'Promised Land,' and it is not unlike some of the pictures we have seen, and the accounts we have read of Judea. Salt Lake resembles the Dead Sea, and is connected by a stream which runs through the valley, called the Jordan, which connects it with another lake of sulphur waters, which is compared to Lake Tiberius. The climate is delightful, warm in the day, and cool at nights, and it hardly ever rains. This evening, we are invited to ride out to the Galena Smelting Works. We are kept constantly on the go by the kind and hospitable attentions of this people, and because we receive their attentions, which are showered upon us, the Republican press makes use of it to asperse us." * * *

To my mother he wrote the following letters:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12, 1879.

* * * "We left Salt Lake Saturday evening, and arrived here last evening at 5.30 P. M. * * *

"The trip from Ogden, where the Central Pacific Railroad begins, to this city, its terminus, is over, and through a wonderfully wild and interesting country. The distance from Ogden here is 882 miles, and it just took forty-

eight hours to complete the journey. We passed through regions with seasons and temperature the opposite of each other : running across the Alkali Plains, and down through the valleys, the temperature was as hot as in Charleston. For hundreds of miles, nothing but an open, hot desert, with bold ranges of mountains on either side, with not a tree to relieve the eye, and not a sign of vegetation except the wild sage brush. The ranges of the Rocky Mountains over which we pass, seem to be never-ending. Their towering sides, piling one on top of the other, till their loftiest peaks are lost in the distant horizon. For 500 miles of the route from Salt Lake here, there was nothing to greet the eye but mountain and desert plain, with local sights at the various railroad stations, to create a temporary sensation. Indians, men and women at each station along the road, and the women more singular for the manner in which they bear their papposes, (babies), on their backs. After traversing five hundred miles, we reach the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, (snowy mountains), which begin their lofty ascent about 300 miles from California, and extend their rugged ranges, until they approach the Pacific Coast ; from the moment we begin the ascent of these mountains, the scene changes. Instead of barrenness we find verdure, instead of the hot winds which blow like the sirocco across the desert, cooling winds rush down through the mountain gorges, refreshing the panting and wearied traveller. The Sierra Nevadas is the most picturesque and beautiful tract, that we traverse on the Central Pacific. The scenery is wild beyond description : as you are hurried over the towering precipices, and along the brink of mighty chasms, over 1,200 feet in depth, with a long train of cars, propelled by two connecting locomotives, we are struck with astonishment, both by the wonders of nature, and the still greater marvels of man's engineering, in scaling these apparently insurmountable passes with the iron horse. The most prominent point of interest on the Sierra Nevadas is Cape Horn, and there the train stops for a half hour on the very ledge of an overhanging rock, to permit the traveller to gaze upon the wonders of the scenery.

" The eminence is so great, and the position of the train apparently so dangerous, that one is held in a painful suspense until the point is passed. After doubling Cape Horn, the highest peak in this chain, we begin to descend the valley, and from cooling winds, we are transported into the hot plains of the valley of the Sacramento. In a few hours

we have passed this, and the Bay of San Francisco opens upon our view. From the moment we cross the Sierras and reach the State of California, with its golden fields, spreading out as far as the eye can reach, we know and feel that we are in the land of gold. It is a beautiful State over every foot that I traveled, and no wonder that thousands have been attracted to its golden shores. I could prolong my narrative of the scenes and incidents that met us at every point, but I must draw to a close." * * *

"SAN FRANCISCO, August 16, 1879.

* * * "Since I first wrote you, I have seen San Francisco. It is a young New York on a small scale, but will never rival the great Eastern City. The climate here, some like, but I do not. It is always cold enough for an overcoat, and the temperature is about that of our February and March together, very windy, as it is with us in March, but as cold as February. It is a mountainous country, and subject to earthquakes. You can almost look out and feel that you were in the land of earthquakes, mountains enveloped in mist, and the restless Pacific heaving at the base of long ranges of mountains. Society does not rest upon a stable foundation, it is like the place; new and agitated, and in a state of unrest. Many persons as soon as they accumulate their pile, sell out and go East, and that will be the tendency for many years to come; until business and the habits and thoughts of men settle down into a contented state. The only Carolinian I have met, has been Judge Heidenfeldt, to whom Whaley gave me a letter. He intimated to me, that he would expect me on next Tuesday, to meet the Carolinians here in a dinner at the Maison Dorée. Pringle, Blanding, and one or two others will be there.

* * * "Pet wrote you, yesterday, of our intended visit to-day with Senator Sharon to Belmont; a large party are going up at three o'clock, and we will, no doubt, pass a pleasant time. Belmont was the country-seat of the celebrated Ralston, and is surrounded with all the attractions that centred there in the heyday of its founder. We will write you an account of our visit. * * * We may go to Portland, Oregon, next Wednesday, but that is as yet uncertain. The Board of Trade, of that City, passed resolutions inviting our committee there. If we should go there, and go to the Yosemite Valley, it will delay our return until the end of the month. The stated period of my return to Charleston will not be delayed but a few days, in case this

trip should be made. I wish you were with me, I am sure you would like this dry, cold climate, but you can keep that pleasure in reserve for a future time." * * *

"SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1879.

* * * "Have only a few moments this morning to drop you a few lines; we returned last evening at 9 P.M. from Belmont, where we passed Saturday evening and Sunday, enjoying the princely hospitality of Senator Sharon. I will not undertake to describe this marvelously beautiful spot, and its sumptuous surroundings. Everything that the eye and taste, and the intellect and soul would delight to feast upon, was there in abundance; art and nature combined to lend enchantment to the spot. I thought of you often during the day, and sighed that you were not with us to enjoy all the luxuries with which we are surrounded. Pet will write you a long letter, giving a glowing narrative of the trip, and expatiating upon the wonders she saw. We will go either to Portland, Oregon, on Wednesday, or go to the Yosemite. I will write you a long letter this evening. I feel better than I have felt for years. High life agrees with me, and if you were only along to enjoy it with me, I would be happy." * * *

"SAN FRANCISCO, August 21, 1879.

* * * "I have just received Charles's letter of the 11th, and its tidings of continued good health in the family has given me joy. Since I last wrote you, everything of note that has transpired, has been communicated by Pet. Our visit here has been very pleasant, enlivened as we have been by visits and excursions. Yesterday, we closed our investigation into the Chinese question, which, while it lasted, attracted a good deal of attention from all quarters. Our Court Room at the Court House was crowded daily, and even the women were pressing to give their evidence against the Chinese. The cry here is, the Chinese must go, and they ultimately will go; at any rate, their influx into this country will be checked and restricted. Public opinion seems to set in one direction, all against them. I dined last evening with the leading South Carolinians in San Francisco; it was an epicurean banquet. Pet has told you all about it. To-day, the Congressional party were taken on an excursion down the bay on the revenue cutter. It was very rough; the steamer unfit for an excursion, and we were glad to get back to the wharf. To-morrow, we have been tendered a

special car to go to San José, about fifty miles in the interior. The Southern Pacific Railroad has been exceedingly courteous in their attentions. On Friday evening, we start for the Yosemite, and on Tuesday evening, the 26th, without returning to San Francisco, we will be homeward bound." * * *

"SAN FRANCISCO, August 23, 1879.

* * * "Since I wrote you last, we have been to San José. It is about forty miles from San Francisco, on the San Mateo Road. The Southern Pacific, Gen. Huntington, President, tendered us a palace car, and we were whisked over a lovely road, through groups of smiling villas, and towns, 'til we reached our destination. There is a tropical luxuriance in the country, resembling the appearance of nature in the Island of Cuba. You would like this country very much, the air is dry and cool, and for one with your temperament, I know it would please exceedingly. The country is laden down with fruits and flowers, and you feel that you are living in a land of gold. Arriving at San José, we took carriages, and rode through the blooming gardens, the groves of mighty poplars, the plenteous orchards, and the overhanging forests. You hear nothing talked of here, but millions. They count men of wealth by millions, not thousands, and there is no paper, nothing but gold and silver float around. I am going out now with Pet, to promenade Kearney Street, which is the Broadway of the city. The stores are filled with beautiful goods, and after one gets acquainted, things can be got very cheap. Living is not high here, after you find out the way to live. * * * I like the place after New York, more than any city on the Continent. There is a vim and rush about the place, that pleases me much. Pet is not so much taken with it. One or two of our South Carolinians have been very pleasant in their attentions. I was invited to breakfast at the Cliff House, but I declined in order to go to church with Pet. Politics is raging here like a roaring torrent. This morning the workingman's candidate for Mayor was shot, and the excitement in consequence, is running very high. I have just been on Montgomery street, which is the Wall street of the Pacific, and the street is so crowded, you can hardly make your way through. The mob is moving towards the old City Hall, and threats are loud of an outbreak before sundown; but there is no danger. Uncle Sam has a strong garrison in the forts in the harbor, and if there should be an émeute, it will very soon be quelled. Some of our party

started yesterday for the Yosemite. I did not accompany them, I was too tired, and feared the fatigues of such an excursion, three days of staging before taking up our long journey for the East. We will leave here next Tuesday morning for Sacramento, where we will take up the rest of our party from the valley; and then proceed for home. We will railroad for five days, before reaching Des Moines, Iowa, the capital of that State, where we will tarry for rest for a day, and then go on until we get to New York, where we will arrive, as I before stated, by the 4th September. I have not seen a drop of rain, since we left home, except one thunder-storm between Council Bluffs and Chicago; we are glad to get the papers and your letters, which now come regularly. Hoping that you all continue well, and promising you much to tell on our return, until to-morrow, when one of us will write again." * * *

"SAN FRANCISCO, August 26, 1879.

* * * "I shall fulfil my promise made to Charles yesterday, to write you a long letter. Yesterday, Mr. D. O. Mills, President Bank of California, with only fifteen millions, took charge of us, and carried us out to his suburban villa, whence we returned this morning. To describe the luxuries and sumptuousness of his palace, would take more time and space than I can devote to it, at this writing; besides, Pet has gone up stairs to draw her picture of the scenes we passed through. * * * We saw, we slept, we feasted, and more anon about this oriental garden, in a semi-tropical latitude. * * * I will certainly be home the day I designated, and then you will hear all about our trip across the Continent. It has one good effect, in that my health is improved, and my usual strength and appetite restored. I only wish you could have been with me, it would have added so much to my enjoyment. Everybody here has been very clever in their attentions. * * * This evening, Mr. Pringle has made an appointment to call for us, and take us to see the Victoria Regia in bloom. It blooms but for a few days, and it is one of the curiosities that attracts all the fashionable, and élite to see it. The excitement over the shooting of one of the candidates for Mayor is dying out, though at one time, it threatened to involve the city in a bloody riot. I have not mixed myself up with the politics of the place, and having avoided making any speeches, I have not been run down by the rude herd of politicians. To-morrow, I shall write again, and for the last

time, from San Francisco. Until I renew my devotions to you, pay the customary tribute of my fondness and affection for my dear children, and my good, pious mother. Tell her she has been thought of, and enquired about in California. Adieu, my dear wife,

“Your fond, affectionate husband,

“M. P. O'CONNOR.”

“NEW YORK, September 5, 1879.

* * * “When we shall have reached home, we will have travelled 7,600 miles, one-third of the circumference of the globe. It has been a great journey, but a profitable and pleasant excursion.” * * *

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURN HOME—LONG SESSION OF THE 46TH CONGRESS—
HE INTRODUCES THE FREEDMAN'S BANK BILL—
HISTORY OF THE BILL—ITS EFFECT
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

1879-1880.

AFTER a short stay in New York, he returned to Charleston. At intervals during the trip he had been ill enough to cause anxiety to the members of the Committee, but its beneficial effects were so apparent, that he was generally congratulated on his renewed health, and improved appearance.

His time, during this interval, was absorbed principally, by preparations for his coming contest for his seat in Congress, which his opponent closely fought.

This involved the taking of testimony, and examination of witnesses, which kept him occupied until November 24th. From one of the papers of the day, we read: "Mr. O'Connor has been compelled to meet his unrelenting adversary from point to point, in one or another of the counties of his district, almost every day since he has been elected to Congress, except the few months that he had been in his seat at the Capital. In fact, Mr. O'Connor said the manner in which the contest had been conducted on the part of Mr. Mackey, would seem to indicate a design that it should be interminable. Notice of his grounds was given by Mr. Mackey to Mr. O'Connor, on the 23d of last December, and immediately, after the expiration of the thirty days allowed Mr. O'Connor to file his answer, he was at once confronted by the arrival of the notorious Teller Committee, from New Orleans, commissioned to pry into

the secrets and political behavior of our people in the last campaign. The character of this committee, and the kind of work it had come here to do, necessitated that he should remain at the elbows of the two Democratic Senators of that Committee, who were charged with the investigation, and whose purpose was to prevent falsification, as far as possible, under the circumstances. Immediately after this committee rose, Mr. Mackey took up his testimony; and continued the examination of his witnesses from day to day, until after the opening of the extra session of Congress." And again we read: "The time consumed, and the number of witnesses examined, nearly 1,000, by the contestant, is unparalleled in the history of the country."

He was again in his seat on the opening day of the long session of the 46th Congress; and the late Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana, referred to him, at this time, in the eulogy delivered after his death: "I formed his acquaintance when he came here to take his place in the 46th Congress, in December, 1879, but I was familiar with his name and reputation, before I ever grasped his hand; for he had won name and fame in his own State, and among his own people, and was loved and honored by them; and his State and people had in all of their history been accustomed to look with undazzled and unexaggerated gaze upon great and shining men. Their annals are emblazoned with the names and deeds of their Rutledges and Pinckneys, their McDuffies, and Calhouns, and Haynes, and Rhetts and Thornwells. Their standard of mental culture and intellectual endowment, and manly courage, and self-reliance is lofty, and it was no small achievement to have pressed to the front rank as a leader of such a people. * * * And so I was prepared beforehand to admire and respect him for his high, intellectual endowments; but when I met him face to face, there was a something in the warm clasp of his hand, in the bright, frank soul that looked from his open, honest eye, that said to me, 'Let us be friends;' and so we were almost from the outset of our acquaintance. And that friendship soon ripened into that intimate confidence that

is so delightful to congenial spirits, in the sacredness of which men lay bare their souls and their hearts to each other. And it grew all the stronger and sweeter during his life; but alas! it remains but a sacred and beautiful memory to me now. * * *

"His bearing among men was a most admirable commingling of manly dignity, unassuming modesty, and knightly courtesy; while the kindly smile, which was indeed the sunshine from his soul, and the frank, cordial manner of his address, carried a mesmeric influence to all with whom he came in contact, and won for him the friendship and confidence of all who knew him." * * *

During the recess, he left for Charleston, to spend the Christmas holidays at home; and, on January 1st, 1880, returned with his entire family to Washington. He was delighted at our reunion, and then reassumed with his usual energy, the regular duties of his office. He spoke very seldom in Congress, and this course was contrary to general expectation; he was rarely heard in argument, and devoted himself to the exacting, but unobtrusive duties of his position. His only thought was for his constituents; he utilized every privilege he enjoyed, and exhausted every resource for their benefit; constantly attended to their wants, and never left a letter unanswered, nor a request unheeded. As he often said: "I assure you there is nothing I value more highly than the approbation of my constituents."

As was written of him after his death:

"In his public relations, Mr. O'Connor was remarkable for his willingness to serve every one in his District, whether white or black, Democrat or Republican. It was his delight to attend to the myriad inquiries, suggestions and applications, which his constituents showered upon him. A quality still more rare he had. Mr. O'Connor always bore in mind the efforts of his friends, who stood by him in his canvass, and, unlike most public men, he expressed his grateful recollection in his deeds. It was wise, and in his case, the wisdom of the heart."

During this session, he introduced, by unanimous con-

sent, a bill to return to the freedmen of the South, their savings deposited in the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company. It was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. When interviewed by a reporter, as to the nature and object of the bill, he said :

"I introduced a bill to-day, to return to the freedmen of the South, the savings which they had deposited with the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company. This measure I had promised my colored constituents in 1876, and again in 1878, to introduce, if I became a Member of Congress, and endeavor to have it passed ; because I regarded the collapse of the fraudulent institution, carrying along with its failure, as it did, the small and hardly earned savings of the poor and ignorant, who had confided their little surplus to that concern, believing, as they were taught, that it was covered and secured by the credit and faith of a great government, of which they were declared the wards, was the most infamous swindle of modern times ; and the small amount of money it would take from the United States Treasury to reimburse these trusting and impoverished people for their losses, brought about by the super-serviceable political zeal of their pseudo-patrons and guardians at the capital of the nation, would not be felt by the tax-payers, and is deserving as a measure of restitutional justice. * * * If the assets and property of the defunct Freedmen's Bank are judiciously realized, the expenditure from the Treasury, over and above such proceeds, will be comparatively little, in order to secure repayment of the despoiled victims, the wards of the nation, of the sums which they lost, and could so illy afford to lose."

At the time, this bill created a great sensation, and it evoked unstinted eulogies from the Democratic press, and the rather carping attention of the Republican press, from the fact that it should have been introduced by a Southern Democrat. A leading Washington, Republican journal, referred to it as a little bit of "by-play," on the part of Mr. O'Connor, "to make himself solid" with the colored element in his district.

The secret cause of complaint was, that such a bill should have been introduced by a Southern Democrat, compelling the Republican Congressmen either to support or oppose it, while neither attitude would redound especially to their advantage.

This bill was the most important measure introduced by him in this Congress; it prefigured for him a prominent position among Southern statesmen, and a conspicuous future in national politics. To a less determined man, the success of such a task would have appeared almost visionary, but he had the strongest confidence in the final success of the measure, and determined not to rest until it was accomplished.

In an interview, he said: "I have my heart and soul in the measure, and shall do all in my power to prevent it from being snowed under by political intrigue or chicanery. This Congress, before it adjourns, will have to face and meet the issue squarely."

The following letter from him, written about this time, will explain the motives, progress and difficulties of the bill:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.

"On last Friday, during the consideration of the printed calendar, I got the sub-committee of Ways and Means to take up the case of the swindled Freedmen. * * * Catching a few spare moments from the deliberations of the House, the sub-committee heard the opening of the case on last Friday. I was aided and assisted by Hon. John E. Ellis, of Louisiana, who introduced the first bill upon the subject in the Forty-fifth Congress. I had not time at this first and indeterminate session of the sub-committee, to present more than a small part of the Freedman's case, but I have convinced the committee that we were in earnest, and must have a report one way or the other, to submit the case for the final, and decisive action of Congress.

"Our case is, that it is an appeal to Congress to give relief to those who have been made the victims of a deceit, a fraud, a swindle, from complicity in which Congress cannot exculpate itself upon a hearing of the facts.

"The first question Mr. Dunnell, of Minnesota, asked at the hearing was, who was complaining or petitioning for

redress. Petitions have come to me from Macon, Ga., Newbern, and Wilmington, N. C., Arkansas, Natchez, and Louisville and Charleston; but there were thirty odd branches of the bank in the Southern States, and from every point where there was a branch, petitions or resolutions, signed, should be forwarded. The labor will not be lost, for if the work which I have begun should not be consummated during my term, there are good men who will take it up, and press it on to the desired end. It has been said, and I know it will continue to be said by those who are too sordid and selfish to rise to my aims, that it is only a scheme to get negro votes.

"I let pass these gibes as the idle wind, for you know as well as I do, that the influence of such a measure as this could never reach the thousands of negroes in my district. The case would never reach them, or if it did, it would be through false channels, and they would never understand it. The suspicions upon our motives, will only make us fight the harder for its accomplishment. I saw an extract from a country newspaper which you published, stating that ten millions was the sum required from the Treasury to make up the deficiency. This is all an error, it will take less than a million.

"What is wanted now, is to enlighten and crystallize public opinion in favor of the measure, and I believe there are enough brave and honest men in Congress, to force the measure through. The records of Congress show of millions voted for bounty and gratuity, yea, for reimbursements and indemnities, that are tantamount to reimbursement of robbery. The nation bestows millions upon millions in pensions, and even in rewards for gallant deeds, then why should not the poor deluded and victimized ward of the nation, be returned the fruits of his sweat and hard labor, which were drawn from him by deceit, and the most infamous plot that ever disgraced humanity. If one Congress has, in any way, contributed to this crying grievance, another, and a succeeding Congress, should have the power to correct and remedy it. There is a continuity in our Government, and no interregnum, except that which widespread revolution might occasion.

M. P. O'CONNOR."

The sympathy created by this measure was so universal, that mass meetings were held throughout the South, adopting resolutions, endorsing and commending his bill. The

colored people, who had deposited their earnings in this institution, had long since considered them lost ; so that the bill was hailed as a glad measure of relief.

The generous and hearty acceptance of this project throughout the country, both North and South, gave him great gratification. It was an expression of his humanitarianism, and the evidence he received, that it had touched the people's heart, rejoiced him.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROGRESS AND FATE OF HIS THREE LEADING BILLS.

1880.

RELATING to the Freedman's Bank Bill, we read from the eulogy delivered after father's death, in the National House of Representatives, by the late Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana: "A most notable instance of his devotion to the rights of the poorer and humbler classes of his constituency, were his labors, not alone in behalf of the colored people of his own district, but those of the entire South, in endeavoring to induce the government to pay in full, the losses sustained by the freedmen in the failure of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company. In that good work I was his co-laborer, and the brief which we filed before the Ways and Means Committee, to which the bill was referred, was prepared by us jointly. I prepared the statement of facts, and O'Connor wrote the argument upon the legal questions involved. And that argument, upon a novel and original proposition, involving the question of the peculiar relations sustained by the government to the freedmen of the South, during the period that elapsed between their manumission and their enfranchisement, and the obligation of the government arising from that relation, was one of singular power, clearness, and cogency, and of itself enough to rank Mr. O'Connor as one of the foremost lawyers of the country."

The following extract is from the article that appeared after his death, in the *News and Courier*:

"The great project of his career was the bill for paying to the freedmen, the money of which they had been defrauded by the Freedmen's Savings Bank. This was his pet measure, and he succeeded so far as to secure the passage of a joint resolution, discharging the idle and well-paid Commissioners, and requiring the remaining assets of the bank to be realized and distributed. Whenever the final act of justice shall be done, and the United States shall give the freedmen the savings which they deposited in the Freedmen's Bank, under the natural belief that the Government was responsible for its management, there will be none to whom more thanks are due than to Mr. O'Connor. It was he, who infused new life into the scheme, and fastened it in the attention of the public."

Since then, this bill has continued, at intervals, to attract the attention of Congress, and in 1884 President Cleveland recommended it in his message.

We read from the newspapers in 1886:

"The proposition to make good to the depositors in the Freedman's Savings Bank, the money they placed there, in the belief that it was a Government Institution, or, at least, under Government supervision, has taken practical shape, at least. The President recommends it in his message, and the current opinion in Congress is favorable, if not enthusiastic. The *News and Courier* has the satisfaction of knowing, that it was the first newspaper in the country, to advocate the assumption, by the Government, of the losses by the mismanagement of the Freedmen's Bank, and the first bill on the subject was introduced by the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, the Representative from this Congressional District."

His two other leading bills also continued to attract the public attention, for we read: "The House Committee on Reform in the Civil Service met yesterday, and adopted Mr. O'Connor's bill, 'to provide for the judicial ascertainment of claims against the United States.'"

The bill, to authorize National Banks to make loans upon real estate was reported upon favorably by the Banking and

Currency Committee, and reached the public calendar. This measure received the public approval of the order of the Grangers of South Carolina.

On January 15th, 1885, several years after, the *News and Courier* referred to it as follows:

"The *Atlanta Constitution* finds serious fault with the unavailability of real estate, as a security for loans, by reason of the unwillingness of National Banks to lend money upon it. The National Banks have no choice in this matter, as they are prohibited by law from lending money on the security of real estate. A vigorous effort was made some years ago by the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, the Representative in Congress from the Charleston district, to secure a modification of the law, so as to permit National Banks to lend an amount not exceeding one-third of their capital on the security of real estate. It was an excellent proposition, but the Congressmen, generally, were too busy with other matters of less importance to give any heed to it, and it dropped out of sight. A similar bill should again be introduced. It imposes no new obligation upon the banks, and will enable them to enlarge considerably their operations in the South and West."

Father's untimely death, prevented him from completing these measures, and none of these bills were passed during this Congress.

Various minor bills of local interest, resulting to the benefit of Charleston, were also introduced by him. Among the most conspicuous of these, was a joint resolution in the interest of landowners of South Carolina, whose school-farm lands were sold under the government direct tax of 1862, which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands. It provided for the redemption and sale of such lands, and owners were to be allowed an opportunity to redeem within sixty days, and on their failure to redeem the lands to be again sold. This was a welcome measure of relief to many people in the State.

The following article from the *News and Courier* tells of the work he accomplished in Congress:

"The representative of the Second Congressional District of South Carolina, is one of the few working members of the House. A good speaker, and readily commanding attention when he desires it, he, nevertheless, seldom takes the floor, preferring to exert his talents in the committee rooms, where, if he attracts less public attention, he is able to effect more good in the interest of his constituents. The following are some of the principal measures which Mr. O'Connor's industry and vigilance have made prominent at the present session, and for which a successful issue is hoped :

"1. The Freedman's Bank Bill. * * * This is a serious and difficult undertaking, and will not, probably, reach its fruition at this session ; but it is almost certain that Mr. O'Connor will succeed at once, in abolishing the present Freedman's Bank Commissioners, thus saving a large amount of expense ; and that at the next session his original bill will be passed, and his unfortunate constituents get their money back. Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, has introduced a bill in the Senate incorporating the main features of Mr. O'Connor's Freedman's Bank Bill, and thus the chances of accomplishing the end in view have been doubled.

"2. The appropriation for continuing the work on the Charleston Jetties. The amount has already been raised to \$125,000, and it is pretty certain that \$200,000 will be eventually appropriated. Half a million is necessary.

"3. The appropriation for preserving the beach of Sullivan's Island. The full amount asked for, \$6,000, has been agreed to by the Committee, and, in all probability, will be passed by the Senate and House.

"4. The appropriation for the improvement of Ashley River, \$1,000, has been agreed to by the Committee, and it is conceded that the money in regard to the Charleston Canal will be ordered.

"5. The bill for lending a battery of four guns, now at the former United States Arsenal in this city, to the Governor of South Carolina, for the use of the Marion Artillery,

has passed the House by unanimous consent, and there is no reason to doubt the concurrence of the Senate.

"6. Joint Resolution authorizing surveys and estimates of the cost of uniting, and improving the natural routes, for a continuous line of navigation from Cape Fear River to the St. John's, and the Gulf of Mexico. This has an important bearing on our coastwise commerce, and will, in all probability, become a law.

"The above measures are noticed as of special interest. On all the great questions which divide Congress, Mr. O'Connor has clearly defined views, and looking at his Congressional record, we are gratified to believe that he is a Representative, whom Charleston and the State can both trust and honor."

And again we read :

"During two sessions he has been our representative, and it is pleasant to be able to say without flattery, that he has in every respect, gone beyond the highest anticipations of those who knew him best, and had most confidence in his ability."

His labors in the Committees, are referred to in the following tribute from a Republican, the Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, of Massachusetts, who was with him a member of the Committee on Claims :

"The duties of the Committee on Claims are not particularly pleasant. They call for quiet, hard, and unobtrusive work, which the public care little for, and which does not attract public notice, or lift the worker up before the public gaze. About the only reward it can bring to the member, is the consciousness of performing necessary duties well, and honestly. And it does not blossom out into fame nor make his name known to the people, as important work on what may be called a public committee, frequently does. Yet the duties thus imposed upon him, our friend assumed with as much industry, zealousness, and perseverance, as if he was, by their performance, treading the pathway to fame, or other personal reward. He was a good lawyer, and (what is by no means synonymous), had good, common sense, and

a wise judgment. The mere letter of the law could not with him be allowed to destroy equity and justice; nor, on the other hand, could his instincts of benevolence, and the perhaps pitiable cases of suffering which might be brought to his notice, induce him to forget what was right towards the Government; or to be false to his duties as a member of Congress, and one of the guardians of the interests of his country. In presenting the cases committed to his charge, either in Committee or in the House, by written report or by speech, he was compact, forcible, logical, and, at times, eloquent. He understood the principles underlying the cases, and was forcible in presenting them. His report as a member of the Committee on Civil Service Reform of the last Congress, upon the question of the reference of all private claims before Congress to the Court of Claims, was a thorough and forcible presentation of that subject. He did good work and hard work in Committee and House, and was an active, industrious, and conscientious legislator."

Another Republican, Hon. Stephen D. Lindsey, of Maine, said:

"In the Forty-sixth Congress, Mr. O'Connor was assigned to the Committee on Claims, where, I may say, he was respected and appreciated by all his associates. In that Committee he knew no party, no section, no man. He examined the matters committed to him for the cause alone, and determined them upon what he regarded as sound, and well-settled principles of law. I am sure all his associates will bear cheerful witness to his earnest effort, to do his full duty in a committee, overwhelmed with business, of a kind that attracts but little public attention, and finds small favor in this House."

His zeal and enthusiasm were not only reserved for local or national bills, but on every subject on which he was engaged, he worked as if the interests involved were his own; and this was forcibly illustrated.

As a member of the Committee on Claims, the claim of Mr. L. Madison Day against the U. S., was assigned to him to investigate; it was a large claim of unusual interest, that

had been before the House in several former Congresses, and was then reached again.

The bill was for the relief of Mr. L. Madison Day, of Louisiana, on account of property in New Orleans, purchased by him from the United States, with a defective title. Mr. Day had been a "Union man," in Louisiana, during the War, and with the Southern members of the House was not in good favor. Father espoused his cause with all the impartiality and earnestness of his nature; but he knew that the prejudice of the Southern members was strong against Mr. Day; and this prejudice he rebuked in the House of Representatives in the following language:

"I must beg leave to say here, that if we are to decide this case according to prejudice, that is one thing; but if we are to decide the case according to the laws of the land, according to justice, equity and good conscience, that is quite another thing. And I am bound to state to the House, that I, myself, have been surprised, and felt ashamed when this case came before the House two weeks ago, to hear whisperings along the rear of these benches that this claim should be put down, because 'Madison Day' was nothing but a 'Union bumner.' I was ashamed, too, to hear remarks made by gentlemen upon the other side, that this case should be put down, because Day was nothing but a speculator. Now, I have to state to this House, that I, as a member of the Committee on Claims, regarded this case, and regard all other cases that come before me in the light of a judge, and not of a partisan. * * * Now, I say it with pain, but I say it because I am bound for the sake of justice and the truth to say it, that these unfair and unjust whisperings to prejudice the claimant, were made here. I have reported on this man's case judicially; I want him to be treated judicially, or I want him to have his money back, if he is entitled to recover it."

The case and argument excited the greatest attention and in the eulogy delivered by the Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania, one of his adversaries in this discussion, he referred to it as follows:

"I remember well his report and argument on the bill for the relief of L. Madison Day. This claim rested on apparently equitable ground, and involved the discussion of some interesting questions of constitutional and statute law. But in addition to other objections, there was an insuperable, although by no means patent, technical, and legal barrier in the way of the claim. Mr. O'Connor's report, accompanying the bill was lengthy and able, and came as near making a feeble appear to be a faultless case, as rare tact, and ingenuity, and legal acumen could do. When the bill came up for final passage in the House, he made a strong and effective speech in its favor, still further refining the discriminations by which he ingeniously labored to reason away, and break the force of the decisions against the legality of the claim. The tide was clearly in favor of the bill. A number of lawyers, who saw the weakness of the case, and the obstacles in its way, interrupted him, myself among the number, briefly suggesting the grounds of difficulty. At this critical period of the debate, one of the most skillful and ready men of the House, Mr. Hammond, of Georgia, entered the discussion, and by a short and incisive argument, turned the current against the bill. Mr. O'Connor promptly obtained an adjournment, and when the discussion was renewed on the following day, he came fresh to the contest, and, fighting gallantly, was only beaten by one or two votes.

"If I had seen him manage a hundred legal battles, I could, perhaps, have had a better idea of the extent of his versatility and resources; but I could not have been more convinced of his marked force and adroitness as a lawyer, and of his tact and readiness as a debater and parliamentarian. One of the most learned and eloquent men of the last generation declared, that he could tell from hearing any man talk fifteen minutes, whether he had a classical education. So it seems to me, that any person with reasonable powers of discrimination, could not listen to Mr. O'Connor during the progress of even a brief debate, without being deeply impressed with the elegance and force of his language, and the cogency of his argument,

“The career of a new member of Congress can only be judged of in this way. He has few opportunities, and for these he waits, like a soldier for battle. He must seize the current when it serves, and if he brings to the only occasion presented in his whole term, all the ability and skill which a master of the subject could be expected to command, he deserves more praise than he, who monopolizes the Record with daily lucubrations.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL'S RECEPTION IN WASHINGTON—
MR. O'CONNOR A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION—EFFECTS OF HIS LABORS ON HIS HEALTH—HE
DELIVERS THE ANNUAL ADDRESS AT ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.—RESPONSE BY
CARDINAL McCLOSKEY—RETURN HOME
—RE-NOMINATED TO CONGRESS BY
ACCLAMATION.

1880.

DURING this Congress, Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, visited America. When he arrived at Washington, he was invited by the unanimous vote of the House of Representatives to address it in session. Father was a member of the Committee on Reception, and participated in all the entertainments tendered Mr. Parnell. In answer to the question: "How do you regard the Land Agitation in Ireland, and Mr. Parnell's visit to this country?" he instantly said:

"The word *spoilation* is written across every land grant in Ireland. From the date of the invasion of Ireland by Henry of England, every acre of the soil of that country has been confiscated, under some plea or pretext of English law, to enrich the invader and despoil the honest native. It is vain to say that the Irish have no substantial excuse for the wail of sorrow and distress, which now goes up from that famine-stricken land. Their starvation is not due to their improvidence, their indolence, or thriftlessness, but because England has made the Irish peasant as degraded as the Egyptian fellah or the Indian ryot. Strip a people

of the land upon which they have a natural right to live, as it is that from which they must necessarily draw their subsistence ; or, by legal devices, after barefaced robbery, has not accomplished its full measure, evict them from the same, can it be wondered that famine and starvation should become a periodical and epochal feature in the history of that island !

"The titles of the lands of Ireland, spoiled as they have been, are in a large degree, vested in absentees, who, while the honest toiler is starving at home, are luxuriously indulging at their ease in foreign lands.

"The protest, which Mr. Parnell has made, should be raised by the whole civilized world, until brute power, and the more selfish greed of England's money power is compelled to abate its lust; and give back to the plundered, some of that which the laws of nature, and nature's God entitle them to.

"I think Mr. Parnell has been wise in the conduct of his agitation, to keep himself within the orbit of what is called English Constitutional Law. Public opinion has been let loose, and the atrocities of the system of Land Tenures in Ireland, now stand under the fierce light of civilized criticism, and civilized condemnation. It is hard to realize that a nation claiming, as England vauntingly does, to be, *par excellence*, the mistress of constitutional states, should remain stiff-necked in the perpetuation of a policy, which has afflicted millions ; which has been visited with the sharp criticisms of Bright and Gladstone, two of the brightest of her statesmen ; and which exhibits her as a mockery to the nations, governing an island, one of the richest on the surface of the globe, in soil and production ; that, in the nineteenth century, gaunt famine should stalk abroad in one of the islands of Britain, and that the terrible tidings are brought to us of three hundred thousand of an outraged people, that are in the midst, or on the verge of famine. *The whole system should be revolutionized*, and fate will come to the aid of honest men, and see this vile, accursed system exploded."

About this time, he received and accepted an invitation, from citizens of Alexandria, Va., to deliver an address on the Irish question, and he spoke to an enthusiastic audience. The effect created by this speech, was so general, that he received, soon after, invitations from Worcester, Mass., Philadelphia, and other localities, to address meetings on the same subject; but his engagements as a legislator, compelled him to decline.

We read of him at this period, in the eulogy delivered by Hon. Martin Maginnis of Montana:

"I first became intimate with Mr. O'Connor at the time when the starving people of Ireland were stretching, in piteous appeal, their wasted hands across the rolling waves, and asking the generous people of this happy land to save them from death and despair, produced by long years of misgovernment and oppression. We both were members of the committee of reception, appointed under the resolution, which gave Mr. Parnell the use of this Hall, in order that he might tell the representatives of the American people of the miseries of his native land, and explain the methods of reform for which he was pleading. Later, I was present at a banquet, over which Mr. O'Connor presided. I shall never forget the eloquent speech in which he responded to the first toast, or the ready, graceful, appropriate way, in which he called out, and introduced subsequent speakers. I never met a more charming or eloquent host."

At first, father entered into all the social enjoyments, of Congressional life in Washington; but they soon wearied him, and he withdrew from general society, excepting on occasions of invitations from special friends. Nothing, however, afforded him more enjoyment, than one of the occasional, unceremonious dances at the Hotel, among the young people, in which he would participate with all the mirth and joy of his exuberant nature.

On May 24th, 1880, the County Convention assembled in Charleston, and, in a series of most laudatory resolutions, unanimously recommended his renomination, by the approaching Congressional Convention.

Similar sentiments and endorsements were publicly expressed by the leading journals, and at public meetings throughout his district.

As the time for the adjournment of Congress approached, his failing appetite, which became more marked each day, caused him to long for home, which, he said, would alone restore him; for the effect of his continued labors on his health was most apparent, and the periods of prostration from which he suffered, during that winter, were frequent.

It was useless to suggest rest; "he had his work to do," was his answer, and, nothing but disability would make him desist.

The work accomplished by him at this time, was extraordinary; for he died within nine months of this period, and, it afterwards, became evident, that he had been in a dying condition for eighteen months.

Throughout his Congressional career, the fatal disease had been slowly and surely progressing; and when his labors during all this time are considered, arduous, even, for one in health, some idea can be formed of the power of his energy, and the indomitable force of his will.

Among his warmest friends made in this Congress, were the late Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and the late Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana. Mr. Randall was speaker of the House, and frequently called father to the Chair. The Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania, noted this in his eulogy: "Mr. O'Connor was occasionally called to the Chair by the speaker, during the Forty-sixth Congress, and always presided with dignity and ability."

Nothing gave him more pleasure than to see some of us in the galleries of the House of Representatives, and he always asked for, and paid attention to the criticisms of the youngest members of his family, on any of his public speeches or actions.

About this time, he received the following invitation from St. John's College, Fordham, to deliver the Annual Address to the graduates:

"ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Fordham, April 19.

"HON. MICHAEL P. O'CONNOR,

"House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

"DEAR SIR :

"It is my pleasant duty, in the name of the Faculty of St. John's College, and in my own, to ask you to honor our next annual Commencement by your presence, and to deliver the address to the graduates.

"Your Alma Mater will be proud to see you on that stage once more, which you graced thirty years ago, when you carried off the honors of your class, and her best endowment.

"She will like, well surrounded by her numerous sons and friends, to see you contribute of your talent, and your honors, to that festive meeting. And I shall take it, as a special favor, if you accept this invitation. The exhibition will be on the 25th of June. Please answer at your early convenience. I have the honor, my dear Hon. friend, to be, with the highest respect, your obedient, humble servant,"

F. WM. GOCKELN, S. J.,
President."

He had been repeatedly invited in former years by the Faculty of Fordham College, to be their orator on these occasions, but he had always been compelled to decline. This year, however, notwithstanding the pressure of official duties, he accepted the invitation, and commenced at once, to prepare his address. At this period he would often say: "I am losing every day, I cannot write any more;" but as soon as he would begin his work, writing seemed no longer a task, and his oration was soon finished.

After the adjournment of Congress, he left for New York, and we were all present at Fordham, when he addressed the graduates. It was a perfect day in June, the scene reminded him of the day of his graduation, as it was the first time he had stood there, since he had received his diploma in 1849, and the beauty of the day, with the associations and memories the occasion evoked, added fresh fire to his eloquence.

Through life, he had constantly spoken to us with the deepest affection of his college-life, and watched with the

greatest interest, the changes that time had made in its wonderful growth and surroundings.

It was, as he first knew the college, that he loved to recall it; and this affectionate memory inspired the last oration of his life. The late Cardinal McCloskey, presided, and the oration was listened to with great attention by the audience.

The pleasure given, was reflected in the faces of all present, and soon expressed itself in the address of the Cardinal. He congratulated Fordham on its distinguished graduate of 1849, of whom, he said, they might well feel proud; and counselled the graduates to follow the advice, which had been so eloquently given. The late Monsignor Preston, and many prominent clergymen, called on him on this occasion.

Immediately after this, he became so ill at the Hotel, that we feared we would not be able to leave on the day fixed for departure. But, as he never yielded, unless absolutely prostrated, we left, by steamer, for Charleston, early in July, and arrived there after a stormy voyage.

On our arrival at Sullivan's Island, his appetite returned, and he never seemed to enjoy home more, than he did that summer. Sitting on the Piazza, he would say: "Can you imagine anything more beautiful than these gorgeous nights? How they remind me of my old home in Beaufort! Is there any country in the world more lovely than this! I don't believe it." His deep-seated local attachment, was apparently more intense than ever, and the attractions of the scenes around him, and the memories of his earliest years, were frequent subjects of conversation during the last summer of his life.

A little social re-union, within our family circle took place that summer; in the course of the evening, we all joined in a dance, father and mother leading, and the entire family, including the youngest, sharing in the fun and frolic. The picture was complete; and he was never more merry and bright, than in the early part of the summer of 1880.

At this time, he also read the latest political novel by

Judge Tourgee, then just published, "A Fool's Errand;" he said that years had passed since he had had time to read a novel, but that summer, he read that book with a zest and a relish, that had long been unfelt.

The Democratic Convention for the Second Congressional District, met at Hibernian Hall on Aug. 3d, and he was re-nominated by acclamation; the enthusiastic manner in which the nomination was tendered, gave him great gratification.

But now that his labors were to begin again, that happy frame of mind was replaced by an anxious, eager, care-worn look, which scarcely ever left him, through his new struggle.

Seasons of deep melancholy became more frequent than ever; he seemed to be constantly under some overhanging shadow, and when we would try to arouse him, his answer invariably was: "I am thinking of what will become of you all, if anything should happen to me; I am thinking of what will become of you, when I am gone."

This thought became uppermost in his mind, and he would repeat it to us again and again with positive anguish.

He was not looking well; but always ready for action, he soon forgot his anxiety and ill-health, in the excitement of the new political struggle.

On Sep. 7th, a large Democratic mass meeting was held at Columbia, and it was addressed by Senators Bayard, Butler, father and others.

Immediately after this he left for Washington; returning home, he stopped in New York, and while there, visited Gen. Hancock, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIS APPROACHING ILLNESS—MASS MEETING IN CHARLESTON—SPEECH ON THE FREEDMAN'S BANK—RE-ELECTION TO CONGRESS—HIS SEAT IN CONGRESS AGAIN CONTESTED—THE PHYSICIAN RECOMMENDS QUIET AND REST—LEAVES FOR CHARLESTON.

1880-1881.

ON his return home he began his campaign for re-election ; and at Orangeburg, on Sep. 28th, it was chronicled that he "spoke with splendid effect."

The same enthusiasm greeted him in Clarendon on Oct. 4th, and again on Oct. 13th, at Orangeburg, where the meeting was reinforced by the presence of Senators Hampton and Butler.

He returned home from this tour, delighted with his reception, and he told us of it, with the greatest excitement and pleasure ; at the same time, he also said : " But I am not at all well ; for while speaking at Orangeburg, a terrible pain seized me here," placing his hand on his chest," and I feared for a while, that I might have burst a blood vessel, the pain was so intense."

This was the first time that he mentioned that pain, which returned daily, and rarely left him.

The physician was summoned ; father kept his room for a few days, and all the ordinary remedies for such troubles were applied ; but the relief afforded was only temporary. He did not yield to his ill-health, however, but addressed a meeting of the Democracy, in the city, on Oct. 21st.

On the 23rd, he spoke at Mount Pleasant, to the Democracy of Christ Church Parish ; and on this occasion, he

again emphasized his enjoyment of his surroundings, and told us with keen pleasure of the lovely day, the sweet climate, and the exquisite scene.

On Oct. 26th, he addressed a large Democratic mass meeting in Charleston, and on Oct. 27th he spoke at Edisto, where the people, especially the colored citizens, called loudly for him, and would not be satisfied until they had heard him.

About this time, the following interview with a gentleman from Europe, appeared in the *News and Courier*, which tells of the national reputation, his movement in the interest of the Freedmen, had already won :

"An old Charlestonian, who has been residing for several years past in Germany, and who had returned here for a brief visit, states, that he had occasion to meet in his travels in Europe, many of the large Northern capitalists from America. * * * Speaking of Southern men in Congress, they frequently alluded in terms of the highest commendation to the Hon. M. P. O'Connor from South Carolina, whose honest and persistent efforts, they said, to secure to the poor defrauded freedmen the money which was stolen from them, by the officers of the Freedman's Bank, had made a name for him, not only in America but in Europe. Such a course as he had pursued towards the colored people, they said, showed that he had a heart, and that it was in the right place. Educated, as they have been, to believe that the Southern negro is treated like a brute, whenever an evidence of good-feeling and fellowship towards them, by a prominent Southern man is brought to their attention, they are surprised. Mr. O'Connor, they say, has done much towards securing for himself the good wishes and admiration of the North, and the success of his efforts is earnestly desired."

On Oct. 29th, a letter appeared in the same paper, requesting father, in the name of many colored citizens of the County, to address them on the subject of the "Freedman's Bank Bill."

A public meeting would be called for this purpose, as

well as to express to him their gratitude, and high appreciation of the valuable services he was trying to render them.

We did not wish him to accept, and remonstrated with him on account of his ill health; but it was useless, for, as soon as he received the invitation, he determined to speak.

His speech was immediately prepared, and it gave an exhaustive account of the Freedman's Bank, and reviewed the history of the institution. It delighted a large and enthusiastic audience, and at its close, complimentary resolutions were passed.

The meeting had given him great pleasure, only, he said: "In the midst of my speech, that terrible pain seized me; and it was so intense, that I was actually obliged to lean on the iron railing for support."

On Nov. 2d, the election was held, and pending its decision, he was in a state of great excitement.

It resulted in his re-election to Congress by a large majority; but hardly was the result announced, before he received another notice of contest of his election. We soon left for Washington, and hoped that the change, if it did not restore, would, at least, improve him.

Arriving there, he resumed his duties immediately, and was soon absorbed in the exactions of political life. At times, the excitement made him almost forget his ill-health, but at intervals he was reminded of it, by acute physical suffering.

During the Christmas holidays, we prevailed on him to remain at home, trying by studied quiet, to secure for him the repose he so greatly needed.

The recess over, he resumed his Congressional duties, and on Jan. 12th spoke on the Funding Bill, in which he favored the low rate of interest.

A correspondent from Washington wrote: "One of the very best among a number of good speeches under the five-minute rule made in Committee this afternoon, was made by Mr. O'Connor, the eloquent member from Charleston. It was worthy of the man and of the occasion."

At this time he replied to a communication from Greenville, S. C., as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 15, 1881.

"DEAR SIR:

"I am in receipt of your favor of the 10th, relative to the organization of a movement by the Democratic clubs to work on the colored voters, now, against the next campaign, with a dim outline of a plan of operations, and asking if the same meets my approval.

"Accepting, as I have always done, without reservation, the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution, which recognized the civil and political equality of the negro, I have always been in favor of that policy best calculated to secure his alliance and co-operation with the Democratic party, and have favored his right to a representative share of the offices in our State Government. This share should be proportionate to the influence, aid and support they can bring to the Democratic, the party of honest government, which is now the dominant party in our State, and the claim should invariably be based upon virtue and intelligence. Since the foundation of the world, it has always been accepted as a truism, that intelligence must rule, and mere strength and passion must submit. I can well imagine how such a movement as you propose, can be made successful in your portion of the State, where the negroes are not so numerous, and where the numerical strength of the whites can inspire them with confidence and security in changing their politics, and going over from the Republican party to the Democratic party.

"But my observation has been, that in such districts where the numbers of the colored people largely preponderate over the whites, and they have been swayed in their choice and political belief by evil and designing men, or by the ignorant and prejudiced of their own race, who have assumed their leadership; it has been difficult to wean them from the Republican fold, and draw them into the ranks of the Democracy. In such places, they are operated upon through their fears, and the apprehension of violence, and social and religious ostracism prevent them from changing. They would not be secure in asserting their independence of conviction, for there would be no power for them to lean upon for protection against wrongs, which would be sure to follow their political change. I think you have wisely selected the time to initiate your movement to work up for

1882, when there will be no Presidential election to distract us, and our appeal to the colored man to join the party of honest government, will be more apt to have its proper sway. I wish you, and the Democrats of Greenville, success in your overtures for peace, good-will and fraternity with the colored people, to the end that that general prosperity which seems to have dawned upon our State, and which the colored man, in common with the white man, enjoys, may be maintained; and that the spirit of your movement may extend, until it shall have spread over the whole State. With these views hastily penned, I have the honor to remain, dear sir, yours, very respectfully,

"M. P. O'CONNOR."

About this time he attended a dinner given by the late Hon. Alexander Stephens, of which Mr. James R. Randall, the author, wrote:

"Not many weeks ago, the writer met Mr. O'Connor twice. The first occasion was one of festivity. He sat beside us at one of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens' festal nights. There was a grand company with splendid entertainment. The pleasures of the table were nothing to the rich flow of conversation, from several of the most eminent men in the Republic. In that galaxy, M. P. O'Connor shone star-like, and had no occasion to feel the least inferiority. His tone was grave, despondent somewhat, but luminous withal. He did not seem to care for the viands or wines particularly, and there was on his earnest face, and in his eager eyes, a trace of overwork and anxiety. But the idea of his early death, surely, was not entertained by any one present upon that delightful evening. Nearly a month after that, we met him at his hotel, surrounded by his family. There was a change for the worse in his appearance. He complained of loss of appetite, nervousness, insomnia and brain-fag. The contest for his seat fretted him. He had to endure, at the same time, the thousand vexatious annoyances attendant upon Congressional life, which are as worrying to a high-strung organization, as gadflies to the Arabian barb. He complained that the climate and atmosphere of Washington depressed him. He longed to be back

to Charleston, where he could look upon the sea, and drink in its salt breezes. 'Then,' he said, 'I will recover. I am homesick. Once I get back to my dear city and people, all will be well with me.' That he had such hopes we know. That the return to the Mecca of his soul would bring anything but comfort and health, and rest to body and mind, never entered into his fancy. But the disease had made vaster inroads than he supposed. Back to the beloved city and people he went. The ocean sent to him its salubrious gales. But all in vain. The repose that was to come, came not. Instead of that, there was a fierce contest for his seat in Congress to be met, and plunging into that combat with all the vigor and animation natural to him, he drew too much upon his wasted constitution, and at last, there was no rally to the trumpet sound of the aspiring heart."

At that time, his sufferings continually increased, and although ill, he went daily to the Capitol, attending to his duties; for as he said: "I would rather die in my seat, than be found away from my post of duty."

He then began to look so ill, and each day, seemed to grow so much thinner, that his colleagues in his delegation, and numerous friends urged him to remain at home.

The physician commanded him to rest, and to desist from work, until the end of the session, but in vain; he would be in his seat at the House, saying: "I would rather die there, than shirk my duty, and I will not leave Washington until Congress adjourns, under any consideration."

Another physician was summoned, and after a consultation, the verdict was: "Absolutely nothing organic, only nervous prostration, which time and rest would soon cure;" but despite these assertions, the impossibility of his recovery then became a conviction with him. One evening, after coming home from the Capitol, he called me to him, and said deliberately: "This is a strange dispensation, daughter; I know not why it should be so, but there is not the least doubt about it, I am a dying man. I am not quite ready to leave you all yet, my house is not set in order, that is to say,

things are not yet arranged as I would like them to be under such circumstances; still I tell you here, that I can meet death, as courageously and rationally as any other man."

I remonstrated with him against this dependency, quoted the verdict of the doctors, reminding him, that they, being perfect strangers, would not have been restrained by any feelings of sentiment from pronouncing his case fatal, if it were so; but he smiled, and said: "You are deceiving yourselves; my case, so far, has baffled the '*Materia Medica*.'"

On each evening, he would gather us around him, and review his life, from the scenes of his earliest childhood, and then he would add: "But it is right that it should be so, for I have reared almost all my children to manhood and womanhood; I have spared nothing for them that my means could afford; I have lavished every advantage of education within my power on them; and I suppose that my work is now completed."

He was so convinced that his illness would prove fatal, that he said to us: "Send for a priest at once, for I wish to make my peace with God."

He was attended by Father Edelin, one of the Dominican Fathers, who came regularly to see him.

Attributing his dependency to a low, nervous condition, the priest, during these visits, tried to cheer and entertain him, urging him not to be so despondent, that he would not die, and his work was not yet completed.

But father's reply invariably was: "Oh, my friend, the Divine economy is strange in its dispensations, and it is not for us to measure what is finished or unfinished, what is completed or uncompleted; I tell you that I will die; I feel it, and I know it."

During all this time he was dictating letters, and working up to the last day of the session.

One evening, late in February, as he came in tired and worn, he said to us: "I have worked hard to-day, to obtain positions in one of the departments for two deaf mutes; I struggled for them, because they were deaf mutes, I have

won because they were deaf mutes, and I feel that a blessing will come on me for it."

On March 4th, the inauguration of President Garfield took place, and father viewed the procession from his bedroom window.

After the parade was over, he was overcome with prostration; the excitement had completely exhausted him, and that night he was very ill.

Preparations for our departure were hastened by his condition, and we were soon prepared to leave for Charleston.

He walked to the depot between his old friend, the late Gen. Henry J. Hunt, U. S. A., and the doctor, and, considering his continued sufferings, he bore the trip well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARRIVAL IN CHARLESTON—HIS LAST ILLNESS—HIS DEATH.

1881.

HE arrived safely in Charleston, and placed himself under the care of our family physician. Whenever he suffered, he would say: "My agonies are the agonies of death, and, I tell you, nothing but death can relieve me;" and when told that the doctor had promised, that he would be able to drive out on May 1st, he replied: "I will never leave this house, excepting in the plumed carriage, and on May 1st, I will not be here."

From day to day, he thought and spoke in this manner; nothing could distract his mind from the idea that this was his last illness, and referring to this, we read from Bishop Lynch's sermon, delivered after his death:

"And when this illness came upon him that was unto death, I remember well my first interview with him. 'Others,' he said, 'think that I will get well, but I know that this is my last sickness.' All through his illness that thought warned him. He suffered intensely, yet he was patient and kind. He conquered himself, and strove to prepare himself so that he could stand before God. It was given him to have a clear mind always. It was given him to make all the preparation that the Church requires, and to receive the sacraments repeatedly. It was given him to die, at his own home, and surrounded by his own family, a true, Christian death. Nothing higher can be said."

During a visit of some of the Sisters of Mercy, he urged them to watch the election of the next Mayor; to be sure



that he was a friend, on account of their appropriation, which he had secured, from the city, for the orphans, and he added : "I feel as anxious about my little family in Queen Street," referring to the orphans, "as about my family here."

About this time, he received the news of the death of a young lady in Washington, the only child of her mother, who had been most attentive to him during his illness there. He told me to write her a letter, at once, conveying his sympathies, saying : "Tell her for me, that I bid her not to mourn, for life, at its best, is but a long and weary pilgrimage ; if her daughter's death was painless, as I have heard, tell her to be thankful, for I have not known a moment's respite from pain for eight long weeks." On the first day of April, enjoying a respite from his sufferings, he heard the voices of the children playing down-stairs, and asking the cause, he was told that it was "All Fools' Day," and they were trying to "fool" each other ; he was so interested that he sent for them, whispered to each one, especially the youngest, the manner in which each should try and "fool" the others, laughing, and enjoying the fun and frolic.

We then decided on a consultation of physicians, and a consultation was ordered.

Several days after, he told us again : "Send for the priest, so that I can make all the necessary preparations for death, that our church requires;" we then asked him if he wanted one of the church dignitaries, but his reply was : "No ; no parade about me ; I want you to send for the youngest, and the humblest of them all."

He received the Sacraments, and from that time, asked for them every Sunday, and received them weekly. He became perfectly calm in his sufferings ; each expression of pain was converted into a prayer, and he often said to my mother : "I am perfectly resigned, and you must be too."

The different members of the Catholic clergy were received every day, and he would call them to him, ask for their blessing, and, having received it, would bid them good-bye in silence. On one of these occasions, he said to one

of them: "I am perfectly resigned to the will of God, and I want now only the grace of a happy death."

He gave every direction regarding his funeral, and said to me: "When I die, remember the first telegram must be sent to my friend, Samuel J. Randall, in Washington; he is the best friend I have there, and he must know it first; the second telegram to the 'Sergeant-at-Arms' of the House of Representatives; he will take entire charge of the funeral; a Committee of Members of the House of Representatives may be sent to Charleston; the United States Government will defray all the expenses of the funeral, so that your mother and all of you will have no expense, and then," smiling, "I think Jack Alley," (then the leading undertaker of Charleston,) "will enjoy getting up a big, Congressional funeral." He then added: "And when I am dead, let an autopsy be held, for they do not know what is killing me."

He watched his own case closely, knew every symptom, and, having been under the influence of an opiate for a few hours, he refused it afterwards, as he wished to be in the possession of all his faculties.

It was at this time, that he received from St. John's College, Fordham, the degree of LL.D., which he was still able to appreciate and acknowledge.

One evening, about twilight, he seemed to be in deep thought, and said: "I was just thinking of the death-bed scene of Webster; of how he told them around him to open wide the window, so that he could look out upon the meadow, see the cattle returning home, and recite the two first verses of Gray's 'Elegy in the Country Church Yard.'" As I remonstrated with him against this despondency, as there was a great difference in age between him and Webster. "Yes," he replied, "you are correct, I am young in comparison with Webster; but Mirabeau was just my age, a man very much of my temperament, and he died of some internal disease, similar to what is now killing me, but of which the doctors knew nothing;" and turning to me, he said: "Don't be so excited, you must cultivate

more composure ; for you must always remember what I now tell you ; you are standing by the bed-side of your dying father."

That night, he said : " I have fever ; the fever has now set in, just as I predicted, and that is one of the last symptoms."

The next morning, the doctor confirmed his opinion, and told us that but one result was inevitable. After a series of consultations, the physicians had decided that the disease was an internal tumor, and it was just as he had predicted.

On each day, and sometimes two or three times a day, he would call me to him, draw my ear to his lips, and say : " Don't you think my journey is almost over, for, I assure you, I am ready to go at sundown ; at sundown, I tell you, I am ready to go."

On Tuesday, he executed his will, and on Wednesday morning of that week, about five o'clock, he became very prostrated and said to us : " I am unutterably weak, and the weakness upon me now is the weakness of death ; tell my children they must cultivate the habit of retiring early, so as to rise early, for I will die at five o'clock in the morning, and I wish them all to be around me when I die, and my mother also ; remember, do not forget to call my mother."

He was very much interested in the reports of the illness of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who was then dying in England ; and each day, he asked news of his condition and the accounts of his own illness, were also read to him, daily from the newspapers.

On Sunday, the day before his death, a friend on leaving said : " I will see you again, O'Connor : " with the old warm, characteristic grasp of the hand, and a smile on his lips, he replied : " Not here, my friend, but in Heaven, in Heaven, good bye."

On Monday morning, he again received the Sacraments of the church, and, having said to him : " You slept well last night," he answered : " I slept too well ; it was the sleep of death, and tell Charles to have gentlemen in the house with him to-night, for their services will be needed."

The day wore on, he was perfectly tranquil, even more so than usual; and conversed with my brothers on the current topics of the day.

About six o'clock in the evening, one of the priests, Monsignor Quigley called to see him, and although father did not speak to him, he said to one of those around him: "Follow him out, do not let my wife hear you, but tell him to choose for me a pretty lot on the main avenue" This referred to the cemetery.

About seven o'clock in the evening his sufferings began again, and turning to one of his dear friends, who was with us, he said quickly: "I am dying."

We were all around him, and the doctor was summoned.

At eleven o'clock Monsignor Quigley and Father Duffy called again, and he grasped one by the hand, saying: "Promise me, that you will not leave me, until it is all over."

The prayers for the dying were then recited by Father Quigley, to which he nodded approvingly, and in response. He then called each of us to him, by name, bade us good bye, and turning to my mother, he called her name, "Alidah," and expired at ten minutes after midnight, on the night of April 25, 1881.

We felt the force of the opening words of the article, that appeared in the newspapers the next day:

"For him, who lies in peace, with restful hands this morning, it would have been better, perhaps, if he had never known the vicissitudes of political life; it was all loss to him. The gain was to his people and the State. So must it be too often, in times like these, with men most worthy of public trust."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WIDESPREAD AND UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY OF THE COMMUNITY—THE FUNERAL—COMMENTS OF THE PRESS —CONGRESSIONAL EULOGIES.

1881.

THE announcement of his death, although daily expected, was received with the most universal expressions of sorrow and sympathy, throughout the city and State.

The mourning of the community, was deep and genuine, and it was expressed in the tribute of Mr. A. T. Smythe, President of the Hibernian Society: "And when the sad news was whispered from one to another, that he whom we loved lay sick unto death, no more eloquent tribute could be paid than the moistened eye and the few, brief words, with which the message was told, and was received."

In obedience to his dying injunctions, a post-mortem examination was made, and the autopsy disclosed that death was caused by a "tumor in the stomach, evidently of long growth."

The ravages that the disease had made were so great, that the physicians stated he had been in a dying condition for eighteen months, and no human skill could have saved him.

Public sympathy was expressed in every form. The United States District Court adjourned, out of respect to his memory, and the City Council, after passing appropriate resolutions, likewise adjourned. The flags throughout the city, on the Government buildings, and on the shipping in port, were displayed at half-mast; the annual parade of the

Fire Department was postponed, the Central School Fair was closed, and nothing was left undone that could give public expression to the sorrow of the community.

Messages of condolence reached us from prominent men in Washington, and from every section of the Union.

As soon as the news of his death had been telegraphed to Washington, telegrams were received from the Hon. G. M. Adams, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, requesting the Mayor of Charleston to take charge of the interment of the remains of the distinguished deceased.

The arrangements for the funeral were, accordingly, placed in charge of the Mayor of the City, Capt. William A. Courtenay.

At half past ten o'clock, on the morning of April 28th, 1881, the Mayor and City Council assembled in the Council Chamber, and proceeded to our home; the Hibernian Society also marched there in a body from Hibernian Hall; they accompanied the remains from the house to the Church, and as we read from the papers of the day: "The funeral procession, which was long and imposing, was waited for with interest, by crowds along the streets."

At the Cathedral Chapel, a Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by Bishop Lynch; Bishop Moore, of Florida, was also present, and eight assistant priests; the Church was crowded to its utmost capacity; every religious denomination in the city was represented at the funeral, by its respective clergyman, and the congregation embraced men prominent in all the walks of life.

From the newspaper accounts we read: "The remains of the distinguished deceased were interred, as he desired, near to the imposing monument to the memory of the Irish soldiers of Charleston, who fell in the Confederate War."

For days and weeks afterwards, the columns of the daily papers were filled with his eulogies, copied from the various papers throughout the State.

"He was the noblest specimen of a true and tried man we ever knew," wrote the *Union Times*.

The *Clarendon Press*, thus expressed its regret: "A heart

which throbbed with great and noble emotions is stilled in death. No longer will that loved voice be heard, urging us to obey the call of duty, and rally to Democratic support. A great power for good has passed from us, leaving a void, an aching void."

The press of adjoining States was equally eulogistic, and among these tributes, the article written by Mr. James R. Randall, for the *Augusta Chronicle* was the most conspicuous. The following extract will be read here with interest :

* * * "He was loved during life sincerely by all who ever knew him. Dead, he is mourned as few can hope to be. To speak kindly, and affectionately, and loftily of him now, is but to continue the theme of praise that never faltered. Lord Erskine, in one of his finest speeches, said that very few of us would care to have microscopic investigation of our private affairs. It was the greatest glory of Lord Chancellor Campbell, that he not only was not afraid to have his family life peered into, but invited the closest scrutiny. What was true of Lord Campbell, can be said with equal truth of M. P. O'Connor. His public and private life can stand the severest ordeal. He was essentially good in every relation as a parent, husband, politician and lawyer. No smirch is upon his escutcheon. The difficulty is to say enough in commendation of that exalted, and most wholesome life. * * * He was killed by over-work. In what should have been the glorious table-land of life, he has descended into the valley of the shadow. In South Carolina there was no such orator. And yet he is dumb. In all the world there was no brighter, purer being. And yet mean and abject things survive, though he has no breath at all. It is trying to weak faith that such a man should be dead, when facing such other men as hardly deserve to breathe. And yet there is not mourning without comfort. His days were brief; but full of fruit and flowers. His life was not to be measured by hours, but by deeds and capacities. He lived like a son of the Crusaders, to shame the progeny of Voltaire. He died in behalf of his fellow-men, and for the sake of civilization. Such a life and such a death cannot be

in vain. Better to be where he is, in his coffin, and where his soul will surely be at last—in the mansion of the All-Father—than to drag along, as so many wretches do, a burdensome body of shame, and go, finally, whither, we dread to think. He is gone, but his example is left. That shall be to his State, his country, his family and his people as a priceless heritage. To other pens will be left the mere biographical sketch of his laborious and useful days. To us, there remains the simple duty of pausing for a moment before our dead friend's grave, and placing upon it this little wreath of immortelle. Alas! friend, we little thought that this sad privilege would be demanded so soon. Rest, all warfare done, in the soil of the State you loved and served, and among the people who will yield you a tearful tribute, better and sincerer than when a monarch ceases to be! Asleep, with the cross upon your faithful breast, there will some time come the sunrise in the East, that shall bathe your mortal frame with eternal splendor, and garment it with glory. Go forth, soul of the just, upon your heavenly pathway! Sail on, enfranchised spirit, upon your celestial voyage—

'Leaving the outworn shell,
By life's unresting sea.' "

On May 4th, the Hibernian Society took official recognition of his death, in a series of memorial resolutions and addresses. On this occasion eloquent eulogies were delivered by the Hon. A. G. Magrath, President A. T. Smythe, General James Conner, and Judge Charles H. Simonton.

On May 13th, the Orangeburg Bar met, and memorial resolutions were passed in his honor. On May 16th and 20th, the Cathedral Vestry and Catholic Institute recorded their tribute to his memory. On June 22d the Hibernian Society of Savannah, Georgia, at a special meeting, passed resolutions of condolence; the preamble and resolutions were afterwards beautifully engrossed, and sent to his family.

On December 16th, 1881, his death was announced to the House of Representatives at Washington; resolutions of

sympathy were presented, and out of respect to his memory the House adjourned.

On February 8th, 1882, the resolutions presented by Congressman Dibble, in commemoration of him, were the special order, and eulogies were delivered by Messrs. Dibble and Evins, of South Carolina; Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania; E. John Ellis, of Louisiana; Wm. E. Robinson, of New York; F. E. Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania; Selwyn Z. Bowman, of Massachusetts; Martin Maginnis, of Montana; and S. D. Lindsey, of Maine.

A correspondent and an eye witness, wrote of the effect created at the time of their delivery as follows:

"There was one distinctive characteristic of each of the eulogies on Mr. O'Connor, in the House to-day. While his achievements at the bar and in politics, his ability, his eloquence, his solicitude, and, industry for his constituents, the warmth of his domestic life, and the strength of his religious faith were all illustrated, and sympathetically dwelt upon; the overpowering themes of every friend were his sunny temper, his genial friendship and his warm heart. Every man who spoke, Republican and Democrat, bore testimony to those qualities which had endeared him to them. There was a pathos in the eulogies, which is seldom heard in the struggle and contention of that great body. * * *

"The number of members, who remained in their seats during the ceremony was, I am told, largely in excess of that usual on such occasions. The galleries held many South Carolinians, of whom a considerable proportion were ladies. There was no sectionalism in the tribute, as Mr. Robinson, of New York, showed. Maine and Montana, Pennsylvania and Louisiana spoke with the same voice. The eulogy delivered by E. John Ellis, of Louisiana, was one of the most graceful I have ever heard, and should preserve its beauty, even when communicated through the cold and passive medium of the types." It concluded as follows:

"But last and best of all, Mr. O'Connor was a pure, sincere, and devout Christian. He made no noisy protestation of his faith, nor sought to intrude his opinions upon others:

but he boldly proclaimed the name of the Nazarene, and his daily walk and speech, attested the belief of his heart; and in this he was an example to all of us. I know my own weakness, and how far short I fall of my own duty, nor do I dare stand here to admonish others; but, professing my undying faith in the divinity of our holy religion, I do say, that in the day when unbelief, unable to promise us other light than the feeble ray of reason, asks the world to blot from its sky the star of Bethlehem—that star which was the guide and the sign to our ancestors, when they planted the tree of liberty here, and watered it with their blood and tears; the star that pours its lucent beams upon the pathway of our fathers and mothers, to guide their tottering footsteps, and upon which their beautiful, old eyes gaze in contented joy, as it beacons them homeward to perfect rest; that star, which lent its glory to our marriage vows, and cast a halo about our children's heads, as they were anointed at the baptismal font; and dissipated the gloom and the sorrow from the graves of our dead—it would be better if more of our strong men, would, like my lamented friend, manifest their faith by their works, and live their religion in their lives, and boldly avow, as he did, their undying faith in that only name, whereby men can be saved. For the bravest and strongest of us, at last, are but as dust and weakness, and tottering along beneath our heavy burdens.

“ Our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide,
And our souls of all life's mysteries, seek the meaning and the key;
Lo! A cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the whisper, 'Follow me.'

“ O'Connor heard, obeyed, and followed, and found peace here; and my heart's faith tells me he has found perfect peace where he has gone, beyond the shadowy river!”

Mr. Robinson, of New York, said: “ But his country to-day, by her representatives from all the States, takes pride in recounting his virtues, and perpetuating their memory. Northern praise and Southern song mingle in mournful

harmony over his loss. I have listened with pride to the voices of his eulogists here to-day. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Montana, Maine, and Louisiana, have mingled their eloquent and merited praises with the fit and feeling tributes from his own State, with which these ceremonies have been opened and will close.

" Comfort for the mourning widow, and consolation for his bereaved family we offer here to-day from sympathizing hearts. We cannot dry the tears from their eyes, nor would we if we could; but the kindly words sincerely offered will shine through them and picture on the sky their future—a rainbow of hope and promise—for many a brightening day.

" The sorrow that broods over his bereaved family day after day, that has enshrouded their hearts since his death, and will continue to fling its shadow over their brightest hours, broadens and deepens to-day into national sympathy. The extremes of our grand Republic, Maine and Louisiana, Massachusetts and Montana, come with flowers culled from cultivated gardens and mountain wilds. South Carolina has covered his funeral bier with Southern garlands, redolent of richest perfume. I beg leave to fling upon that bier as it passes a single rose-bud, bedewed with tears of sympathy, and breathing fragrance from the home of his fathers. I sincerely mourn with his warmest friends his too early death; but he lived long enough to secure the bays with which South Carolina decks the heads of her children.

" ' Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered with a nation's tears.' "

On February 9th, the House Resolutions were transmitted to the Senate; Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, offered memorial resolutions, and as a further mark of respect the Senate adjourned.

Addresses were delivered by Senators Butler and Hampton of South Carolina, Jones of Florida, and Bayard of Delaware. Senator Butler said:

" He was for many years in the open light of the public gaze, in times of great temptation and excitement, but no

whisper ever tainted his character; no breath of suspicion ever impaired the strength of his public life, and no word of reproach was ever uttered against his private worth. He, literally, 'died in harness,' discharging his high duty with a fidelity that was as sacred to him as his life, and an ability that reflects lustre upon his name."

The following is the address of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware:

"Mr. President: My personal acquaintance with the worthy gentleman whose death we all deplore, was commenced amid the somewhat stormy scenes of a national convention, held in the City of Baltimore, in June, 1872, which he attended as a delegate from the State of South Carolina; and I can well recall the spirited and effective eloquence, with which he espoused a course of action in which I did not concur.

"He subsequently became a member of the House of Representatives, and friendly personal relations were soon established between us, in which I discerned his active, ardent interest in public affairs, and his usefulness as an able and honored representative of his State and country. He gained early, and never lost, the confidence and esteem of his associates without regard to their party affiliations, and his reputation as a capable and faithful legislator will long survive.

"I remember well his friendly and especial interest in the affairs of that peculiarly helpless class of our people, who suffered so severely by the failure of the Freedman's Savings Bank, and the subsequent mismanagement of its assets.

"He espoused the cause of that large body of poor investors with characteristic generosity and devotion, and, had his wise counsels prevailed, I believe great deterioration in the assets of that institution, and heavy losses would have been prevented.

"Mr. O'Connor, although a natural-born citizen of South Carolina, possessed, in a marked degree, the characteristics of the race from which he sprung. His name and parentage were Irish; and he was one of the almost countless illustra-

tions of worth and character, eloquence and wit, courage and capacity, which that island of sorrows has contributed to build up and strengthen the Government of the United States, and the advancement of its people.

"Mr. President, if the names of the men of Irish birth and Irish blood, who have dignified and decorated the annals of American history were to be erased from the record, how much of the glory of our country would be subtracted? In the list of American statesmen and patriots, theologians and poets, soldiers and sailors, jurists and orators, what names shine with purer lustre or are mentioned with more respect than those of the men, past and present, we owe to Ireland?

"On that imperishable roll of honor, the Declaration of Independence, we find their names; and in the prolonged struggle that followed, there was no battle field from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah, but was enriched with Irish blood, shed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. To-day we see them in our midst, honored and beloved by their associates, and valued not only by their constituents alone, but by the entire country. Of this patriotic class was Mr. O'Connor, and whilst we cannot fail to mourn the loss occasioned by his death, we may well cherish the legacy of honest fame, and faithful public service he has left us."

No higher tribute could hardly be paid, than the following closing lines of Senator Wade Hampton's address:

"Doubtless, Mr. President, it would have been better for him had he held aloof from the rude arena of political warfare, keeping the even tenor of his way along the quieter and happier paths of private life; but we who are left are better for the example of his life, and that of his death.

"The one shows us the duty of the patriot, the other teaches the sublime faith of the Christian. They both should impress on us the great lesson that:

"'Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die.'"

ORATIONS.

ORATION

DELIVERED, CHARLESTON, S. C., MARCH 17TH, 1860.

GENTLEMEN of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society
and Fellow-Citizens:

Custom and usage have extended the celebration of this day, originally ecclesiastical in its character, into one of Irish national observance; and the theme of our commemoration is not confined to the life of a single great and good man, but comprehends, in its scope, the entire history of a great and ubiquitous people. The lamps, which at this hour shine from a thousand altars, in honor of Ireland's patron Saint, but dimly reflect the streams of light that dart from a thousand rays on the prison-house of Erin, and awake her desolate children to the recollections of their former glory, the memories of their past affliction, and the experience of their present political degradation.

From the four quarters of the globe, ascends the loud acclaim in recognition of a nation's festival,—and millions in the livery of every nationality, marching under the standards of every power, (whether courting the smile of imperial condescension, or seeking the shade of our republican simplicity), now gaze with mingled adoration and delight, upon the star which this day shot forth in the firmament of Ireland, and blazed with Christian effulgence upon a hitherto pagan, and benighted people. For the scattered sons of the Emerald Isle, this may, emphatically, be called a day that knows no night.

Rising fresh from old ocean—enthroned upon the Western wave of the Atlantic—crowned with the wreath of every genius, and decorated with every virtue, there

sits the Green Isle of the West. Eternal verdure robes her romantic hills—her fertile fields abound in the rich, luxuriant growth of a bountiful and overflowing nature—with her lakes reflecting back from their placid surface the castellated forms of her antique round towers, as they loom forth from her towering cliffs, like so many monuments to her great departed—her pleasant rivers, the Shannon and the Lee, winding their way in unison with the merry peals of her bells that to-day chime forth from every steeple in Ireland—and her capital, gathering within its walls the proudest of her talent and her beauty—with a yoke upon the necks of her people, and a rod in the hands of her rulers. In the hovel of the poor, destitution and distress weep their silent tears—from the exile on the deep is sent up the wild shriek of despair—while joyously the cup goes round in the palace of the rich. This motley, varied scene I have attempted to describe, is but an imperfect picture of one of nature's most favored climes. Resembling the favored but outcast child of fortune, whose path has been beset by every danger and calamity, though worn and haggard in aspect, and deep sunken are the furrows of oppression on his cheek, the eye still can discern the outlines of a once splendid figure—

"Mononia! When Nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?"

The enemies of Ireland have reproached her, and called down obloquy upon her for neglecting her internal development. O heartless policy! What language can furnish me an epithet sufficiently expressive of my contempt for that nation that would strip a people of their resources, and then stigmatize them with the consequences of their own rapacity.

Tracing her origin from a race famed in antiquity, and dating it back to a period, when the light of history almost

sinks into the twilight of fable, the foundations of Ireland's character have been laid in the very best of materials. Unlike Greece, trampled by the enervate Turk, with her pride and her spirit forever departed, and the records of her greatness perpetuated only in the language of her orators and the song of her poets, Ireland lives, pregnant with vitality. The Frank, the Asiatic, and the haughty Briton, have in turn bowed beneath the sceptre of imperial Rome—upon the battlements of every Capital in Europe have been unfurled her triumphant eagles—but never did she essay to tread with hostile foot the shores of this sequestered island. It was reserved for England, a more feeble power, Ireland's neighbor, nay, her beneficiary, to steal upon her like a thief in the night, and rob her of that most precious gem of a nation's treasure—her dearly-prized and long-lost liberty.

In the All-wise dispensations of an over-ruling Providence, it seems as if each nation had been allotted its particular part to perform in advancing, and elevating the condition of the human race. Greece gave letters to the world, and, from the schools of Athenian philosophy were first disseminated those sound maxims of ethical wisdom and political science, that have dispelled the darkness of ignorance, and elevated heathen nations to the rank of civilized States. Rome spread her arts everywhere. Between ancient and modern Europe, a deep and dark chasm interposes.—On the one side is the past, on the other the future.—A new era dawns; and the rays of science, illuminating the pathways of learning, stamp upon the world, and the age which gave this spirit birth, a character which they have never hitherto beheld. Gaul and Germany feed and consecrate the flame, that burns ever brightly before the shrine of genius—while Ireland, redolent with piety, lifts on high, the torch, that is to guide the missionary in the sacred duty of diffusing, and preserving the eternal principle of a living, and unchanging faith. Like the Ark



of the Covenant, to which the most precious hopes of mankind had been consigned, while the winds and the waters raged without, and general dissolution, consequent upon barbaric invasion, threatened the surrounding nations, it was Ireland's privilege, and her honor, to preserve unsullied this cherished boon. This abiding faith has been the polar star of Ireland's destiny—its radiant beams, penetrating the pathless forests, and guiding the footsteps of her pilgrim children, and anon shedding its noontide brilliancy over the battle-fields, where the dying and the dead, the conquering and the conquered, lie commingled in one common dust. The billows of persecution that have risen over her, plunging her into the deepest sorrow, could never dim, for a moment, its unwaning lustre.

The very best foundations upon which a nation's character and prosperity can be securely and permanently established, are those which have their seat in the bosom of the Supreme Being. The atheist may revile—the infidel may ridicule—and the bigot may sneer—but never have any people deteriorated, even in temporal greatness, by the acknowledgment or practice of a principle like this. For, though famine and pestilence, and the scourge of her persecutors, have dimmed the green beauties of her fertile plain, and marred her once lovely proportions, yet in all the elements which constitute true national greatness, Ireland stands before the world pre-eminently distinguished. If genius, and virtue, and talent, and heroism combined, stripped of the influences with which wealth and patronage surround them, compose these essential attributes, then can she boldly proclaim her title to the distinction of a truly great people. The examples she has furnished, (to use a celebrated comparison), are as illustrious, and as universal, as the sunbeams around this globe. The prejudiced and unlettered, may deem it unfashionable, and impolite, to turn to this page of Irish history, with other than the flip-pant sarcasm of contemptuous irony, but a candid and



impartial world cannot fail to vindicate her claim, and defend her title. Whether in the camp or in the cabinet; on the bench or in the forum; in the laboratory or in the pulpit, her achievements have been the admiration of the wise and of the great. Fontenoy breaks upon my view—with the trophies of that immortal field, which beheld joined in happy concord, the harp of Erin with the lilies of France as they streamed through the thickest of the fight, upheld by the gallant O'Dillon brigade. For wisdom in council and genius in debate, we can proudly point to the laurels, that bloom still fresh by the grave of the illustrious Burke—while to Fox, the renowned, is due that impetuous eloquence, which rolled its resistless tide along, like burning lava, down from the benches of the Opposition, and swept, as in a sea of fire, the adherents of a dismayed administration. America, too, claims her share in exhibiting the fruits of Irish genius and heroism, and the names of Barry and Montgomery, will never be blotted from the grateful recollections of a generous and free people. And the soft, mellow streaks of light which penetrate from the humble tomb in yonder church, where repose the mortal remains of the gifted, the beloved, the venerated England, first Bishop of Charleston, but remind us of the meteoric blaze and dazzling coruscations of his genius, which, in his day, lit up the sky of his adopted city. Inkermann and Alma attest the superior bravery of Irish troops led on by British generals, who never flinched in the face of their foe, as they charged against the advancing hosts of Russia; while last, but not least, in this grand rôle of Irish fame, was when her prowess and her chivalry displayed itself, in the person of one of her descendants, beneath an Italian sky—when the intrepid valor of McMahon won for him the imperial reward of a marshal's baton and a dukedom, amid the crash of French and Austrian battalions, and amid the carnage, and slaughter of Magenta. Ah, my friends, the genius of a people like this, can never be

stified! No tortures that tyranny can inflict—no, you may bend their bodies, condemn them to loathsome dungeons, fetter with manacles their limbs—but nothing can shut out the light of thought. Its freedom and its power will assert themselves, and rive, as with a flash from Heaven, the bolts of their oppressors, pierce the infinite void, and traverse the realms of boundless space.

The fifth century closed upon the West of Europe, like the bursting of a thunder cloud, fraught with ruin and overthrow. The empire, which an age of refinement, and of reason, had established, was suddenly blotted out, and all her ancient landmarks destroyed. Society, which had become enfeebled by the degenerate uses and manners of a voluptuous reign, rocked, as in an earthquake of convulsion; and the polished Roman, whose energetic powers of manhood had become paralyzed by the enervate luxuries of an Augustan era, was compelled to witness in silence the decline of his sway. Hun, and Goth, and Vandal, poured down from their mountain fastnesses their resistless hordes, and swept, with a besom of destruction, over the plains of Italy. The rage of Attila, it seemed, could only be quenched with the light of civilization. Learning had to vacate her ancient seats, and Ireland became the refuge of its disciples, from the deluge that inundated her temple. Within the walls of her sacred monasteries were collected the fragments of the wreck, and reviving Europe turned to her, the asylum of the distressed votaries of knowledge, and sought there, for the materials, out of which to reconstruct her almost exhausted society.

Ireland had not yet been overrun by the ruthless Dane; her lovely fields had not yet been pillaged, nor her Maids of Munster sacrificed to barbaric lust. Her altars had not yet been desecrated, nor the jewels of her Pentarchy borne from the brows of her monarchs. Her kings had not yet been forced to pay tribute to an insatiable and multiplying destroyer, nor had the atoning blood of her Brien Boiroidhe



been offered up as a sacrifice to the living God, for the victory vouchsafed to his followers, over the enemies of his country. But the epoch of her misery, and misfortune, was near at hand. It did come—and brought with it, its long train of human woes, and national calamities. The seeds of discord and division were early planted in the bosom of unhappy Ireland, by her first invaders, and a blight fell upon her prosperity, from which she has never to this day recovered. No more in Kinkora, the palace of her brave chief, was her harp to resound its notes of gladness—its melody was changed to that of mournful song. To divide a people is to destroy their power; for the strength of a nation consists in its unity. From this period forward, Ireland became the prey of succeeding invaders. The Danes were but the forerunners of a more venomous and exacting intruder. The royal house of Plantagenet, ambitious of adding another jewel to their crown, fixed their covetous eyes upon Ireland, rich in all that could adorn a rising nation, and, by a successful blow, wrested her from her independent, and isolated position.

The reign of Henry the Second, witnessed the formal annexation of Ireland to England. Dublin and Meath, Louth and Kildare, were overawed by British force and diplomacy, but a certain portion of the inhabitants remained true to their kings, who never would bend the knee to their aggressors. Though stripped of her independence, still she preserved all the outward forms of freedom; freedom of action—for she still enacted her own laws for her internal government; and freedom of conscience—for then, there was no difference of creed to engender religious warfare. It is true, that her coffers enriched the British Treasury. She lavished her strength, and spent her treasures, to sustain, subsequently, the power that spurned her; and the erudition of her sons, endowed the schools of English learning; but much of that dark catalogue of crimes enacted against her, under the form of legislation, re-

mained to be accomplished. A few centuries after, and that sanguinary tyrant Henry the Eighth, after satiating his lust, and applying, in vain, for a divorce to the Roman See, imbrued his hands in the blood of defenseless women—renounced his former creed, and established the unnatural union of Church with State. Oh, terrible day for mankind! When the dictates of conscience should be forced to conform to the commands of the State; when the allegiance due to the great Creator, should be coerced from its natural channels, to be rendered to one of his lowliest and most tyrannical creatures! Horrible blasphemy! To deny the living God, by imposing upon His servants the social necessity of disobedience—a system which aims at the destruction of man's spiritual life, under the precious pretences of State necessity—which compels him either to abdicate the State, the source of civil protection, or to abjure the first law of his being, in the person of his Maker—a doctrine, which would regulate a man's moral accountability by the same standard as his political, which would make him an engine in the hands of the Government, a puppet in the eyes of his Creator. A spiritual allegiance and a temporal—divided and supreme in their spheres—the one, having its immediate aim and end in God, and the other in the State, with both under the control and infinite power of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, is the only system calculated to make a ruler easy, and a people contented and happy.

With the introduction of this fatal political heresy, the stormy wave of religious persecution was set in motion, which was destined soon to roll its billows, with tempestuous fury, against the ancient Church of Ireland. The policy of a Mary arrested for a moment its precipitate course; but when the imperious Elizabeth rose, and ascended the throne, in all the haughtiness of despotic dominion, it culminated, and surged on with accelerated violence. Rapine and violence, now consummated that which fraud

and treachery had initiated; and, with more than a woman's hate, she wrung from Ireland's possession the little of religious freedom that had been spared to her, by her ancestor. To propitiate the infuriate zeal of her merciless emissaries of State, the edifices of public worship in Ireland were plundered, the walls of her splendid cathedrals torn and defaced, and their sanctuaries opened to the ministers of her established creed. The solemn chants that once reverberated through the grand aisles, and along the vaulted roofs of those gorgeous temples, as the sacrifice arose in honor of the living God, were changed for sounds that could never reach the hearts of a people who, on the score of religion, have never been alive to but one emotion.

This persecuting system was not relaxed by the successor of Elizabeth, the first of the James'. The House of Stuart rigorously adhered to the maxims of an illiberal and intolerant policy, and Ireland was doomed to groan under the burden of pains and penalties, and the scourge of an unmitigated persecution. The execution of Charles the First cut short a career of vice and effeminacy, and the royal sceptre for a time passed into the hands of a despotic usurper. Upon the ruins of the throne was erected the Cromwellian protectorate, and that dark spot in the history of time embraced in the interval between the fall of the first, and the restoration of the second Charles, was marked by deeds of perfidy and cruelty, such as had never before been perpetrated against an innocent and unoffending people. Neither age nor sex was spared in the general massacre that ensued—thousands were sold into slavery; and as many more fell murdered, victims to the brutal ferocity of Cromwell's pikemen. Ulster and Leinster were bowed to the dust, and many, many shared the fate of exiles to a foreign land. The work of death, desolation and tyranny commenced in a former age, seemed at length to have been consummated.

O land of my forefathers! How bitter has been thy

martyrdom! How long and how patiently hast thou borne the rod of thy oppressors! How anxiously and with what pining hast thou awaited the long-deferred day of thy liberation!

"But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!"

One other act remains to perfect the drama of fraud and deceit, in which Ireland has so sadly figured, as the deluded and outcast friend. The scene is laid under the walls of Limerick, wherein the flower of the Irish army had concentrated—where the royal standards of England flouted beside the flags of the House of Hanover, and a protracted, wasting siege awaited the further advance of William of Orange—when in the hazy distance were descried the friendly sails of a French fleet approaching to the relief of their ancient allies—when success was in the grasp of the Irish, and victory about to desert the banners of her invaders—something in the nature of an armistice is proposed—a new-made king meets in conference the humble Commissioners of the tried and faithful few, who had cast their all in the hazard, to support the falling fortunes of the outlawed House of Stuart. The famous treaty of Limerick is signed—and the plighted faith of Majesty is exchanged for the solemn engagements of an upright and loyal people. The Irish lay down their arms, in return for the only guarantee that is asked, "the sacred protection of unpersecuted piety as Christians." But, alas, they were lulled into a false security—the parchment is hardly dry, to which the mighty seals of their royal Majesties have been affixed, ere they awake to find themselves

the victims of an impious deception. William and Mary, backed by a servile Parliament, broke their faith, and destroyed forever the confidence of a generous and submissive people. The very last link that could ever have bound the Irish nation in pacific, contented allegiance to the British throne, is snapped and gone forever. Injuries may be forgiven, but a plundered and deceived people can never forget the cause of their indignant resentment. Like a gigantic rock in mid-ocean, which nature, by a sudden convulsion, has parted to let the surrounding waters pass through, so between Ireland and England there rolls, and will ever roll, an impassable river, to keep in eternal separation the two hostile and antagonistic races.

We now come to that period, when the war of American Independence, carried on with the aid of French arms, was waging; when the success of the cause of freedom, on this continent, filled the mother country with alarm for her own safety, and a dread of invasion from abroad, of her neighboring island; when the distant mutterings of that great social earthquake, which was to desolate all France, and shake to their centres every throne in Europe, drew nearer and nearer. It was at a time like this, that eighty thousand armed men, with the consent of government, organized for the protection of the national tranquillity, and assumed the title of the Volunteers of Ireland. The presence of this formidable array was the means of extorting from England a few paltry concessions, which were almost all as soon retracted, when the anticipated danger which gave rise to them, had passed. The leaders of this much-abused body of men, by corrupt artifices, were played off against each other, until the entire force was disbanded, and we next behold the uplifted axe about to fall, with deadly stroke, upon the last root that gave life to the decaying tree of Irish nationality—her Independent Legislature.

The myrmidons of Castlereagh swarm about the purlieus

of the Castle, and British gold flows in profusion. The influence of royal patronage has risen superior to the promptings of disinterested patriotism. In vain do Floyd and Plunkett, and Grattan raise their voices in behalf of the inviolability of the Irish Constitution. In vain do they cluster in solemn phalanx, around the last solitary column that lifts its capital amid the ruins of Ireland, and upon whose summit are enrolled the parliamentary glories of twenty generations, for the decree has gone forth, that the Irish Parliament must cease to exist. Methinks I see the aged tottering form of Grattan as he enters the bar of the Irish House of Commons—sycophancy shrinks from his withering glance, and corruption flies dismayed from his presence—quivering in every muscle, he rises for the last time, to raise his sinking voice in defence of the rights and liberties of his countrymen. Some of you, my friends, may not be too old to remember what a thrill of anguish ran through every honest heart in Ireland, when the result of that day's ballot was known—that Ireland's Legislature had been voted away.

While the star of Grattan, which shone so brightly in this splendid galaxy of Irish genius, was descending in the West, from the opposite quarter of the horizon we behold the rising of another luminary, who, for his hour, reigned lord of the ascendant. He wields no monarch's sceptre, but owes the magic power of his sway to the uncontrolled affections of a people, whose best hopes and blessings crowned his career. Embarking in a peaceful and holy cause, proposing to redeem from bondage over six millions of his enslaved race, and to restore to his down-trodden countrymen the first principles of civil and religious liberty, without shedding a drop of their blood, he openly pledges Emancipation, and boldly lifts the banner of Repeal. Idolizing millions follow in his footsteps, and hang upon his accents, and the noblest offering that was ever made to the genius of man—the homage of loving hearts

—is paid to Ireland's styled Liberator, the immortal O'Connell.

When in the zenith of his power, he made the walls of Westminster tremble beneath the thundering tones of his eloquence—when great men fell down in awe before the majesty of his intellect, he never touched a chord that vibrated with such proud and gladdening emotion, as when in Conciliation Hall he awoke to ecstasy admiring thousands with his rallying cry, Agitation! With no other armor but his intellect, he braved the combined force of the British Ministry, shivered in its rest the lance of Peel, and tore from the reluctant grasp of England the Bill of Catholic Emancipation. Entire success did not reward his exertions, and though many, at this day, may doubt the wisdom of his policy, his unrequited services and untiring devotion, will ever keep enshrined the name of O'Connell, with that of the Patriot, in the memories of his countrymen.

An aggrieved and suffering people are ever ready to respond to the call for resistance, and, after years of peaceful, fruitless agitation, the cry of trampled Ireland rose on High, in its appeal to the sword. Brief, indeed, was the interval between the fall of O'Connell and the rise of the Young Ireland party. It seemed as if from the grave of the former, wherein had been buried the best hopes of some of the warmest friends of Ireland, a new-born champion had sprung into life and action—that patriot band, who threw aside the scabbard in the cause of their country's independence. Vainly did they combat and struggle—their sad fate but added to the innumerable woes of their afflicted country, while to themselves, banishment was the proudest record tyranny could make of the genius and patriotism of men who braved all, endured all, and sacrificed all, to give their "country a rank among the nations of the earth."

This ends, for the present, the chapter of the throes and

countless vicissitudes of fortune, of a people, laboring to throw off a foreign yoke. It will serve, at least, to inculcate this strong moral lesson, that if a nation resolves to be free, in pursuance of its destiny, it will, sooner or later acquire the strength and the power to achieve its freedom.

As the poet has felicitously expressed it—

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The scene now suddenly changes, and contrasting the active industry and sturdy enterprise, which to-day animate the population of Ireland, with the poverty and famine which, up to within the last few years of the present century, drove millions into exile and desolated the land, there is much upon which the mind can rest with satisfaction, and catch in the prospects of the future some gleams of a vision, that bids us exclaim with the rapture of the Bard: "New hope may dawn, and brighter days will come for old Ireland yet."

The rising tide of commerce, keeping pace with the onward march of modern progress, has breathed a new life into the national body, and between Galway and New York a line of direct communication is in operation. The Irishman from his own native hills, and in his own land of sorrows, may now give the parting adieu to friends whose exile is a necessity, and gladly welcome their return to the green bowers of youth. From Valentia Bay has been started the great iron band that is to unite the minds of two distant Continents—annihilate time and space, and quicken, with electric speed, the onward sway of intellect. In the natural course of events, Ireland seems destined to become a great highway between two Continents. Her political regeneration is all that is needed to make her people prosperous and happy—and may we not hope from the signs of the times, that the star, whose cheering light

burst beaming this day upon a Christianized nation, but whose disc has for so many centuries been obscured by the drifting clouds of oppression, will regain its meridian of splendor, and shine forth more gloriously than ever.

From the plains of Lombardy we not long since heard the tramp of hostile legions, while Venice, with her hundred isles, was trembling for her unknown fate. Upon the ruins of a prostrate dynasty a popular empire has arisen, and based its claim for support and duration, upon the voluntary obedience of a loyal, and aspiring people. Other nations have awakened to the truth of the doctrine that has been disseminated, that a Government, to be legitimate, must have its origin and its end in the will and the support of the governed. No matter by what title a government may be consecrated, whether it be called Monarchical, Aristocratic, Imperial, or Republican, if the authority it exercises derives its force and sanction from the popular will, it is for all ends, and purposes, a popular form of Government.

It has been the observance and cultivation of this principle, that has elevated to so high a pinnacle of fame and of power the third Napoleon—that mysterious being who has chained to his victorious car the destinies of Europe, and points with significant gesture to the British Isles, with unseasoned revenge for ill-fated Waterloo. Well may England growl at his menacing attitude, and grow pale before his grinning monsters, that frown defiantly from the heights of Cherbourg!

If there be anything in these recollections to awaken lively hope for unhappy Ireland, you are to judge. From these facts you are to draw the conclusion: but time and events can alone determine the future fate of the Irish nation.

Gentlemen—Though you have changed your habitations, and become the citizens of this great and powerful Republic, associating your warmest affections and highest

aspirations with its fortunes and its honor, you cannot entirely break asunder that tie of nature, which binds you in fond and endearing recollection to the land of your nativity. "The school-boy spot you can ne'er forget, though there you are forgot," and the heart that would sadden not, and the eye that would weep not, while memory, with its thousand forms, clusters around the green graves of your dear departed, must be cold indeed—must be dry indeed. These are nature's instincts—emotions of which true patriotism demands no sacrifice. You and I, and all of us, are better citizens and better men when we obey the first laws of nature. Poor, indeed, would be the offering he could make to his adopted country, who would forget the land that gave him birth, or disown the race from which he sprang. It has been the greatest glory of the Irishman in America, that, while cherishing a just pride in the fame of his ancestors, he has ever preserved an unchallenged fidelity and unswerving devotion, to our laws and our Constitution. While yearning, and clinging with hope and anticipation, to the dawn of his country's liberty, he has been ever found ready to support in danger, and in conflict, our honored flag. The banners which now surround this Hall, and float over the heads of a citizen soldiery, displaying to the eye various colors and devices, the cloth of green with the harp enwreathed, emblems of a distant clime, do but serve to enrich and emblazon the glories of our own stars and stripes, that wave over the people of every country merged into a common nationality. So long as that banner is upheld by a government that carries out the mandates of the Constitution, millions will be jealous to guard it—but when that government ceases to perform its Constitutional functions, betrays its high and solemn trusts, and commits treason against the people, the adopted sons of South Carolina will be the first to trample it in the dust. Your first allegiance is due to the State that gives you her protection; her calls are the calls of



duty; her service the service of a son—and while dangers thicken around—while the political heavens are dark with evil portents of coming disasters—while storm and tempest and the surges of fanaticism are sweeping away the ramparts of the Constitution, and threatening to engulf the Union, stand faithfully to your posts, and vindicate the institutions of our common mother. The Irishman beneath the shade of the Palmetto can contemplate with surer hope the future of his native land, while he adheres to the preservation of liberty and of law, under the aegis of the ancient Commonwealth of South Carolina.

ADDRESS
TO THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE, JULY 11, 1868.

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE: It must be a source of congratulation to each one of us as Catholics, to be assembled under such grateful auspices and benign influences, as this evening greet the inauguration of our new hall. The event gives a fresh start, and dates a new epoch in the history and progress of this Institute. Having its origin and foundation in religion, a young progeny of the Church, in this diocese, it is fairly entitled to be considered an effective auxiliary of the great body of the faithful and their devoted clergy, in diffusing the principles, and promoting the ends of that divine institution. Though not ecclesiastical in our organization, we are of, and a part of the Church. We have duties to perform to ourselves, to each other, and to mankind, truths to disseminate, precepts to enforce, virtues to practise and emulate, and acts of Christian charity to encourage, and to do. These attributes of religion are essential to our existence, growth and prosperity.

I remember this society from its birth and infancy. It can scarcely be said, until now, to have verged near manhood. I remember when a few enterprising Catholic gentlemen, actuated by motives for the welfare of religion, and guided by their zealous pastors, met for the first time in the library of the Episcopate on Broad Street, and gave it a name and organization. This was not many years before the late war. It was first called the Young Men's Catholic Institute, and embraced within its folds,

principally, the younger men of the various congregations. A constitution and rules of government were adopted, and thus the work of Catholic piety and charity was inaugurated. It received the approval and encouragement of both clergymen and laity, and I am sure has ever since felt the blessings of heaven. At that time, peace and prosperity smiled upon our State and Country—the earth yielded its abundance, and every line of productive industry received its due share of patronage and support. Obstacles then were only imaginary, and not real; and if any there were, they were not of a material kind, but might be traced to some lukewarmness of spirit, or lack of a due sense of religious duty. The Cathedral library was thrown open to our members—public lectures were delivered under the auspices of this body, and our influence was recognized throughout the entire diocese. Under such circumstances we pursued our career without impediment, laying daily deeper our foundations upon the solid principles of faith, hope, and charity, until the advent of the late civil war, in which our Cathedral, with seminary and appurtenances, were laid prostrate in the dust. The hard-earned accumulations of a generous Catholic community, were, in a night, swept away in desolation. Fierce and angry warfare had invaded our former peaceful homes, and hundreds of the flower and youth of our fold were hurried away to death, and carnage, and glory. During all this melancholy interval the voice of our Institute was silent, its members scattered, and not a monument left, save in its few survivors, to tell that it had once existed. But the cause of religion which is eternal truth is never abandoned by the Almighty. Returning as our people did from that bloody strife, to their desolated homes, with hearts subdued and fortunes despoiled, though sick with worldly sorrows; there remained a few of our primitive organization upon whose memories were engraven its sacred recollections, and who found consolation and refuge from the surrounding temporal

gloom in the desire to re-establish our Institute, and renew the good work which had thus been interrupted. And, after the lapse of two years since our re-establishment, we find ourselves stronger and more numerous than ever, following in our exertions our good mother Church; nothing daunted by disaster, but taking renewed strength at every reverse, and moving steadily onward to the empire of peace and happiness.

And why should we grow faint-hearted at temporal misfortunes? Has not our eternal and unchanging religion survived the storms of nineteen centuries, and withstood the shock of a thousand revolutions? Has she not in countries, for a time, given up to unbridled license and demoniacal frenzy, been compelled to veil her face before the spectacle of the human heart, charred and blackened by the vilest passions. She has witnessed the rise and fall of empires—the birth and overthrow of dynasties, and systems that were ancient, vanish as of yesterday. She has beheld the genius of liberty to-day in the ascendant, to-morrow struck down by the dagger of faction. Are not the days of this world to her but as yesterday, and all its creations but as the pastime of an hour? Grand and inspiring are the influences of divine revelation. Have we not even here, in the ruins of our city, witnessed the signal exhibition of God's providence, in giving us a more than ordinary power of restoration?

While all other enterprises were at a halt, the enterprise of the Clergy and Faithful never faltered. By the side of our ruined Cathedral, we behold a spacious and beautiful chapel—St. Mary has robed herself in a new vesture—St. Paul has been decorated, and lifts its solemn chants in invocation of her Patron Saint—St. Joseph remains as serene in the peace of heaven to her single flock, as she did through the whole war—St. Patrick has increased in its dimensions two fold—and St. Peter has been added to our temples, dedicated to the honor of the living God. Have you not noticed, that where there stood one Institution previous

to the war, for the relief of destitute orphans, there are now three? Are not these signal proofs that the agency of the Almighty is with us, and we have every cause to be cheered?

If these crude reflections can excite your vigor for the furtherance of the object of this association, I shall feel that I have accomplished the full measure of this hour's ambition; I pledge you my hearty co-operation. There are no insurmountable obstacles—the path to success is open. But labor-work is necessary to reach the goal—we have much to do in a material point of view—our library has to be stocked, our list of members increased, and the sphere of our influence more generally enlarged. We must combine in one harmonious whole, and reflect all the united virtues which should adorn a Catholic association, and spread abroad an enlightened sentiment of charity—a charity not circumscribed by the domain of our own religion, but co-extensive with the globe itself, and as universal as the footprints of mankind. This hall shall be sacred, as a resort for social communion, relaxation, and enjoyment, for those who embrace our principles, or seek its retreat for their edification, and in that spirit of good fellowship, faith, and charity, which should always guide and animate us.

ADDRESS
AT THE CATHOLIC CELEBRATION COMMEMORATIVE
OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF THE
PONTIFICATE OF POPE PIUS IX.,
JUNE 17TH, 1871.

FELLOW-CATHOLICS, AND CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON:—I am rejoiced to witness this large and enthusiastic demonstration in honor of the solemn and imposing event we this day commemorate. We celebrate, not simply the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the Pontificate of Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, titled Pius IX.; but an event in the history of the Church replete with traditional omens and associations, and pregnant with prophecy to the present and coming generations. It is not an anniversary, nor a centenary. The world's time-keeper must assign it a future place in the calendar, and some lexicographer must find a new term for its definition. In the lapse of eighteen centuries it is an event that has occurred but once, and which may never occur again in the course of time. It looms out before the ages that are to come like the creation—the fall of Adam—the flood, and the birth and crucifixion of the Mediator and Redeemer of mankind—to mark an epoch in the world's history, and a fresh starting point in the onward career of Christianity. Its advent is welcomed by the good and wise of all Christian denominations, and by races and peoples of every clime; and, far across the intervening seas, the well wishes of the faithful, million tongued are borne upon every



breeze to the Seven Hills of Rome, to greet the aged and venerable Pontiff; who, a prisoner in his palace with a hostile soldiery at his gates, still reigns over the minds and the hearts of the faithful.

The Papal colors which have trailed and been trampled in the dust by the assassins of Italy, who besiege His Holiness and threaten a fearful doom upon the Eternal City, are to-day seen climbing the towers of Madrid and of Lisbon, of Milan and of Vienna, and from the mountain peaks of Switzerland, amid the blaze of bonfires, we may this night descry all along the horizon the ensign of the Papacy, high aloft in the ascendant. It is the universality of this triumph, outpouring from the entire Catholic heart, which furnishes a gauge by which we may test the vast but subtle power which the Pope of Rome wields. Sitting in the midst of his most deadly enemies, with an armed guard around him, and not a soldier to support and defend him; by virtue of his high office and his resplendent virtues, he commands the homage, love and devotion of more subjects than any living monarch in Europe can claim. But it is the homage of the heart—no false exterior show of reverence, which is extracted by the vain glitter of earthly power and renown. His influence, widening and increasing with the expanded progress of mankind, is more felt to-day in the four quarters of the globe, than it was by the early Christians, who sought refuge in the catacombs of Rome, or soaked with their martyred blood the sawdust of the Roman amphitheatre. From the days of Peter down, his power has never for an instant waned. In the light of its advancing rays, it has seen the temples of heathen Rome crumble into ruins, and the departing light of the Western Empire, for a time obscured by the inroads of savage Goths and Huns, revive and shine forth again in its wonted splendor.

It is only meet and proper that Christians of all denominations, at this time particularly, should unite in this tribute of a

world's testimonial. For the good of society and the welfare of mankind, Pius IX. deserves our sympathies. The most universally recognized exponent and representative of the Christian religion, the professed father of the faithful, an old man tottering on the very brink of the grave, a butt for the sneer of the infidel and the ridicule of the atheist; he presents, in his sacred person, the most formidable living obstacle to those self-styled humanitarians and Positivists, who, under the guise and specious pretence of promoting the happiness and well-being of man, are madly pulling away every prop of human society, and plunging the world into anarchy and chaos. The persecutors of Pope Pius to-day are the enemies of Christianity, under every form, throughout the world. The church, which it was at one time popular to condemn as aggressive against the rights of man, has become to be regarded conservative.

The contest now raging is no longer between the different sects of Christian worship; but the lines are drawn between Christianity on the one hand, and infidelity, atheism and anarchy upon the other. The church is accused by dissenters of fettering the human intellect, and of keeping in check the higher forces of man's nature, and suppressing his free aspirations; while infidelity, claiming to be sustained by science, and repudiating revelation, is rushing into license. It is the church, fixed and immovable, and unrelenting in its tenets, that confronts, and is arrayed against indifference and atheism. There must be a law for the mind, as well as the will, and the inclinations of man; and society has no secure stay without a teacher that can command the assent of human belief, as well as the power to restrain human passion. Reason, unaided by revelation, and without some recognized expounder and authoritative interpreter of Divine law, will be forever tossed upon the billows of the shoreless ocean of doubt and uncertainty. The world is rocking upon the wave of irreligion. The votaries of science and the opponents of faith

have boldly combated and rejected the doctrine of mediation, and under the lead of such men as Fiske and Huxley, Darwin and Spencer, Comte and Lewes, are leading their followers to a rejection of all revelation and all mystery. Fiske consoles his disciples with his theory of the unknowableness of causes; while Renan loudly declaims that everything has been discovered but the origin of human conscience. It is the spirit of absolute negation of all forms of belief—of everything that is not intelligible to the senses—in other words, Materialism, that is afloat. It is this furor that has lately drenched Paris in blood, and leveled to the dust some of the proudest monuments of her past glory. It was this, that drew from the quivering lips of the dying Communist, as his last words in life, "I am a member of the universal atheistical republic." It is this spirit that has dethroned the reason of Victor Hugo, and left him a mourner over his early works, written in the interest and for the delight of the poor. It is this irreligious frenzy, which knows no bounds, that recognizes and obeys no commandments, and aims at the dissolution of all society. It flashes from the blade of Mazzini and the dagger of Garibaldi, ever raised to plunge the fatal blow into the heart of the Head of the Church. It has been strong enough to unnerve Victor Emmanuel, a recreant son of the Church, and leave him a prey to the conflicting opinions of a divided cabinet. It is this, that has dimmed Austria's proud fame, and made her weak and vacillating monarch powerless, under the neutral, sickly, halting policy of Von Beust. It is this, which makes the nations cowards, and governments forsake their peoples. Kings and princes have bowed down before, or been awed by this evil spirit. They have turned their backs upon the successor of the humble fisherman, and the Church abandoning them to their ways, will open her new relations with the peoples—the people whose inner heart yet beats true to the instincts of religion and humanity.

them how we will." Two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics will continue to acknowledge his gentle and holy sway, whose empire is bounded by the horizon alone. What a splendid impersonation of this holy power does the present Pontiff exhibit;—a model of purity and benevolence, he, to-day, challenges the admiration of the whole world; and, sustained by a superabounding faith, and guided by the Holy Spirit, he points the nations the way, the truth, and the life. No thunders emanate from the Vatican, but along its grand corridors, and through its wide ranging portals, there pass the simple words of benediction: "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." Gathered around the mouldering ruins of our once grand Cathedral, which for this night has been abandoned by the bat and the moaning owl, well may our voices join in swelling the chorus of human rejoicing. We who have been chastened by adversity, and purified by fire, may humbly and gratefully lay our votive offerings on this day, at the feet of the Holy Father, an outraged and harmless Pontiff. We will treasure the recollection of this event, and the signal brilliancy of its celebration, and carry it in our memories down the vale of life; but dearer than the memory of all these things, is the reflection that there is still left within us that 'mystic wave' of the soul—faith, which surpasseth all these triumphs; and, with a holy tie, binds us in pacific, contented allegiance to the throne of Peter.

ADDRESS
DELIVERED AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF
THE WIDOWS' HOME, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1869.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am reminded by the teachings of both sacred and profane history, when Paganism flourished at Rome, then the mistress of two-thirds of the known world; that it was a custom of the ancients, to attest their sorrow and veneration for their dead, by collecting their tears and inurnng them, with the ashes of those they loved. Upon the same authority we have it, that the earlier Christians proved their attachment and devotion to their followers, even in death, by preserving as relics and mementos, the blood of their martyrs; and the civic wreath and laurel crown, which used to deck the brow of those who, in peace or war, had been distinguished in the service of their country. These are the traditions and memories of a very distant past. It has been reserved for us, in this later day and generation, to signalize our affection and remembrance for the lost brave, who fell in deadly conflict, by supporting with our care and protection, their forlorn survivors. This latter custom, so strikingly benevolent, which you have adopted, is the truest mode of propitiating the spirits, and consecrating the memories of our gallant dead. The contrast between the old idea and the new one is as marked and striking as the difference between the two civilizations. That enlarged spirit of charity that has begotten this modern virtue, which you can truly claim as your inheritance, is as broad as the land which we inhabit, and as diffuse as the air which we breathe. No state nor national lines hem it in; but it has become as utilitarian as the age in which we live, and almost universal.

It is under such auspices, and with such excellent intentions

that I believe your Association has been formed. And who is there that can find fault with the noble work of charity, in which you have enlisted, and are now zealously engaged?

Is political intolerance so insatiable, that it should seek revenge upon its victim after death? Or fanaticism so implacable as to extinguish the eternal fires of charity that burn forever around the cemeteries of the dead? Well might this nation join the world's chorus in chanting the poet's anthem:

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner over the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave."

National monuments, erected to celebrate actions won in civil strife, are national stigmas; and while a brave, though vanquished people, can turn with respect and sadness to the marble tenements that whiten the hillsides of Gettysburg, where the bones of a thousand warriors lie, a nation's tears will scarce avail to efface the stain upon the memorial, that the brave and unfortunate Confederate was there left, neglected, to die. It is the instinct of a generous humanity, to honor the dead; and the brave, always and above all, deserve praise. Who is there so mean as to begrudge the poor widow, because her hero, the joy of her heart, and his country's hope, fell fighting in a jacket of gray, and in death rolled his vacant eyes to catch a glimpse of the bright sheen of the sword of Lee? Or, who would deny to the orphan girl his sympathy and succor, because her father or brother was slain in the ranks, while led by the immortal Jackson, as he rolled back the tumultuous tide of battle from the heights of Richmond? Neither nature's instincts, nor nature's laws enjoin the indulgence of so selfish a sentiment as this. Nor would we, for a moment, envy those whom a nation has taken under its especial care and guardianship, the widows and orphans of those who fell in the Blue; nor covet, for an instant, the treasure that is poured from a nation's vaults to sustain and com-

fort them in their desolation. But to whom can the poor Confederate widow appeal for relief? Denied by the government, and disregarded by the State, whither must she turn, if it be not to the outpourings of private charity? Charity that surpasseth all virtue; that like the gentle dew upon the flower, refreshing where it falls, and is as radiant as the joy it imparts, and the joy it receives.

In drawing the curtain over the past, and silencing the animosities engendered by war, we are not expected to do violence to our nature, and sacrifice emotions like these. There are pledges bequeathed to us that must not be forgotten. Though the garden has been left wild, there are roses here and there that need the gardener's care and fostering attention. In this beautiful sphere of charity:

*"Lastly, softly, beautiful as music's close,
Angelic woman into beauty rose."*

I have only to look around me to witness the evidences of her kindness, and the good fruits of her zeal and Christian piety. I behold the success of her inspired efforts, in the enlarged proportions of this institution, which, beginning two years ago from nothing, now opens a home of comfort and happiness to many a stricken one. I see it in the gladdened countenances of many, who have assembled on this anniversary, to commemorate the good work in which woman has been engaged, and to do honor to her virtues. Let political prejudice assail your motives, or the selfish and narrow-minded disparage your undertaking, a breath can unmake, as a breath has made. The ladies who preside over this praiseworthy Association may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of having helped to assuage the sorrows of the unfortunate, and to lift up the afflicted, and realize that most serene content which flows from the consciousness of having done a good action, in rearing and promoting this most excellent and charitable institution.

ADDRESS
TO BISHOP PERSICO ON THE EVE OF HIS
DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

BISHOP PERSICO—RIGHT REVEREND SIR:—The clergy and laity of this diocese have been forced to realize, with emotions of the profoundest regret, that your laborious and useful mission amongst them is about to close. The summons that has called you to another and wider sphere of ministerial duty, terminates your labors among a people bound to you by ties of the purest amity. Relations must soon be severed, as sacred as the ministry you have dignified by your character, and adorned by your talents.

Before parting with you, it is their desire, in union with, and under the auspices and sanction of the Catholic Institute, to make an expression (feeble though it be) of their feelings on this occasion, and to testify their appreciation of your valuable services, and their everlasting gratitude for the zeal and devotion you have displayed in ministering to their spiritual wants. You came into this community a stranger; you leave behind you hosts of sincere and admiring friends, upon whose hearts have been indelibly stamped the image of your noble virtues, the soft impression of your finer qualities, and the memory of your pious example. You came bearing the cross of the humble missionary, with mitre and golden crozier studded with gems and precious stones, the gifts of Eastern princes, bestowed as a reward for your heroic sacrifices and Christian achievements, in a dis-

tant and heathen land. You bear off with you a greater prize—fresh and enduring laurels, won in the cause of Catholic truth and unity, in the full blaze of the progress of the American Church in this enlightened nineteenth century—a bright exemplar of the good and holy missionary of Christ's Church, covered with the panoply of faith, with heart fired with love and charity for all mankind; penetrating the wilderness and the pathless desert, and guiding the footsteps of her pilgrim children by the ever-radiant beams of that Church which excites him to further conquests, and opens to his entranced vision new fields of toil and glory for the salvation of souls. With characteristic humility, you, for a while, laid aside the Episcopal robes, and in the humble garb of a priest, went abroad among our people wherever there was a soul to be converted, or the consolations of the Church were needed by the faithful. Your efforts for the diffusion of a better knowledge of the principles of our religion, enforced by your example, have been attended with signal success in South Carolina. In places remote from this See, where the glimmering embers of the faith were slumbering in their bed; by your presence and persuasive eloquence its flame has been rekindled, and burns again as bright as ever. In hearts that were sterile, you have sown the seeds of a new life, and the fruits of Catholic love and piety have sprung up from this newly opened soil. Religious indifference, ripening in some instances almost into infidelity, you have successfully combated; and by contact and the force of holy communion, the light of your faith has dispelled the darkness which was gradually overshadowing others. The friend of youth and patron of education, you have encouraged every rising virtue, checked each budding vice in the one, and by your endowments as a scholar, stimulated every enterprise for the other. You have personified the good shepherd, whose voice, cheering and comforting like the soft music of the swain's pipe, is heard at evening's twilight close,

amid the bleating of the flock returning home. A volunteer soldier of the cross, you appeared among a people having no claim upon you, and subordinating yourself to the command of the superior of this diocese, with a self-abnegation only equalled by your modesty and fervent piety, you have nourished with your prayers and your care the tree of our Church, whose most vigorous stem was planted on Carolina soil by the venerated and beloved England; sustained by the faithful and enterprising Reynolds; and which has grown and flourished under the patronage of our renowned Diocesan Bishop, Lynch. The genial warmth of your social intercourse has frequently enlivened the Catholic circle, and the charm of your influence will forever cling to those who have come under its sway. Those to whom you have personally ministered, and supported with your advice and consolation in the hour of adversity, will never fail to cherish the remembrance of your kindness. Your name and good deeds will ever be associated in their minds, and identified with the good pastor. Your removal seems to revive more forcibly the conviction, how fleeting and transitory are all human arrangements and calculations. We had begun to regard and claim you as our own; but a higher power has rescinded our appropriation.

To-day you are present with us, receiving and interchanging our sympathies, under the shadow of the mouldering ruins of our once beautiful cathedral; a few days hence, and you will stand beneath the dome of the Vatican in company with mitred bishops and abbots from every quarter of the globe, surrounded by all the insignia and glory of Christianity, and in the presence of the good father of all the faithful. Our prayers for your personal safety attend you in your journey; our highest and most virtuous aspirations will continue to ascend to the Throne of Grace, for the glory and perfection of your new and more enlarged future mission.

In taking leave of you permit me, on behalf of the Cath-

olics of Charleston, to present you with a small collection, the offerings of their charity, as an inadequate but genuine token of their esteem and friendship. Little significance is to be attached to its intrinsic value; but as a tribute of the homage and respect paid by loving hearts, I am sure you will prize and cherish the testimonial. In conclusion, all we have to ask of you, in your journey through life, are your prayers and your benediction.

A PROTEST
AGAINST ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF THE PAPAL
STATES DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE
CATHOLICS OF CHARLESTON,
DECEMBER 9TH, 1870.

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP AND FELLOW-CATHOLICS OF CHARLESTON:—Under the auspices of the invitation from the Right Reverend Bishop of Charleston, we have convened, not to discuss questions of differences of religion, nor to manifest any apprehension or anxiety for the supremacy and prosperity of God's Church, amid the trials and difficulties which now beset his Holy Vicar; but to express our sorrow and indignation at the blow, which has just been delivered against justice and international right—against law and public morality, by a King but of yesterday—against the most ancient establishment in Europe. A dynasty that connects its origin with the humble fisherman of Galilee, and is coeval with the destruction of Paganism at Rome, and the overthrow of barbarism in Europe; "which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre." A kingdom that is not of this world alone, but sanctioned and supported by the Court of Heaven, has been sacrilegiously invaded and overturned by a neighboring power set up but yesterday, by Kings, the origin of whose title is within the memory of men now living. This act of spoliation and wrong has not

been done at the bidding, nor in the interest of the toiling millions, nor has it been the result of the natural and general uprising of the masses. It is but the momentary triumph of might against right. A sudden change that has been forcibly wrought, not to maintain or extend the principles of rational Liberty—not to put down a tyrant and oppressor, but a causeless, unprovoked war for selfish aggrandizement, waged by an armed Prince against an unarmed Bishop and Sovereign.

As the voice of the nations was heard aloud protesting against the ruthless dismemberment of Poland, and in sympathy with Greece, fettered and trampled by the Turk; so do we, now, lift our voices in union with two hundred millions of Catholics throughout Christendom, in denunciation of this flagrant act of fraud and violence.

We can suffer awhile, justly cherishing as no delusive phantom of hope, but as a sober truth, which time will verify, the prediction, that there will be a Pope in the chair of Peter, at the head of Rome, when Victor Emmanuel has ceased to be King of Italy.

PROTEST AND RESOLUTION.

We, the Catholics of Charleston, have learned with feelings of sorrow and indignation that the Government of the Kingdom of Italy, during the month of September last, consummated the iniquitous course towards the Holy See, which it entered on some years ago. Having, at various dates, seized, by force of arms, portion after portion of the territory of the States of the Church, it was arrested for a time by the cry of indignation from the Catholic world; a cry which the Government of France claimed the exclusive honor of upholding, and making good by the force of arms. The Kingdom of Italy, by the solemn obligations of a treaty with France, entered into in September, 1864, bound itself not to attack the remaining territory of the Holy

See, and not to connive at, or instigate, or allow any attack. This obligation was avowed by the King, Victor Emmanuel, by the Ministry, by the Italian Parliament, and by the Italian Ambassador at Paris. As late as August last it was reiterated and confirmed. Yet in September, in open and flagrant violation of this plighted faith, and of this solemn international obligation, an overwhelming force of the Italian army was marched into the Pontifical territory, took town after town, and, finally assaulted, bombarded and captured the City of Rome; and the Italian Government, scarcely heeding the ridiculous farce of a plebiscite, in which Italian soldiers and strangers that came in with them voted as they pleased, while the respectable portion, in fact, over two-thirds of the citizens of Rome, abstained in disgust from the polls, has proceeded to annex to the Kingdom of Italy the City of Rome, and the small remnant of his former territory, which, since the previous seizures, and until then, had remained to the Sovereign Pontiff. It has pained our hearts to know that the venerable and saintly Pius IX. is now virtually a prisoner in the Vatican; that Italian soldiers stand on guard before the vestibule; that, in more than one instance, those who entered or came out have been questioned or searched; that, in the Quirinal Palace the doors of his private apartments have been forced; the rooms ransacked, and his personal property seized; that riotous crowds have been gathered on the square to insult, by violence and coarse clamors, his gray hairs, and his sacred character; that the new officials in the post-office have tampered with, delayed, and, it is believed, have suppressed letters reaching Rome, and to be sent from the city; that already the preliminary steps are being taken for the suppression and destruction of religious, charitable and educational institutions; and the confiscation, by the Italian Government, or the robbery by individuals, of the accumulated treasures of art, and of the ecclesiastical and charitable property in Rome—a property, in some measure, belonging

to the entire Catholic world. For it arose, not from the fruits of Roman industry or Roman commerce. It sprang from the donations, which, for so many centuries, pious Catholics throughout the world have loved to give for the splendor and decoration of churches, and the dignity of divine worship; for munificent works of charity, and for highest education in a city dear to all, because it was the See of St. Peter and his successors, the centre of Catholic Unity; and, in some measure, the common patrimony of all the faithful—the more so that, to this character, and to the loving care of the whole Church, and to these alone, Rome owes her escape from the fate which befell Alba Loanga, Tusculum, and the neighboring cities of the Campagna; which have so utterly perished that, in some cases, their very sites are now matters of archaeological controversy.

Our reverence for the venerable Pontiff, our sense of justice and right, the conviction that by these acts our religion is assailed and our rights are invaded, our fear of the results that may follow—all lead us to unite with our brethren in the faith throughout the world, and with all lovers of justice and order, in publicly reprobating this iniquitous deed. Especially in these United States, where we can speak clearly and plainly, without any governmental influence or interference, it is fitting that the Catholic heart should speak out boldly, and with no uncertain sound.

We protest, therefore, against this attack on the States of the Church, and the seizure and occupation of the City of Rome and the Ecclesiastical territory, first, in the name of Justice. The States of the Church constituted a separate and independent government, by far the oldest and most venerable in Europe. It had originally been established, not by conquest of violence, but, under Divine Providence, by the act of the people themselves, who sought freedom and peace, and escape from the evils that harassed and the dangers that menaced them, where alone it

seemed freedom and peace could be found. Neglected, left without sufficient protection, at times practically abandoned by the Emperors of Constantinople, they were incessantly preyed on by Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Huns, Vandals, Lombards and other barbarians. They saw the cruel Attila, "the scourge of God," turn back before the admonitions of a Roman Pontiff; there was some mitigation to the threatened cruelties of Genseric and Attila, through the same paternal and powerful influence. They found that the Lombards, distrusting the wiles of imperial diplomacy, would not listen to the words or rely on the promises of envoys from Constantinople, and refused to make treaties, save with the Bishops of Rome, whom they honored and trusted. Hence, step by step, and by a course of events lasting through several ages, the civil government of the States of the Church was gradually established, the civil power and protection of the Roman Pontiff being ever spontaneously and earnestly invited, sought and hailed, as the surest guarantee of peace and safety, in those troublous times. To this most legitimate and natural origin, this government added the unique title of eleven centuries of existence. Its boundaries in A. D. 780 were almost identical with those of A. D. 1860. It sought not conquests from its neighbors. Its internal government was mild and paternal. Not to go back beyond the last two hundred years of its existence, the only charge that could be made against it, with any show of reason, was that it leaned too much to the side of mercy, and might, with advantage, have used more sternness in the punishment of criminals. Especially under the long pontificates of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., industry was encouraged, education, both high and elementary, was fostered, justice was accessible to the poorest, charitable provision was ample for the indigent and the sick, private property was secure, and the taxation was the lightest in Europe. The population, under this government, was quiet, orderly and happy. They wished for

no change. There was no trouble save such as might be stirred up by emissaries from abroad. The refusal of the population of the cities and towns and of the country to unite with Garibaldi, in his campaign against Rome in 1867, and the obstinate and faithful bravery with which the native soldiery of the Roman States fought against him, and contributed their full share to his utter defeat, drew from him, and from his associates, ample acknowledgment of this fact, in the shape of bitter and venomous reproaches. The same spirit has been shown this year. Not one Roman soldier deserted his flag. Not one official betrayed his post, or went forth voluntarily to welcome the invader, whose coming, on the contrary, brought fear and sorrow and dismay everywhere.

That a government so legitimately established, so legitimately existing, so carefully fulfilling its duties at home, and so scrupulously avoiding any just cause of offense to its neighbors should, without any cause given, or even alleged to be given, without any declaration of war, and in direct violation of a treaty solemnly made, be invaded and seized, and its territory annexed by a neighboring power, only because that power wishes to do so, and is strong enough to do it, is an act of barbarism and an outrage on international law, against which we protest in the name of justice. If one nation can thus utterly disregard a treaty, the moment the other contracting power is unable to enforce its observance—if it can overpower and take possession of the territory of another whenever it has the physical power and the desire; can there be justice, trust, friendship or mutual obligations of treaties, or of international law between nations? If might so completely makes right, as to authorize a government to seize at will the territory of a weaker power, on what ground can we condemn the individual, who applies the same broad principles to his own case; and because he is strong enough, or artful enough to defy, or to escape the courts of his country, dares to follow the

example set before him in high places, and appropriates to himself the goods of his neighbor? Or, if a nation may plead the "Fait accompli" as a justification of a misdeed, why should not the criminal brought before the court be allowed to plead it also to avoid punishment? Therefore, in the name of Justice, which should guide both men and nations, we protest against and denounce the iniquitous act of the Italian Government.

We protest against it in the name of Christian civilization. It was this Government of Rome, which, more than any other, and more than all other agencies together, preserved and handed down to modern times the light of ancient classic civilization—which, during the middle ages, battled unceasingly with heathenism, barbarism, ignorance and violence—which brought social order out of savage chaos, and taught the nations of Europe to respect truth and law, more than brute force and rapacity—which hailed the dawn of modern literature, and has ever since carefully cherished its growth, and sought to develop it in every branch, and which has ever held the first place as the fostering patron of arts and science. As a Government, it was the only one in Europe which held and openly avowed that the laws of God and of right were sacred principles, never to be violated, for the sake of political expediency. It made no wars of ambition or conquest. At home, it sought to cherish peace and prosperity.

Abroad, it sought, by example and exhortation, to reconcile enmities, and to promote peace and justice, between nations and men. When such a government is wantonly and unjustly overthrown, and overthrown under the circumstances which mark this act, we protest against the outrage committed as an injury to the cause of civilization.

We protest against it as Christians. The real power which has brought about this act is the revolutionary "Party of Action," as they sometimes style themselves; the followers and successors, or, rather, the continuation of the party which, during the reign

of terror of the French Revolution, sought to dethrone the Almighty, to extirpate Christianity and to crush out religion; and which, instead, placed on the desecrated altar of a church a woman of vice and honored her and hailed her as the Goddess of Reason. The present avowed and acknowledged leaders of that party in Italy openly proclaim the same intense hatred of Christianity, and they stigmatize a belief in Divine Revelation and the sweet yoke of religion as an incubus of superstition, oppressing and degrading mankind; and they proclaim their purpose of destroying it by whatever means they can. They avow that for forty years, chiefly under the lead of Mazzini, they have worked through secret societies banded together, and by every artful means, to reach success, and they exultingly boast that now success is near at hand. Victor Emmanuel, in the letter which he wrote to His Holiness immediately before marching his troops into the Pontifical territory, plainly intimated that he was urged on by fear of what his party might do if he abstained. The act, which he consented to do, and against which we protest, was intended by its prime movers as a direct blow against the cause of Christianity; they look on it, and have planned it as one step toward their ultimate purpose of eradicating from the minds of men all belief in Divine Revelation, and imbuing them, instead, with the principles of unbelief and infidelity, which, by an abuse of words, they boastingly term the foundation of true liberty. As Catholics, and in the name of Christianity, we earnestly protest against it.

We protest against it with equal earnestness as opposed to the Freedom of Religion. It would place the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, under the head of a civil government, which would claim the right of taking cognizance of his acts and words; and would have at hand the means of enforcing that claim whenever it saw fit, and by such pains and penalties as it judged proper to use.

History shows, only too clearly, that civil governments are

very seldom deterred by scruples from attempting to control, and to use for their own purposes, obsequious ministers of religion. They will restrain them, or punish them as traitors, if, on the contrary, their ecclesiastical action does not conform to the policy or the mandates of their rulers for the time being. Caesar is not contented with the things that are Caesar's; he would grasp also the things that are God's. Thus it was that under the heathen Emperors of Rome, during the first three centuries of Christianity, of thirty-three Popes, twenty-nine suffered martyrdom. The Emperors cared little for the mere doctrines and practices of our holy religion, as they cared little for the countless religions of the nations which Rome had subjugated, every one of which had its temple or its fane in that city. But they would not brook the presence of a Pontiff having authority over the minds and consciences of millions, who held and taught that there was a Divine law of truth and duty not subject to the Emperor's will.

The same principle still exists in modern governments. The Czar of Russia proclaimed himself the head of the Russian Greek Church, and sends an officer of his army to preside in his name at the meetings of the Holy Synod, where his will is Law. And his tyrannical enactments for the last three years toward the Greek Ruthenian Catholics, unfortunately in his dominions, prove how completely he looks on religion as but one phase of State policy. The Greek Patriarch of Constantinople has fallen to be a mere puppet of the Turkish Court. Its permission must be sought, or, rather, purchased, to elect a particular individual to the office of Patriarch. When elected, he holds the office at its good pleasure, and is ejected for any frivolous reason—often for no other reason than that some other one desires the dignity, and is prepared with a sufficient bribe. It was natural that, when Greece had gained her independence, the Greek Christians of that kingdom should throw off all spiritual subjection to the Patriarch, and establish an independent Holy Synod.

Even in Catholic countries the same spirit has shown itself. Josephism in Austria, Febronianism in Germany and Northern Italy, and Gallicanism in France, all originated in the efforts of the civil governments to subject the Church to their political policy. Nay, in our own country, where religion and politics are studiously kept apart, have we not known parties to seek the seeming support of religion, and to find strong allies in ministers who are prevailed upon to preach politics?

It would be stultifying ourselves to dream that a civil Government, having the Sovereign Pontiff in its power, would refrain from using all means of cajolery and fraud, or from surrounding him with false friends and bribed advisers, if so he might be misguided. Wise and faithful counsellors who might stand in the way would, if necessary, be removed from his side; promises, menaces and every available means would be used to bend him, if possible, to political views and interests; and to render him as weak and subservient as other prelates here and there have sometimes been unfortunately found to be.

We know that, although others may fail, the successor of St. Peter is preserved from failing. The Saviour said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And again: "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren."

No matter what trials may come, the successor of St. Peter will be strengthened to stand firm and true to the duties and responsibilities of his high office. And whether he be, as now, a prisoner in his palace, surrounded by hostile bayonets; or, like St. Peter, lie immured in a dungeon, or like many of his predecessors, wander in exile, far from his See, the Catholic world will ever revere him as the Vicar of Christ, and the visible head on earth of His divinely established Church; and will revere him the

more, as by these sufferings he is seen to walk more closely in the footsteps of Him who bore His cross to the summit of Calvary.

But, although trials and persecution may purify, they are trials, and are painful; and it is our duty to seek and to pray for peace and tranquillity. We claim for the Sovereign Pontiff exemption from these snares and trials, to which the attempt of the Italian Government would inevitably subject him. In his official capacity, having intimate and conscientious relations with the children of the Catholic Church, scattered throughout the world, he needs the fullest freedom from such embarrassments, and we claim it for him.

We claim it also as needful for our own religious liberty and peace. We are Catholics, and have the right to be such. We have the right to approach the common father of the faithful, and to communicate with him freely, and to consult him in our religious affairs. This is a sacred right, bound up with the very essence of our religion—one that we cannot dream of surrendering. It has been freely admitted, and freely exercised, ever since those early times when persecution ceased. The very first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, withdrew from Rome to Byzantium, and Rome has never since been the residence of an Emperor or King, who could claim precedence over the Pontiff, and the authority or power to supervise and control the Head of the Church. After enjoying this right for more than fifteen centuries, the Catholic world is not prepared, in this nineteenth century, to see Victor Emmanuel, or any other civil power, quietly glide in to infringe it or to take it away. We claim the right still to approach the holy father freely, and not to be stopped at his vestibule by the soldiers of this intruding power, and allowed to enter only on condition that our persons and our business are not unsatisfactory to them.

Our thoughts go further, and we discern still other difficul-

ties. It is not impossible that ere many months all Europe may be plunged into a general war. The nations may be gathered together in two opposing hosts. Italy may join one side or the other. During that war how could the Catholics in those nations to which Italy would stand opposed be able to communicate with the Pontiff under the rule of the King of Italy? Would not an effort to do so be looked on at home as an effort to communicate with an alien enemy? If one came in person, would he not make himself liable to the penalties of martial law as a spy or as an enemy if seized in Rome or within the Italian dominions? A similar difficulty would arise whenever Italy, justly or unjustly, would engage in war with any nation of Europe. The embarrassment would be intolerable to the consciences and minds of the children of the Church. They cannot consent that their religion should be thus practically enslaved and manacled by the caprices or made subject to the variable fortunes of any civil power. It must be free as it has been hitherto.

In the name of freedom of religion—that the Sovereign Pontiff, in the exercise of his religious authority, may not be trammelled or hindered by the arts and wiles of politicians, and that in our intercourse with him we may be free from their suspicions and their annoyances, and not be hindered by their political interests or designs—we earnestly protest against this unwarranted invasion of a sacred, ancient and most important right.

Finally, we protest against it in the name of the civilized world, against whose peace and national freedom it would be a standing menace.

The statesman, whether he believe in Divine Revelation or be an infidel; whether a Catholic or a Protestant; must recognize the fact that the Catholic Church does exist, and will continue to exist in the civilized world. Many efforts have been made in times past to crush and destroy her. They have all failed. She has survived them, and is as strong to-day, if not stronger, than

in any past age, and she numbers in her fold over two hundred millions of Catholics. Of this Church the Bishop of Rome is the head and chief pastor. Every word he speaks is reverently heard, and sinks into the hearts and minds of these millions of the faithful. He thus wields a moral power without example in the world, and far exceeding any physical power of civil governments. It was with a deep sense and a characteristic military appreciation of the grandeur of this power, that the great Napoleon instructed the ambassador whom he was sending to Pius VII., then in the weakest days of his temporal power, to treat His Holiness "as if he had two hundred thousand soldiers." Napoleon ranked the Pontiff as equal to the strongest powers of Europe. To-day, in the altered condition of things, he would say "five hundred thousand soldiers." This immense moral power of the Pope the statesman may admire or may dislike, but he must admit its existence, and must give it its place and its due value when making his political calculations.

Now the Pontiff must be either a Sovereign, as heretofore, ruling the States of the Church, or a subject, as Victor Emmanuel would make him. If a subject, then he owes a subject's duty, allegiance. The better and truer Christian he is, the more earnestly and faithfully will he fulfill that duty. By it, he would be bound to promote the welfare and to forward the interest of his own nation, to carry out the policy and to obey the commands of the Government he is under, so far as the laws of God are not violated. Just as a good clergyman is bound to use all his influence over his flock, to promote good order, and the faithful observance of law; so the Pontiff would be bound, as far as he could and stopped by the law of God, to use all his influence in favor of his country and Government, in every legitimate way, at home and abroad.

Would any government in the civilized world feel safe in allowing another government to possess and hold under its ex-

clusive control, so vast a power? Would Prussia, or Austria, or France, meekly allow Victor Emmanuel to wield a power not restricted in its influence to his own dominions, but felt also in theirs, with a force greater than that of a vast army? It is a question which goes out beyond the sphere of religion, and which, as the world goes, and political aspirations would assuredly ever strive to shape it, must enter into the domain of national interests and national independence. Not even Protestant England could consent to it. She would act again, as she did in 1814, when she sent a military guard of honor to conduct the Sovereign Pontiff in triumph back to Rome; and when in the Congress of Vienna, her ambassadors insisted most earnestly that, in the reconstruction of Europe, it was absolutely necessary that the States of the Church should be replaced in their previous condition, under the sovereignty of the Holy Father.

Doubtless, many a government would rejoice to possess and to be served and supported by a faithful subject of such immense power. But no other civilized nation would or could safely allow it. The position would inevitably give rise to suspicions, jealousies, jarring interests, and ever recurring wars—the more bitter, because religion would ever be more or less mixed up with the questions and interests involved.

Even before men became conscious of the difficulties and dangers, provision has been made to avoid them. Under the dispensation of Divine Providence, which watches over and protects the Church, and guides the hearts of men; while the shattered fragments of the mighty Roman Empire were crystallizing into the nations of mediaeval and modern Europe with the rival and jarring interests and purposes; the Bishop of Rome found himself the sovereign of a small portion of Italy, just large enough to exist by itself, and independently, and too small to be a cause of fear or of jealousy to other nations. By this arrangement—the natural growth of events, rather than the deed

of man's distinct purpose,—the world-wide problem received its only possible solution. The Pontiff can stand aloof from the political questions of nations, and be in nowise mixed up with their ever-recurring wars. Even amid the din of arms, while wars rage for years, he can freely communicate in matters of religion with his children on either side of the contest, and they with him, without violating the laws or betraying the interests of their own country.

So long as the world is divided into various nationalities and kingdoms—rivals in peace and in war; so long as the Catholic Church exists, and the Bishop of Rome is her head, her chief bishop, and the centre of her ecclesiastical unity and authority; so long will it be necessary, and for the common good of all, that Rome and the states of the Church stand apart as a neutral territory, where no other civil sovereign than the Sovereign Pontiff shall reign. The peace of the world, no less than the interests of religion and the welfare of conscience claiming freedom in the exercise of religion, imperatively demand it. In this matter, we will speak in the well-considered words of our brethren of Baltimore.

“The principle which lies at the basis of this time-honored, world-wide jurisprudence, is precisely that which was subsequently adopted by the founders of our own great republic; who, wisely ordained that a small independent district should be marked out, and set apart from the territory of the States, exempt from all State influence and control, as the seat of the General Government, and administered for the benefit of all.

“The District of Columbia is neutral, and in some sense, sacred soil, belonging to no particular State, but the common property of all the States. This provision was wisely made, in order to render the action of the General Government free and untrammelled by particular State influence, which would nec-

essarily have the tendency to hamper its action, and to beget mistrust as to its freedom.

"As between the District of Columbia in its relation to the United States, and the Papal Territory in its relation to the United States of Christendom, the principle is the same, and the parallelism is complete. And if the States of Maryland, Virginia, or any other State or States, availing themselves of a crisis favorable to their purpose, should invade and hold forcible possession of the District of Columbia, in violation of our settled jurisprudence, and for their own selfish purpose; the indignation which would burst forth throughout the land, would be an echo of that which now breaks forth throughout all Christendom, on account of the sacrilegious invasion of the Papal States.

"And our confidence in the good sound sense and even-handed justice of our fellow-citizens, of all classes and denominations, is such as to inspire us with the fullest certainty, that all fair and impartial men will be drawn to sympathize with us in the calamity, which has temporarily befallen our Church in its visible head. In the nature of things the calamity can be but transitory, just as in the hypothetical invasion of the District of Columbia. The United States of Christendom will redress this grievance as promptly, and as indignantly as would the United States of America redress the other in the parallel case!"

This is not the first time the temporal sovereignty of the Pope has been assailed. Twenty years ago Pius IX. was an exile in Gaeta, while Mazzini and Garibaldi boasted that they had crushed out the Papacy, and had established an enduring Republic in Rome. The Romans prayed for deliverance from their tyrannical rule of terror, violence, robbery, and assassination, and deliverance came to gladden them. Forty years before that, Pius VII. was the prisoner of Napoleon I. in France, and

the States of the Church had been militarily seized by him, and annexed to the great French Empire. Ten years before that, Pius VI. was dying a prisoner in Valence, and in Rome the Tyberine Republic was dragging out a feeble and sickly existence, under the wing, and subservient to the will of the French Republic. These attempts, each at the time more formidable in appearance than the present one, came to naught; as similar attempts, made a score of times in preceding ages, by ambition or turbulence, however apparently triumphant in the outset, never failed at last to bring grief and disaster to those that attempted the sacrilege.

The present attempt must and will ultimately fail, as all preceding ones have utterly failed. We note the fact, with satisfaction, that no nation has as yet sanctioned or even recognized it. No government has as yet withdrawn, its ambassador or minister from Rome, as if the Pontiff had de jure, lost his temporal power. It may indeed be, that during the convulsions into which Europe appears to be sinking, even this may yet be done. But it can only be for a time. God, in His wise providence, may allow the children of the church, and even the chief pastor to be sorely tried for a season. He will not deliver over His holy religion and His church to be the footstool or the plaything of the kings of earth, or converted into a weapon of crafty and unscrupulous politicians.

And while we earnestly pray to Him, as is fitting, to sustain and protect His Church, and to restore to the Sovereign Pontiff his ancient and inalienable rights; and while we have the fullest confidence that in His own good time He will vouchsafe to do so, we also deem it proper now to unite with the two hundred millions of our fellow Catholics throughout the world, and to raise our voices as men and as Catholics, in union with theirs, to condemn the action of the Italian Government against the venerable and saintly Pontiff, and in him, against our Church and ourselves.

We protest against it, as a flagrant violation of the sacred and fundamental principles of justice and international law; as a dishonor to civilization, as practically intended to be an assault on Divine Revelation; as a violence done to the freedom of the religion of more than two hundred millions of Catholics, as well as by throwing trammels around the legitimate and free action of the head of our church, as likewise by giving rise to difficulties and embarrassments which may, at any time, impede or restrict our action in communicating with him, and may not, unfrequently absolutely arrest it. And finally, as a perpetual and serious danger to the peace and tranquillity of all Christendom.

We, therefore, the Catholics of the several congregations of the City of Charleston, in general meeting assembled, have

Resolved—That the invasion of the Papal Territory, and the overthrow of the Government of His Holiness, and the usurpation of his civil sovereignty by Victor Emmanuel, were, and are against right and justice, against the faith of treaties, a manifold violation of all rights of religion and religious liberty, and are outrages against the civilized world.

Resolved—That the circumstances of the case, and magnitude of the interests, both religious and political, involved in it, and endangered by it, would justify the intervention of all Christian nations in favor of the restoration of His Holiness to his Sovereign Rights.

The protest and resolutions having been read, seconded, and adopted, Mr. O'Connor asked leave to offer the following, which was adopted:

Resolved—The Protest and Resolutions, having been received as the sense of the Catholics of this community: that on behalf of those assembled, the Right Reverend Bishop, the Secretaries of this meeting, and the Pastors of the several congregations of this city, together with one member from each

congregation, to be appointed by the respective pastors, be authorized and directed to sign the protest. That the Bishop be requested to communicate the same to the Pastors, or Ecclesiastical Superiors of Parishes or Districts within the Diocese outside of this city, for the purpose of obtaining their adhesion to the sentiments it expresses; and that the whole proceedings be transmitted under the signet of the Bishop, as a testimonial of our affection, sympathy, and devotion to the Holy Father at Rome.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT AUGUSTA, GA., MARCH 17TH, 1870.

GENTLEMEN of the Hibernian Benevolent Society and Fellow-Citizens of Georgia: Fifteen centuries have rolled away, since the Irish people emerged from the darkness of pagan idolatry and the ignorance of Eastern superstition, into the new light of Christian civilization. It was about the year 465 that Ireland's great apostle and patron saint, the herald of this new dispensation, the promulgator of this new polity, closed his earthly labors; and looking down from his sacred eminence at Armagh, he beheld the land flourishing with the fruits of this miraculous conversion.

Such an event, so marvellous in its character, so fraught with good to the destinies of mankind, resembling the liberation of God's chosen people from the bondage of Egypt, and their escape from Pharaoh's host through the Valley of the Red Sea, justly marks an epoch and points a moral in the history of this truly wonderful people. It dates the genesis of a new nation, the regeneration of an ancient and enslaved race.

To-day, from a thousand altars are ascending praises to the Most High, and the solemn chants that resound from as many choirs are taken up by millions of voices around the extended circumference, until the choruses of religious music are blended with the melody of national song. To-day the sons of Erin meet and rejoice on the banks of the Savannah; to-day they hunt the shamrock beneath the snows of the Arctic and under the sands of the Equator; to-day they flaunt their immortal Green,

which proudly waves in every land and upon every sea beside the colors of every power. The celebration of this day, widening with each returning demonstration, extending its circle with the increase of Ireland's exodus, is like some mighty procession sweeping down the aisle of the centuries and recruiting its ranks from all the nations to the farthest ends of the earth. What nation has ever perpetuated a custom through so many ages with so much distinction, honor and renown?

The lives of great men furnish a theme of commemoration for those who come after them—indulged to-day, forgotten to-morrow. Celebrated actions won in national strife and civic achievements, the ornaments of civilized States, have been preserved in storied urn, and recorded in marble and brass; but monuments enduring even as these have, in the lapse of the ages through which we this day go back, perished and moldered into decay. Marathon and Platea, Salamis and Thermopylae, Cannae's carnage and Waterloo's dreadful rout, are but the schoolboy's tale, the dream of an hour. The Fourth of July, the feast of America's famous declaration, is "fast fading, like a glimmering landscape on the sight," and fewer and fewer are the pilgrims that wend their way to the Mecca of America, to pour out their oblations at the tomb of our own and beloved Washington. Anniversaries such as these, with all their proud historic recollections and heraldic precedence, may pass away, but the morning star of Erin's glory, which this day burst forth in her firmament and blazed with Christian effulgence, will ever be saluted by the scattered sons of the Emerald Isle from the rising to the setting of the sun. Love of country is a distinguishing trait of the Irish character, that sentiment that is called patriotism—and which can only exist where truth, honor and sincerity prevail. In all the wanderings of that oppressed and expatriated people, that true filial devotion to the land of their nativity, has never been wanting, and with what tender emotion

and deep pathos may not the poor emigrant, as he toils his lonely way westward over the rugged slopes of the Oregon, looking back to old Ireland, pour forth this day the lament of his country's bard:

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet where'er thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever I roam."

Space has not been able to overcome, nor time to subdue this spirit. Chilled by no foreign atmosphere, but communicating its genial warmth by alliance to other nationalities, like the vestal fires of old guarded by the immortal virgins, it has been kept ever alive and burning by the purity and chastity of her children.

In attempting to trace the origin of this small island in the West, history is lost in the twilight of fable, and the explorations of science swallowed up in the visions of man's imagination. It would seem as if what had once been a part of a whole and united country had been, by some sudden convulsion of nature, rent asunder from the main to let the surrounding waters pass through; or as if the vasty deep, in its throes, had upheaved from its stormy bed a hidden treasure, which, rising like a coral carved by Neptune's deities into beautiful form, and cresting the Western Atlantic, was planted by nature an eternal sentinel over the waves—an everlasting beacon to the world—vouchsafed by nature every blessing—cursed by man's iniquity alone.

Though the scourge of the persecutor has dimmed her green beauties, and the hand of the spoiler has ravaged her fields; though her valleys are filled with destitution, and famine, and misery stalk upon the moor; though her sons now are captive, and are weeping like the daughters of Israel by the waters of Babylon over the fall of Zion, still, O Erin, how soft and beauteous are thy skies! How lovely and romantic thy

hills! Her monuments and towers are as ancient as the Pyramids: her legends and traditions as old as the Druids. The line of her monarchs surpasses in antiquity, the proudest royal houses of Europe. She was renowned before the Saxon invaded Britain, or the Frank crossed the Rhine. From her secluded isolation she has beheld the Roman legions pass in triumph the gates of every capital in Europe, and her triumphant eagles, sustained by Agricola, waving over the wall of Antoninus. Grecian eloquence is no longer heard in the Acropolis at Athens, and the turbaned Turk now tramples the soil which shook with the thunders of Macedon. Peace reigns at Warsaw, and Polish independence sleeps forever; while Ireland, prolific in her children, constantly renewing her youth in the ubiquity of her progeny, is pregnant with vitality.

During the fifth century Rome had reached the zenith of her power and her glory. It was the Augustan age. Her arms and her arts had spread into every portion of the Eastern continent, and the monarchs of mighty kingdoms were dragging her triumphal chariots, laden with the spoils of conquest, over the Flaminian and Appian ways to the gates of the imperial city, to enrich her temples and adorn the palaces of her rulers. It was an age of learning, and the whole horizon glowed with the hues reflected by the accomplishments of the scholar. But the empire was destined soon to pass away. Luxury and vice bred corruption, corruption engendered and sharpened party animosity, and the sceptre fell from the Roman's hand. The close of this century was marked by the most terrible calamities to the west of Europe. The tide of barbaric invasion setting in from north of the Danube, began to roll its billows from the wilds of Transylvania, and the distant plains of Tartary. The tumultuous host rushing from the forests of Scandinavia, swept with a besom of destruction over the plains of Italy, submerging the temples of the new religion, and burying in their

track the monuments of Roman pride and Roman valor. "Sarmatia soon began to pour her thousands upon the South. Vandalic rage and Pannonian fury ravaged and desolated the west and centre. Very quickly the Saracen swept the east, and Moslem infatuation tore from Africa what the Goth had spared. Shrouded in her thick mantle, murky ignorance seemed to brood in stupid satisfaction over the widespread waste, and save where the sacred monastery had collected within its massy walls the wrecks of ancient genius, her empire was generally re-established." Ireland escaped the deluge, and reviving Europe turned to her for the materials out of which to reconstruct the shattered fabric of her society. She sends legislators to England and priests to Italy. She founds colleges in Germany, and art unions in Paris. She becomes the great pioneer of progress, the grand missionary of civilization, and snatching from the altars of the Triune God the torch of Christianity, she lights the world with the principles of an eternal and unchanging faith. Her priests penetrate into every zone—they blister their feet on the sands of Arabia; they confront the Saracen and chastise the heathen, rebuke the skeptic and indifferent, and animate and encourage by word and example, the timid and wavering. The tenacity with which the people of Ireland have, under all circumstances, clung to the religion of their fathers, is the shining mirror which reflects all their nobler virtues. This transcendent faith is the brilliant gem in the coronet of Ireland's glory.

"The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last—
And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay."

Passing over the three centuries that followed this outbreak, when the seclusion of Ireland from the rest of the world

had preserved her soil untouched by the foot of the invader, we arrive at a crisis in her history when it was her destiny to undergo a great and disastrous change. From the shores of the Baltic there soon began to issue a formidable tribe, who, after securing themselves in France, landed in Britain, and thence commenced a series of incursions into the interior of the island. They passed the Irish Channel, took possession and plundered her bays and harbors, and ravaged the entire coast. For more than three centuries they kept the whole island in a state of confusion and alarm, and by fomenting divisions among the people, even more than by wasting the internal strength of the kingdom, prepared the way for its final subjugation by the English. Dark and revolting as are the details of this period, marked with the worst excesses of foreign aggression, and still more deeply disgraced by the stain of domestic treachery and strife; there are bright spots on this dark page to relieve the eye of the reader of Irish history. The memorable field of Clontarf, which drank the blood of thousands of the brave defenders of Ireland, whose setting sun on Good Friday veiled in gloom the standards of Brien Boiroidhe, the brave Chief, looms out in history a monument of Irish valor, inscribed with the heroic deeds of her sons, and dedicated to the memory of the most illustrious of her race. The strength of the nation was destroyed with its unity, and she fell an easy prey to the rapacity of her neighbor.

Henry the Second effected the annexation of Ireland with England. The gates of Dublin Castle and Belfast Tower were opened to the royal intruder; and from that day forward, dark and more dark grows the catalogue of crimes that were perpetrated against that innocent and unoffending people. It is true that, as yet no laws had been enacted interfering with the rights of conscience, for then the same form of worship prevailed on either side of the Channel; but the day of religious

trial for Ireland was near at hand. The political grievances which the Irish people were compelled to suffer during the reign of the Plantagenets, were aggravated when the unprincipled and merciless Henry the Eighth ascended the English throne. To appease his wrath against Rome, and at the same time urging the plea of state necessity for his measures, he lit with his own hands the fires of religious persecution. The rights of conscience were subordinated to the prerogatives of the crown, and he blotted out in the blood of his subjects the principles of a free Church and a free State. He pretended as England's anointed, and God's vicegerent, to wield the powers of earth, and the thunders of heaven, and exacted of his subjects the homage that was due alone to the Great Creator of us all. The baleful fires of religious bigotry and intolerance lighted up the entire Kingdom, and when his imperious daughter, the haughty Elizabeth, England's proud Queen, seized the sceptre, the gates of Mercy were closed against mankind. It was made a crime to be a Catholic, and she selected as victims of her wrath the most venerable for their age, and the most renowned for their sanctity and wisdom from all ranks and classes of the people. Many of the ancient churches of Ireland were destroyed, and their tabernacles robbed of their sacred vessels. Those ancient stately cathedrals, gray with the moss of age, along whose vaulted roofs and groined arches once reverberated the grand symphonies of Palestrina, and the tender strains of the Miserere.

When the head of Charles the First rolled from the block, and England acknowledged the sway of the usurper, the fires of persecution burned fiercer, and Ireland was doomed to drink deeper than ever the cup of sorrow and humiliation. Her people were outlawed; driven into exile; sold into slavery; sent to Connaught; their bodies trampled by Cromwell's brutal dragoons, or carried on the spears of his savage pikemen. Terrible pic-

ture in the book of time, that sends a shudder through the generations that beheld it. Well might we join in the wail of her minstrel:

"But, alas for his country; her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

Irishmen of America! Native and adopted sons of the South, you who have made your habitations under the vine of Georgia, the remembrance of your recent heavy calamities and the experience of your present political degradation, must fill you with the profoundest emotion in reading the sad history of this nation's travail. Methinks I hear the tramp of hostile armies re-echoing from your now peaceful mountains. I see the giant of invasive warfare scattering his thunderbolts of destruction, and sweeping with his countless host over the devoted plains of Georgia. I see Rome burning; Atlanta in flames, and Savannah humbled to the dust—from Lookout Mountain to the Ogeechee, a deep furrow has ploughed your fields, marked at every step by ruin and desolation. Foremost in the fight I see the gay plume of the immortal Patrick Cleburne in the light wind dancing, as surrounded by the Old Guard of the Commonwealth, he bravely stems the tide of battle, that is dashing against the gates of Atlanta. The shades of Bartow, Cobb and Polk are passing in sad review before me; their garments dyed, the evidences of their untimely doom, while from the consecrated soil of your great State, is ascending the blood of more than a thousand martyrs, who fell fighting in the cause for Southern independence. Their heroic deeds will be treasured for generations to come, "though their monuments have become the tombs of their nationality."

The sanguinary and proscriptive policy initiated by Henry and Elizabeth, and consummated by Cromwell, was followed by a short interval of repose, when James the Second ruled the destinies of Great Britain. This weak and vacillating Prince was soon overreached by the daughter of the house of Brunswick, and abandoned by his courtiers at Guildhall and his favorites at Windsor, he was soon an exile from his kingdom. The Irish, true to their allegiance, adhered to his falling fortunes, and not until the treaty of Limerick was signed would they consent to lay down their arms. This famous treaty, memorable for its breach, into which a confiding people were beguiled with seductive promises of protection, was scarcely signed when it was most treacherously and perfidiously ruptured; and to this day no promise from England of reform, no offer of political relief, no soothing concessions, no dis-establishment of worn-out corporations, can entirely restore the confidence of so outraged and deceived a people.

When at Dungannon, 1782, the alarm of French invasion was raised, and Irishmen were accused of wishing to deliver themselves over to a foreign power; at one blast of the bugle there sprang to arms 80,000 volunteers, whose bayonets bristled along the channel—that noble body comprising the wealth and intelligence of Ireland, “who nerved the arm that smote them, sustained the power that spurned them;” and on many a desperate field on the Spanish Peninsula, buoyed up on the prodigal effusion of their young blood, the triumphant ark of British liberty. This organization accomplished the object of government, in frustrating the design of France, to make a descent upon Great Britain. They were a standing menace to England, and when the danger had passed, their disbandment soon followed.

One after another, the pillars that supported the edifice of Ireland's nationality have been broken down, and the last soli-

tary column that remained to support in its grandeur the ancient ruin, was her separate and independent Parliament—a Parliament that centred within itself the rays of every genius, o'er the nation a halo of glory, and whose classic eloquence through the vault of time; a Parliament upon whose tablets are recorded the intellectual triumphs of twenty generations, upon whose front blazed the richest spoils of the forum—in which Floyd and Plunkett appealed for justice and the Irish Constitution—and Grattan, the last, the inspired leader of the tribune, thundered his anathemas at the head of England's minister, and frowned defiance in the face of his foes. The voiceless of its eloquent defenders have been hushed forever, and the act of union which united the two Parliaments, was the most fatal blow leveled by the arm of British power, against the liberties and the independence of the Irish people.

The eighteenth century, through which we have just passed, remarkable for the number of distinguished characters, formed one man, who, in the role that he played, stood peerless in his day and generation. A young man is seen ascending the steps of the Dublin Exchange, and collecting a crowd around him, he portrays, in the glowing colors of his youthful mind, to his admiring countrymen, the wrongs of Ireland. He rises in power and majesty with his theme. He is called the nation's advocate. He is looked to as his country's hope and refuge. He appears not as a warrior clad in armor, ploughing his way to empire and to fame over the mangled bodies of a bleeding population, but, sustained by his mighty intellect alone, he exerts his moral sway by the magic wand of "Agitation." Whether startling the British Cabinet by the audacity of his propositions, or thundering Emancipation into the ears of an astonished Senate, and waking up the caverned echoes of old Westminster, or exciting to frenzy one hundred thousand of his followers on Tara's hill, he is still the same invincible leader

of the masses—the monarch over the affections of six millions of his race. The watchword of the hour was O'Connell and Repeal. He was one of Ireland's best and truest friends. He lived for his country, and for her he died.

The grave had hardly closed over all that was mortal of the great Liberator, when the restive spirit of an aggrieved people, impatient of delay, broke out with the men of '48; that patriot band who raised the standard of Irish independence, and pledged their all in the cause of liberty. Their movement was abortive, and its fate has added another chapter to the history of Ireland's reverses. The stupid policy of extermination adopted by England for Ireland's pacification, if it has proved Ireland's loss and England's safety, it has been free America's gain. A new Ireland has grown up in the forests of America. From the loins of the old have sprung a giant and athlete race, whose vigorous stock has been engrafted upon the tree of American life—who have peopled, with their energy and labor, these Western wilds, and made the garden bloom where the wilderness has been. The young and aspiring blood of her exiled children has rolled like an inundation over this Western world, fertilizing and enriching the entire land; and, like the Missouri and Arkansas' great streams, emptying their tribute into the mighty father of waters, is still pouring its tide westward, to be merged into one great and common nationality. Such is the race that England has sought to extirpate! But though a proud neighbor has torn the mantle of nobility from her shoulders, and flung the garb of folly over her limbs—though she is seated in the dust, and her harp is silent, and her enemies reproach her with her poverty and mock at her afflictions, still the testimonies of her greatness are there, and she cannot be cheated of her proud recollections.

The annals of the world's diplomacy afford no parallel to the narrow-minded, short-sighted policy that has ruled

the councils of Great Britain, with reference to the past government of Ireland. They have decided that they might destroy, and alienated the affections of a race of men who could have been made the strongest buttresses of the British throne. The emissaries of England fomented discord and division in the province, and instigated the people to rebellion, that they might be furnished an excuse for their destruction and extermination. They parcelled out whole counties and provinces of the Kingdom, and confirmed their titles by statutes of confiscation. They have reversed, by their conduct, every well-established and recognized rule for the government of civilized States, and relied upon the perpetuity of England's power as an immunity from accountability. But the day of reckoning has been coming—no lapse of time can consecrate a wrong—ages of unjust legislation cannot validate an unlawful seizure—nor can any statute be pleaded as a bar against the rightful owner of the soil. Spoliation is written across nearly every land grant in Ireland. The parchment upon which such a title is engraved must sooner or later be devoted to the flames, and the confiscated estates of the Irish, now held by strangers, be restored, when right and justice resume their sway. The absentee lord, who, in his villa on the Seine, or by the Rhine, squanders, in ease and luxury, the millions wrung by an exacting Middleman, from the sweat and toil of a hardy and industrious peasantry, must sooner or later awake to find that justice has triumphed over power. The age of proscription and intolerance has passed, and an age of broad liberality and extended progress has succeeded. The spirit of liberty, radiant in the West, has moved over the waters, and mankind and the world breathe freer. The great revolution wrought in this country by the instrumentality of steam, the printing press and electricity, the three great levers of modern civilization, has infused a new life and vigor into the nations, and raised the masses to a higher plane of intelligence and ac-

tion. The people everywhere feel their power, and are asserting it! They are knowing their rights and dare maintain them. As "distance lends enchantment to the view," so does age cast a halo over the past. There is, doubtless, much to admire and captivate the mind of the observer in the surroundings of rank and nobility; in the "boast of heraldry and the pomp of power," and in the monuments of tradition and associations of a long line of illustrious ancestry; but the fact is nevertheless patent, and cannot be disguised, that the seal of fate is fixed upon hereditary power, and sovereignty is rapidly passing from the prince to the people. The car of human progress is rumbling over the pavements of Paris, and imperialism turns pale at the monster Democracy. Thrones are crumbling, and national banners everywhere disappearing. We almost realize the prophecy of the philosophic De Maistre, "the human family are rushing together toward some immense unity, but in the name and nature of that unity, it is not yet safe to speak with authority." The cry of "Reform, Reform," is raised above the elms of Hyde Park, and the shout of the nations as they think aloud, is heard all along the boundaries of the two continents. England's proud Peerage has already reeled under the shock of the Commons, and under the leadership of the liberal and brilliant John Bright, tenants' rights has become the motto of the hour. The unconquerable spirit of the British and Irish masses, could alone produce a Gladstone or a Bright to stem the tide, and break the wave that was surging against the bulwark of England's constitution. Such is the spirit of liberty when once put in action, such is the omnipotence of truth, "though crushed to earth she will rise again, the eternal years of God are hers!" Such the inexorable laws of justice!

Amid all these mutations and vicissitudes of fortune, Ireland, the Niobe of nations, has felt the impulse of the change, and throwing aside her weeds of mourning, she appears like the

rosy daughter of morn, full of life, and youth and beauty. Her minstrel has taken down her long silent harp, and, stringing its chords to joy, she pours forth in the full numbers of his patriot soul the promise, "that new hopes will dawn and brighter days come for old Ireland yet." She no longer sues for mercy on bended knees, but demands of England in tones that vibrate over the hemispheres, equal laws, equal rights, and equal justice.

When these essential attributes of national welfare and individual happiness have been fully secured, the statesman of that day may look around and endeavor to discover the form of government most conducive to the prosperity of the Irish people. At present, it is not in the power of man to divine, and the attempt would baffle all human prediction. Recent experience teaches us, that the advanced liberal of to-day, may be tomorrow classed with the remains of an effete conservatism. So strongly are we reminded by the philosophy of the times of the tendency to centralization and unification, that the day may not be very distant, when that great unity to which the world seems

rushing, may be fulfilled, and the whole human race, knowing no difference in religion or politics, and speaking a common language, may be represented in "the Parliament of man, and united in the federation of the world."

ADDRESS
AT A MASS MEETING FOR THE RATIFICATION OF
THE NOMINATIONS OF THE UNION-REFORM
CONVENTION, JULY 20TH, 1870.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SOUTH CAROLINA:—In accepting your invitation to preside over the deliberations of this meeting, I take the occasion to say, that I address for the first time to-night a new State and a new people—a new State since the execution of the reconstruction laws, and a new people since the ratification of the fifteenth constitutional amendment. These laws are so inseparably interwoven with the amendment which was the culmination of their policy, that their duration is as fixed and as permanent as the amendment itself; subject only to be changed as the constitution may be changed, which will pass away only when popular self-government has been surrendered or abandoned by the American people. The decree has gone forth, ratified by more than three-fourths of the States of the Republic, that no citizen shall be abridged of his right to vote, nor deprived of the ballot, on account of the color of his skin—guaranteeing to all, in the exercise of the inestimable right of suffrage, that there shall be no distinction on account of race or color. Other qualifications may be annexed, and other distinctions by the conventions of society must prevail; but in the forum of politics, the distinction of color is blotted out and extinguished forever.

Standing upon the soil of my native State, in presence of the assembled thousands of her metropolis; I repeat to you, as my firm and honest conviction, that this decree cannot and

should not be ever reversed. I render unto it, not the forced and compulsory submission exacted by necessity; but the cheerful obedience of an approving mind and willing heart. This fundamental change in our institutions, wrought in furtherance of that enlarged and liberal spirit of justice which seeks the elevation and improvement of all men, and which is the distinguishing feature of the present age, is now incorporated into the organic law of the Republic, and upon her banners have been inscribed, in letters of living light, equal laws, equal rights, and equal justice to all men. The chasm which has heretofore divided the two classes of our community politically has, at last, been spanned; and, may every arrow from the quiver of discord be buried in its dark abyss forever. My countrymen, it is vain—you should not, and must not, in the exigency of this hour, look back upon the past; but, for the well-being of society, under the new dispensation, look forward hopefully and manfully to the future.

No essential difference of political creed seems now to divide our people; but for the honor and welfare of South Carolina, and for the salvation of her people from ruin and further degradation, a change in the administration of her government is absolutely and indispensably necessary. The cry of Reform! Reform! is borne upon the winds from the mountains to the seaboard; and its echoes, taken up by this vast throng, are sent back to resound along our borders, and ring through the valleys of our State. The people are alive to the necessities of the times. The State yearns for a just, a wise and an economical government. Corruption, like a cancer, is eating into the very bowels of the commonwealth. The malignant and unrelenting party spirit of those in power, bent upon the preservation of their licentious and profligate power, and the aggrandizement of a select few at the expense of the masses; pretentiously and hypocritically assuming to be the especial friends and guardians of our

newly enfranchised fellow-citizens, has engendered among them the fell spirit of hatred and distrust of class for class, that they may longer fatten upon the spoils, and gloat over the ruins of an outraged and impoverished people. You, my fellow-citizens, you who have lately been baptized in the waters of freedom, and who have just been raised to the dignity of political equality: beware how far you heed the advice, and obey the seductive influences of these leaders. I tell you "they have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

In the administration of the government, they have made our State a scoff and a by-word of reproach among the nations. The present Legislature, bribing and being bribed, exhibiting to the civilized world a spectacle of human depravity and moral turpitude unparalleled in infamy, has evoked the censure of all honest men, and been stigmatized as a nuisance by the Nation, the Philadelphia Press, and other leading and distinguished journals of the Republican press of the country. The Executive officer of your government, who should be the guardian of the rights of her people, and the defender of their honor, not long ago thought proper to arraign a large portion of her people as malefactors, and to insult them within the hearing of Congress, in the presence of the American people, in the capital of the nation. Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

This same party comforted an outcast from Congress, and encouraged by favors a deluded and too confiding constituency to return the Congressional convict covered all over with the slime of his corruption, to have the disgrace of our State by his second expulsion, repeated by an indignant assembly. They have passed agrarian laws, and voted tax bills which have amounted almost to confiscation of your lands; and, in many instances have applied the moneys derived therefrom to other than the legitimate purposes of government. They have imposed upon us the grievous burden of a vastly accumulated State debt!

And, worse than all, they have, by servile appeals to the baser passions of human nature, fanned into a fresh flame the baleful fires of prejudice, lighted up since our late unfortunate civil war; and, down to this day, the 20th of July, 1870, more than five years after the declaration of peace, I hear the cry of "loyal!" "loyal," a word that should be stricken from the vocabulary of a free Republic. When at this time, in the presence of the formidable power of this Republic, with her policy everywhere predominant, and her arms, and her arts everywhere triumphant, I hear a Northern politician crying "loyal!" "loyal!" "methinks I hear the bugle blast of the robber-band;" and when I hear a Southern man crying, "loyal!" "loyal," I snuff tyranny and corruption in the "tainted gale."

Shall these things continue, shall South Carolina be left a prey to the vampires who are sucking her life-blood, and when glutted, will abandon her carcass? Are conscience, honor, virtue, all exiled? Is there no fond spirit left to paint the ruined State, renew her ancient glories and reanimate her sinking form? South Carolina, once the proudest of her peers, the rival of Massachusetts in erudition and all that was great and good, the equal of all others in her palmyest days—can we not inhale some of that all-pervading philanthropy that circles around us, take by the hand the untutored, lift up the lowly, and move in one united front to the redemption of the State? The banner of Union and Reform has been thrown to the breeze, under which we may rally for the liberation of the State from misrule. Our standard-bearers are already in the field. The Hon. R. B. Carpenter, of Charleston, and General M. C. Butler, of Edgefield, have entered the list, and pledged their untiring efforts for the movement, for the restoration of the prosperity, happiness and union of the whole people of South Carolina.

ADDRESS

AT A MASS MEETING, OCTOBER 12TH, 1870.

MY FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are preparing for the most important election that may ever occur in the history of South Carolina. The success of our cause will be the inauguration of harmony between the different classes of our community—the infusion of new vigor into the nation's life—give a fresh start to the toiling masses, and guarantee the blessings of peace in the pursuits of honest industry. Its disaster will prolong the evils under which we suffer, scatter wider and more broadcast the seeds of immorality, crush the hopes of the rising millions, and postpone indefinitely the day of our redemption. We are in the crisis of our destiny. The signal bells of alarm and preparation from one end of the State to the other are tolling; the drums are beating, and South Carolina, appealing to all her sons, in the words of England's brave Admiral: "Expects every man to do his duty." The incubus of Radical misrule is weighing down and crushing out the energies of the people. We have borne, for three years, outrages in government without a parallel in the history of any civilized people.

A small faction who have harbored themselves within the State, aliens to the soil and adventurers, by inflammatory appeals to the prejudices of the ignorant, have manipulated the votes of a majority, and elevated themselves to power upon the ruins of the proprietors, the prostration of the enterprise of the working classes, and the most abject misery of the poor. Race has been arrayed against race, and the evils of slavery conjured up from the dreams of a past that should have been forever

veiled, to keep up an unwise, unequal and unjust dominion in South Carolina. One class, representing not more than one-twentieth of the entire estate of the realm, nor more than a twentieth part of its intelligence has, by false artifices and means destructive of all public morality, prized itself into all the offices of the State, and is wielding them to the injury of the people. The Executive, restrained by no compunctions or regard for the rights of the minority, has waged war against their rights and privileges, and stimulated the rapacity of this licentious majority; the Legislature outlawed from the pales of common decency, and the judiciary, giving the force and authority of judicial sanction to the behests of these two co-ordinate branches of the government—such is the spectacle South Carolina presents to-day to her sister States of this Union.

The Governor has been arraigned and charged before the bar of public opinion with high crimes and misdemeanors, and he stands mute. He has been charged with encouraging bribery and corruption, and exercising the veto prerogative for his personal emolument.

Cognizant that bribery was publicly practised in the Legislature, he has failed and refused to execute the laws, which he was sworn to do for its punishment and prevention. A crime so disgraceful to the age, and so common as to be admitted and justified by some of his followers, he has daily witnessed in the capitol over his head, in the presence of the people of the State, without his gubernatorial interposition.

He has approved bills of supplies that were unequal and discriminating, and designed to oppress one portion of the community for the benefit of a few.

He has sanctioned the establishment of monopolies to enrich the rich at the expense of the poor—as, for instance, the Phosphate bill.

He has been charged with abusing and promoting the pass-

age of a funding bill, whereby large interests of the State have been placed at his disposal, to be sacrificed at his pleasure. The Greenville Railroad stock owned by the State was sold to speculators to control the road.

By his Executive concurrence, over a million and a quarter of dollars have been added to the State debt, without seeking the judgment of the judiciary, by the passage of the bill to fund the bills of the Bank of the State, passed in the interest of a few speculators.

He has overrun the State with swarms of officers, his own partisans and parasites, who are eating out the substance of the people.

He has executed laws enacted for the public defense with discrimination, by arming one class of the population to the exclusion of the other; and this he has done with an air of contempt and defiance of public opinion in the prosecution of his indecent threat, uttered in the capitol at Washington, that his people should be coerced and held in subjection with Winchester rifles.

Receiving a salary of \$3,500 a year, he has in the short space of two years grown rich in office. And with what does the Legislature stand charged? It has passed all these odious and disgraceful measures, which received his approval in but few honest and unpurchased votes. Attaching no consideration to the merit of any measure, they have determined their vote by the amount of their reward.

These facts are too notorious to require specification and detailed proof. Some of the authors of these misdeeds confess them, and boast of them as an evidence of political prowess. The offices of Governor and Legislator of South Carolina have been degraded in the estimation of honest men, and its dignities are dragging in the dust. And, notwithstanding all these wrongs and iniquities perpetrated against the good people of this State,

we are assured, with a self-satisfied and very complacent air, by the very few who pass around the plate and consume the small earnings of the poor, that South Carolina was never more free, her people never more happy, and her taxations never so small! Poor Charleston—that now in her ashes and her ruins, has wrung from her exhausted and impoverished people over four hundred thousand dollars of the entire tax of the State, equal to four-fifths of the entire State tax before the war—Charleston, the assessed value of whose property, in the days of her greatest prosperity, was not over twenty millions, is now, in the days of her adversity, valued at over forty million dollars. Our State government which, from December, 1865, to 1866, during the administration of Governor Orr, only cost a fraction over five hundred thousand dollars to maintain, now, under the auspices of these well-tried prestidigitateurs in money and finance, is depleted annually to the tune of nearly a million and a half dollars. And when the people raise their voices from their desolated hearths, amid the rags of starving children, against the perpetrators of these wrongs and enormities, they are presented, by a sleek and well-paid official (affecting great politeness, and assuming an air of superior gentility to his fellows), with a long array of figures to show how much it cost the State to govern one man before the war, and how much it costs now. He would have rendered a greater service to history and to truth had he chosen for his comparison two periods since the war, when all men were free and equal; when it only took Governor Orr a little more than a half million to carry on the government; and when, later, we were vouchsafed the blessings of exotic rulers, under the benign influence of a constitution set to type in Washington, under the inspiration of New England. Oh, how idle and puerile is all this parade! What a sham it is! As if a good government were not identified by the contentment and happiness of those who live under it—a thing not to be hunted for, but

manifested in the popular eye, glowing in the popular cheek, and making itself heard with the popular breath. And what an anomaly in government does the State of South Carolina present! A people owning nineteenth-twentieths of the property, and representing the same ratio of the intelligence of the State, governed by those representing one-twentieth. What a farce! But we are told they have the majority, and the majority must rule, provided the majority are free; but it is an enslaved majority. No Eastern despot holds his subjects in more abject servitude, than do these petty tyrants of the Union League sway the minds and the wills of their simple and deluded followers. Nor has this majority been used and directed to promote the interests of the colored man. Of the 30,000 native colored people of this State, show me one that has become rich by the beneficent policy of this majority. While upon the other hand, there is not one of these pseudo-philanthropists and pretended lovers of your race who is not revelling in the spoils of the people. "They are the promiscuous progeny of a servile hypocrisy, of a remorseless lust of power, and an insatiate thirst for gain." They have come hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. They have prostituted the name of the Union, to form political leagues for their selfish and party purposes.

Has the colored man been received into the labor leagues of the North? Has not his petition for admission into three societies been again and again indignantly rejected? But a short time ago in the capital at Washington, under the protecting aegis of the Republican party, a colored man employed in cleaning bricks at the Navy Yard, a task which even the Hebrews in their captivity were thought fit to do, was turned away on account of his race and color; and a petition was sent to the Secretary of the Navy protesting against the employment of colored men in this service. The son of Frederick Douglass, a distinguished leader of your race, some time ago applied for admittance into

the Typographical Union, and he was rejected. Go home, my friends, and dwell upon these facts; they are but a few of the many instances of injustice you have had to suffer at the North, where your presence would not be tolerated by some of the very men who are now on your own native land, preaching a political crusade by you, against your white brethren of the South.

The white men of the State, your true and well-trying friends, have joined hands with you in this contest, to give to South Carolina a government that will be respected abroad, confer the blessings of happiness and prosperity upon her children at home, and restore somewhat of her ancient renown.

*"Till fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."*

This is poetry, but nevertheless the words of solemn truth as they fell from the lips of the brave and honest Oliver Goldsmith. We are surrounded by perils—snares and temptations beset the path of the unwise and unwary. Corruption stalks abroad, and party animosity, whetted by public plunder, is sapping the foundations of all good government. The people are swaying in masses to and fro as if an earthquake were rocking beneath their feet. Shall South Carolina swim, or shall she sink and perish in the gulf of iniquity? To avert the terrible catastrophe, we must bear aloft the ancient motto of our State: "*Ani-mis opibusque parati*," and move forward with hope and determination to the goal of all honest ambition—the triumph of truth, justice and virtue. But "if we should fail? We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail." The strength of Republics consists in the virtue of the people. When popular virtue and popular honor are all lost, the temple of human liberty must soon tumble into ruins. But such a state of things, under the blessings of Providence, cannot come to pass. We are only under a passing cloud, which will soon rift and flee away. There is a conscience in the public breast which, when it

utters the dictates of its honest instincts, is the voice of omnipotent authority. Thus speaking, it becomes the voice of God. It may, for a time, be stifled by unholy powers—its silent whisperings in the bosom of the panderer may momentarily be hushed, but ever and anon it speaks in tones louder and louder as the age advances, and is heard amid the crash of empires, and the falling of dynasties. It is the people whom despots fear, and yet scorn to conciliate—the people whom the wise and the good ever hold in paternal affection, and remember in their distress. It was the voice of that conscience heard above the whirlwind of war, and the tramp of hostile armies that declared with a breath, four millions of slaves forever free. It is the voice of that conscience that, thundering over the universe, now proclaims that all men shall stand the same before human tribunals and human laws, as they stood before the Divine tribunal and Divine laws. It is that conscience, like a voice in the wilderness, crying out be honest, sincere and truthful. It is the voice of that conscience now moving with the shout of liberty over the waters, and shaking the old Continent to its very centre. It is heard under and over Paris, amid the tears and anguish of a besieged populace, telling them how costly is the sacrifice a nation must make to achieve its liberty. Its notes are heard wailing ominously amid the graves of England; while Ireland, poor depressed Ireland, sitting like a Niobe among the nations, catching inspiration from that same voice, is shaking the mildew of oppression from her garments, and arraying herself in the robes of liberty.

Let us heed the voice of this conscience, "still achieving, still pursuing," and labor for the redemption of our State. To those who would not heed this voice, I would say, beware lest they endure too much; lest they sacrifice too much. We should all feel an interest in this work—our cause is the cause of humanity. It is the cause of law, of justice and of moderation. It stands confronted by but one element, that of power, licentious proflig-

gate power. As you value your fortunes and your liberties, I admonish you to be up and doing. Faith rules the world, and with faith in your principles, you can win the struggle. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

When at Marengo the cloud of defeat seemed lowering over the great Napoleon; when victory was in the grasp of the Austrians, and the shouts of triumph went up from their camp, and the sun's setting rays were following the retreating French, neither the genius nor the confidence of their brave leader deserted him. The battalions of Desaix suddenly appear on the scene, and victory once more flies with the French eagles. Draw inspiration from this great example, and let us exclaim in the words of the great Captain, with the same confidence in our principles and cause, "On Desaix—Massena! Lo! victory is declaring. Press—haste—on with the charge, and the day is ours!"

ADDRESS
WELCOMING THE JESUIT FATHERS ON ONE OF
THEIR MISSIONS.

WE have assembled to welcome once more amongst us a minister of Christ, a soldier of the cross, the recollection of whose pious labors on this narrow theatre of his religious service, is still fresh and green in our remembrance. We must have felt instinctively even before we saw him this morning, that a new spirit moved in our midst, and a brighter light was kindled at the inner sanctuary of our Christian faith, hope, and love. The first idea that struck me as he ascended the altar this morning, was to associate in my mind something warlike, a camp; and a veteran warrior in our presence. Not a soldier who battles in the cause of man, but a veteran of the Cross. His face bronzed like a warrior on the African Mission. He was the very embodiment of a soldier, and a veteran. Peace has her victories as renowned as those of war, and he stands before us laden with the trophies of these victories. We have among us a member of that glorious band of warriors of the faith, the Jesuits; whose zeal, neither oceans nor tempests, the ices of the poles nor the heats of the tropics, could dampen; those brave, devout, self-sacrificing missionaries, who, for Christ's sake, and man's hereafter, lived with the Esquimaux in their seal-skin cabins; subsisted on train-oil with the Greenlanders; traversed the solitudes with the Tartar or the Iroquois; mounted the dromedary of the Arab; and accompanied the wandering Caffir across his burning deserts; who have made the Chinese, Japanese and Indian their converts; who penetrating dense forests, crossing almost impassable

morasses, fording dangerous rivers, and climbing precipitous mountains, had to struggle against the jealousy, ignorance, and cruelty of barbarism, and to teach the truths of Christianity, in languages unknown to Europe. But no obstacle ever daunted them, until in every clime, they set up the standard of the Cross. They started in the Levant; comprehending Syria, Armenia, Persia, Egypt, Turkey; they raised it in India, embracing Hindostan, Manilla, and the Philippine Isles; they bathed it in their blood in China, Japan, Tartary and Tonquin; and in free America, they have unfurled it triumphantly everywhere from Hudson's Bay and Davis Straits, through the whole extent of the Continent; across the great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains to California; then southward, through Louisiana and Mexico to the Antilles; then through the Lower Continent to the farthest limits of Paraguay. The members of this persecuted Society, have come among us. They have not come to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; they have not come to teach any new truths, nor in any manner to disturb the prosperity of your temporal affairs; but to inculcate the same doctrines, taught in your first Catechism lesson; enforce the same precepts instilled upon your mother's knee; and point the way to temporal advancement and earthly success, in the paths of righteousness, honor, and morality. Every emotion, whether of gratitude for past services, of anticipated joy for favors to come, evokes from our deepest heart a most sincere and cordial welcome to the fathers, who have vouchsafed a mission among us.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST:
"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE," MARCH 17TH, 1871.

MR. PRESIDENT:—The sentiment which has just been honored, opens a vast and boundless vision before the speaker. It carries the mind back over fifteen centuries, along the great highway of Time, strewn with wrecks, and crowded with the choicest and proudest recollections—staked off by epochs—decked here with the laurels of victory and the garlands of virtue, and marked there by the emblems of sorrow and desolation, to an Isle in the ocean small in size, but full of consequence to mankind.

Its dawn is heralded by the nations of the Old World, and the rising countries of the New. The shouts of patriotic rejoicings from millions of voices gladden its advent, and religion blends its ceremonies to dignify it as a festival. To the scattered sons of the Emerald Isle, it is a perpetual sunrise that knows no setting. Its morning drum-beat has, for ages, sounded the reveille of liberty to the struggling peoples. It is the holiday of the poor. Its celebration, widening with each returning demonstration, extending its circle with the increase of Ireland's exodus, is like some mighty procession sweeping down the grand aisle of the centuries, and recruiting its ranks from all the nations to the farthest ends of the earth.

To Irishmen all over the world, it is the rallying centre in the point of time in the revolving years; and, with all their sufferings and disasters, to them it always opens with renewed hope and fresher promise. It is the signal of national unity and national purpose—the *point d'appui* of new enterprises. It is the day of registry of the new-born

resolutions of a people aspiring to a broader emancipation, and elevation of the down-trodden masses. It suggests a higher morality and a more austere religion; a humility and charity likened to the qualities of him who distinguished it by his birth, and who, by precept and example, led the generations after him to look for glory and immortality, upon the things that are above this earth. Its light bears joy and consolation to the most distant exile, and evokes from every patriotic heart for dear old Ireland, the sentiment:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd fondly turns to thee."

We hail the day as our fathers did for centuries before us, with hope for the prostrate and afflicted mother of nations; but, on this occasion, with a promise brighter and fairer than ever.

The sovereign power of justice, over human souls, has, to some extent, thawed the hardened hearts of British statesmen. Gladstone and Granville, reeling under the fear of approaching retribution, have unbarred the prison doors, and given liberty to the victims of Tory animosity, a fit sequel to the famous Coercion Bill—along the Strand in London, across the Thames, and under the Irish Channel the volcano of popular indignation is muttering. America, free and glorious America, with open arms, receives as patriots the men whom England doomed as felons. With such prospects, and upon such a day, may we not all justly exclaim, "New hope has dawned, and brighter days will come for old Ireland yet."

ORATION
ON BISHOP ENGLAND, JANUARY 5TH, 1872.

IN the economy of human life, it is allotted to but few men to achieve greatness that outlives their day and generation. There is a greatness which is specious and ephemeral, and that soon dies; and there is another kind of greatness that is fixed and everlasting—which springs from exalted character and heroic self-sacrifice, unostentatious virtue, and splendid achievements, transcendent abilities, and sublime merit, and which stamps its impress indelibly upon the hearts and the minds of men—a greatness whose fame is not written merely, but is traditional, passed down upon the tongue from sire to son, and preserved from age to succeeding age, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. When one or more, or all, of these great distinguishing attributes are conspicuously associated in the person of a single man, they entitle him to the appellation of “Great,” justly raise him in the scale of his fellow mortals, and liken his advent and career to the interposal of a special providence. Whether descending, like some baleful planet, hurled by the minister of vengeance from its fiery orbit, to mark the earth with ruin, scattering the thunderbolts of war and lashing the nations in his fury, overturning thrones, and uprooting dynasties, depopulating states, and involving whole races in promiscuous destruction—or, appearing like the white-robed messenger of peace, with charity in his bosom and eternal hope beaming in his vision—reconstructing the foundations of society upon the bases of law, order, justice and humanity—heralding a new dispensation, or promulgating its creed—com-

bating error, or trampling upon vice, or laying broad-cast the seeds of brotherly love—these two opposite characters seem instruments alike divinely commissioned, and proof against obscurity. When such a man is sent, his works die not, but live after him. Bacon died, but the human understanding roused by the touch of his wand to the perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of enquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died; but the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw and described for them, in the infinity of space. Canonized as great or good by the universal voice of mankind, their names are placed upon time's extending calendar. For the records of men like these, we have not to search the burial-places of the memory, nor make a pilgrimage to their graves, to revive the recollection of their virtues. The remembrance of the truly great will float down the stream of time, in a course parallel with the rise and progress of the human family, as fresh as the waters that once flowed through Cedron's brook, and as fragrant as the flowers that once strewed its banks. Their light is as a beacon upon a promontory, and their foot-prints are left upon the sands of time. Shall we be deemed presumptuous for including in this category, and placing upon this roll of greatness him, who has been pronounced by the impartial verdict of a just posterity, the apostle of the western world.

Almost a third of a century has elapsed since the venerated and beloved John England, first Bishop of Charleston, died. His mortal remains repose in the land, and in the midst of the people he loved so well, and beneath the very spot, where he once blazed in the full meridian of his power and his glory. The altar from which he spoke is no more there—a rude and simple slab, without inscription, marks his resting-place; and the solemn, mouldering ruins



of a once stately cathedral, stand silent mourners beside his consecrated tomb. That characteristic love and attachment which animated his followers in life, and the marked veneration and profound homage paid to his exalted character and his resplendent abilities, are now entwined as green, and as fast as the ivy to the oak, around his hallowed memory.

Bishop England was born in Cork, Ireland, on the 23d September, 1786. Descended of enlightened and respectable parents, he entered life about the era of the most memorable epoch in the annals of European history—when the Gentiles raged, and the people and rulers of France were devising vain things. Society was rocking in the throes of social convulsion, and all the elements of national disorder and popular passion, were awakening and conspiring in the cause of human liberty. He was born with the love of liberty. It was his inheritance, and hatred of tyranny was instilled into him with the earliest principles of his life. His grandfather had paid the penalty of fidelity to the obligations of his conscience, by suffering for years in a British dungeon; and his father, an outlaw for the crime of teaching, was a refugee among the wilds of his native hills. While an infant sitting upon his father's knee, he listened to the sad story of his country's wrongs, and his progenitors' sufferings. No wonder that later in life, his youthful and ardent mind was fired with the noble and generous ambition, to turn awhile from the altar of God, where he was serving, to devote a portion of his gifts to the service of his afflicted country.

Let not malignant envy or unjust reproach, with pharisaical mien, impugn the purity of his motives; nor prejudice, assail the rectitude of his conduct. From the fountains of classical learning, he drew the lessons of instruction that pointed him the path of duty to his country, in the days of her trials and her tribulation. He thought and felt with the great Roman orator—"Quis enim est tam

cupidus in perspicienda cognoscendaque rerum natura, ut si ei tractando contemplandoque res cognitione dignissimas, subito sit allatum periculum discrimenque patriæ, cui subvenire opitulatique posset, non illa omnia relinquat atque abjiciat, etiamsi dinumerare se stellas, aut metiri mundi magnitudinem posse arbitratur!" ["What man is there so engrossed in the study of nature that, even while intent on some most useful and highly important discovery,—would not instantly postpone his studies, nay, cast them from him on hearing of some dangerous crisis impending over his country which he might avert—even though he were about to succeed in numbering the stars, or in measuring the magnitude of the world?"]

In defending his country he was effectually serving his church and his God, for the head and front of Ireland's offending was her religion, and for it she was persecuted. No false sentimentality, nor overstrained delicacy could dissuade him from this extra-professional duty, nor quell the rising spirit of virtuous indignation with which he denounced the ruling government of Ireland. The history of Ireland too frequently admonishes us, that in the days of her persecution, the priest was the only mediator between the throne and the people, and the only barrier to unjust and bigoted power. A half-starved and degraded peasantry, looking piteously to the heavens above and their misery on earth, could turn to no one for comfort and advice save the minister of religion. So that *Sogarth aroon*, or priest dear, has to this day, remained a national shibboleth of Ireland. Such were the circumstances under which he was called upon to aid in the vindication of the rights of his countrymen.

The sentiment of religion fortified by its impregnable convictions, is alone capable of inspiring men with objects, and a sense of duty above this world, which leads to that contempt of present dangers, and that fearless assertion of eternal truth in the presence of power, which have formed,

in every age, the noblest attributes of the Christian Church. He buckled on the shield of the Christian and patriot, while his loins were girt around with the armor of truth. Wise in judgment and temperate in council, his zeal, constantly restrained by his sound discretion, by the plastic and all-controlling influence of his advice and example; he so shaped the thought and public sentiment of Ireland, while repressing that spirit of wild justice, which, bursting at times into momentary frenzy, is, at once, impotent for good, and serviceable only to tyranny; as to divert it to the attainment of effectual redress, and the securing of political changes of practical and permanent benefit to the country.

Bishop England was endowed by nature with qualities that fitted him either to instruct or to govern mankind; combining the most varied resources of a powerful and commanding intellect with the most wonderful intuition—with a determined will and well-disciplined temper; above all, a genius that aspired to great deeds. If fortune had so shaped his course, he might have signalized by his triumphs the camp, the field, and illustrated by his talents, the cabinet or the forum. But he was destined for a holier station. His parents, abounding in that Catholic piety which has peopled Ireland with religious martyrs, and made her renowned for her sanctity, bore him in his infancy upon their arms to the altar, and dedicated his services to the Sanctuary. He completed his ecclesiastical education at the theological College of Carlow, and in obedience to the summons from his native diocese, he was transferred to the city of Cork, where he was consecrated; and later, distinguished himself in the glorious ministry of religion. It was here, while occupying the chair of President of the theological seminary of Cork, directing for some time the editorial department of the *Mercantile Chronicle*, and delivering regular lectures and sermons to the surrounding parishes, that he cultivated his predilection

for polemical theology, developed his talent for controversy, and trained and exercised himself in the great art of pulpit oratory.

Oratory, that tremendous lever by which the actions of men are turned to good or evil—that magic spell of eloquence whose strong control can nerve or melt, can fire or soothe the soul, and with which he was to startle from their dreams of repose, the citizens of a new world. Horace has very tersely said that the perfection of the art of the orator, consisted in his command of his audience—“*Quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto.*” Bishop England was a natural orator; but, for all that, he did not despise the graces of style, nor the tinsel of ornamentation, nor neglect that first and most indispensable preparation for a successful speaker, of filling his mind with the subject matter of his discourse. He endeavored to realize Cicero's idea of the accomplishments of an illustrious orator, by being the foremost man in every branch of learning which men talked about. By dint of laborious thought, profound research, high culture and the most extensive literary attainments, he invested his art with all the ornaments and embellishments of Roman and Grecian oratory. Clear in statement and exposition, and fertile in illustration, his logic was close, clamped, and as sharp and nice-cut as polished steel; with an imagination, which, when ignited, kindled into a blaze with metaphor and trope, simile and allegory, set off by a fancy which reflected, and at times glowed, with all the colors of the Orient; he marshalled his forces with the precision of a trained veteran, and in action handled them with the skill of a tactician. In controversy, when dealing with a stubborn adversary, massing all his vast powers with argument irresistible, which towered beyond the mind of his audience like a grand and radiant piece of architecture; and, with a stream of impassioned eloquence, and with overwhelming enthusiasm, he rushed down upon the full tide of his ecclesiastical

learning, and with serried columns of rhetoric, fell like an avalanche upon the foe, burying, by weight of his intellectual armor, all opposition.

Let us pause, for a moment, to behold some picture, however faint, of him who impersonated all these great qualities. I saw Bishop England but once to my recollection. It was in the old cathedral school-yard, in Charleston. Attracted by no idle curiosity, I was conducted to his presence by my father, at an age when almost too young to be susceptible of very strong impressions, and not prepared to appreciate the marked features of so distinguished a person. That first and last view left his image ineffaceably stamped upon my mind; his venerable and imposing person, his bland and winning address, his head a dome of thought—a temple of wisdom and knowledge, and a storehouse of learning; his vision curtained by heavy eyebrows, jutting out like a bridge from his cliff-like head, with a Ciceronian brow and a countenance lit up by the lustre of his clear blue eye, whose glances penetrated, while riveting the gaze which it attracted. Behold him now in the temple of the Most High, transported in vision—lifting himself upon the wings of his genius, and, at a glance, surveying the whole field of divine revelation—swelling with the majesty of his great theme, in a passage of superlative beauty, he thus apostrophizes the wonders and the glories of the Ancient Church. “A wonderful system—a system deriving its origin from the Deity, who first planted it in the human heart; He enabled our great parent in the first development of his understanding to discover the only principle which this whole system comprises, man is bound to adore his Creator. This is the only principle of our Church; it is the summary of our religion—it was discovered by Adam in the day of his innocence—and it was recollected by Adam in the midst of the gloom which succeeded to his fall—it was transmitted by him as the most valuable legacy to his children. Patriarchal tradition preserved it



to the days of the deluge. It remained with Noah in the ark, and it came forth to cheer him in the midst of the desolation with which he was surrounded upon the hills of Armenia; he beheld its calm and peaceful beauty in the rainbow—it preserved his faith at the bloody sacrifice, and enkindled his hope when the Holocaust was consumed upon the blazing altar. It was misapplied and misdirected at Babel, and the roaming outcasts who were spread over the face of the earth, still in their migration preserved the principle, though they mistook the object of adoration. But the young Chaldean who came out from his father's house and from his kindred, brought it with him in purity to the land of strangers, which was to be given as an inheritance to his descendants; in the valley of vision and upon the hill of sacrifice, he conversed with the God of his fathers, who gave to him ordinances calculated to preserve the principle from the corruptions of human speculation. That God went down with Joseph into Egypt, and after exhibiting his might by the hand of Moses, he brought his people through the yawning valley of the Red Sea. In the midst of wonders, he proclaimed his law, and gave it sanction at Sinai. Again at the appointed time, the heavens were rent; the great teacher descended; an incarnate God wrought wonders in Judea; the Sun of Justice succeeded to that orb which had only announced his glories by reflection; the twinkling prophets were lost in the brilliancy of His light. The new tribunal is established; that tribunal whose commission was now extended to every nation and all days, to the end of time. Ages have passed away; everything else is new, save that system which, in the midst of wonders, the Son of God has permanently established. Every civilized nation has embraced the system, and in every civilized nation it has been opposed and persecuted; and still in every age its adherents form the vast majority of the civilized portion of the human race. It began in wonders—it has been established

and propagated by wonders; its wonders are seen now, even now, amongst ourselves, the very perpetuation of the system is a wonder, and will continue so to be, until time shall be no more."

To convince or to persuade, to move the sluggish heart and warm the patriot's breast, or excite with emotion the Christian soul, he was equally powerful. Standing in the people's tribune before the down-trodden masses, riding the whirlwind of popular passion, and launching his fierce anathema against England; or, in the pulpit, grasping the thunderbolt, and declaiming against the infidel tendencies of the time, the war of his oratoric artillery resounded throughout the Kingdom. Who is there, that has ever heard him in one of his tremendous outbursts of power, that has not felt his nostrils quiver and his blood creep, as peal after peal thundered upon his startled ear? When his mind was ablaze, it was as if the fires of Cyclops were burning, and the forge of Titan working therein. His eloquence, at times, resembling the heavy distant roll of an Atlantic billow, as with heroic impressiveness he described the church on the rock of Peter, in mid-ocean, lashed by the winds and waves of persecution—now re-echoing from the shores of the Liffey the hill-side thunderrings of the Lion Agitator, and pleading for unborn millions the cause of Catholic Emancipation—or in plaintive notes with magic hand, sweeping the mournful chords of his country's memory, like the lamenting wail of some banished harpist, with a voice that thrilled as it moaned through old Conciliation Hall. Exposing the fraud of England's pretension to a veto upon Irish ecclesiastical nominations, as a bonus for Catholic rights; denouncing the fatal compromise which involved the independence of the Irish Hierarchy, like a true knight in his devotion, he stood by this body, as the last solitary column undefaced, lifting its capital amid the ruins of Ireland, and thus portrays its character and its excellences.

"Antioch, Peter's first see, has long since fallen to decay; her patriarchal lustre gleams indistinctly in a few specks, through Saracenic filth, the ruins of ancient heresies, and the dust of ages. Alexandria can no longer produce her Athanasius to show his unbroken succession, to Mark, the companion and the Vicar of the Prince of the Apostles; and to contend for that faith, so many of whose doctrines he had so ably testified. The protecting eagle of Ephesus screamed, when the sublime mysteries which he discerned and exhibited, were obscured in his own great city by the followers of Macedonius, of Nestorius, of Eutyches, and of Arius; but when the crescent glittered upon the unholy rites of Arabian imposture, he took his melancholy departure. The successor of James was wanting in Jerusalem; Britain long bewailed the defection of her hierarchy. Cruel, deceitful, hypocritical infidelity, for a time, tore the garland of her glory from France. Memphis, after ages of darkness resumed her torch at Rome, and set up a beacon for the Copts to collect at the altars of their fathers. Nor Turk, nor infidel, has done so much to destroy these churches, as was done to extinguish the Irish Hierarchy; yet, still it has uninterruptedly continued, and modestly beams forth its pure rays to cheer a people who have endured more than any other." It would be impossible for me, consistent with the necessary brevity of this discourse, to do more than exhibit, as in a panorama, some of the prominent traits and leading characteristics of our subject.

We should now accompany him, and view him as the distinguished prelate of the American Church, and witness the prodigies of his genius and his labors upon the theatre of the new world. So rich and rare were the garlands he had woven for himself in his own green isle, and so close the ties that bound, and the affection that endeared him, that his separation came, as if some precious flower that had bloomed and flourished in Erin's garden had been

suddenly plucked from its stem, to be wafted to a distant and foreign clime.

Consider him upon his first arrival in Charleston—an humble and almost wandering stranger in the land of the high-born and haughty Carolinian, with no fortune but his talents, and no passport but the sacred seal of his holy office—around him on either side he beholds the monuments of old England—her pride of ancient descent—her institutions and her manners. The very spire of old St. Michael's that first saluted his vision as he approached the gates of the city, and the very tombs of the dead that had slumbered for ages in the shadow of its old and blackened walls, reminded him of a land that he had left far behind him. The established church of Great Britain ever since Carolina was an infant colony, had fixed its roots deep in her soil; and though there was no law interfering with one's religion, nor penal statutes making it a crime to obey the dictates of conscience, there was an evident jealousy and dislike of any innovation of doctrine, and the Catholic religion in particular, was regarded with especial disfavor. This religious prejudice, generally the offspring of an intolerant mind and heart, was here the result of education, and the growth of a soil luxuriant in the products of British cultivation. No words can better convey than the Bishop's own, apologizing for the state of feeling, and the condition to which the public mind of America had, at his time, been educated in relation to the Catholic religion. "Not only were affection and religion, the two finest sources of human feeling, poisoned against us, but history was outraged and the unbiased judgment was flagrantly misled. No nation was ever so guilty of a systematic destruction of the truth of history for any purpose, as was the English nation in order to create prejudice against the Catholics. The government aided in this work. From the most voluminous histories to the mere chronological tables, from the college to the nursery, the labor

was to create and to perpetuate prejudice; and this has continued during centuries. Besides the distortion of history, the sciences have been employed by the British nation against us. Her teachers of logic in their elementary treatises, assume falsehoods as facts, and give examples of sophism, what they state to be our mode of reasoning. In their metaphysics, every opportunity is taken by many of their writers to turn us into ridicule or to exhibit us as senseless; they turn aside from their astronomical observations to lecture upon the Inquisition which they will make a constituent part of our creed against our will; the chemist uses his laboratory to analyze our sacraments; the professor of medicine harangues upon our superstition; the surgeon dissects our saints; the jurist laments the ignorance of our councils. I have heard a man who knew not the first principles of the Civil Code and could not give a rational definition of what the nature of a law was—though he was a professor of law—deliver flippant opinions upon the Canons of our church which he had never seen; and which, had he read, he could not understand, because of his ignorance of history; while his audience gazed wisely upon each other, as they applauded the only part of the sentence, which they could repeat, the despotism and absurdity of popery.

“The very principles of the British law, as of force in these states, when they were colonies, were predicated upon the assumption, that our religion was an illegal superstition, bordering upon treason; and thus was created a prejudice of a formidable nature against us. In belles lettres the same consequence was insured. The mythology of the heavens was explained by an exhibition of its analogy with our creed. Geography, as with an English tongue she described the nations of the earth, was always sure to dwell upon the vices, and the crimes, and the follies of every nation in which our religion was established or prevailed: and she became hyperbolically eloquent, as she

glowed in her description of the virtues, the glories, the wisdom and the superiority of the few Protestant states, which concentrated in themselves every real and imaginary good the mind could conceive. Even Protestant England never persecuted, and Italy blazed with the fires of the Inquisition." Such was the state of public opinion and the difficulties he was obliged to contend with in his new situation; but his powers were equal to his task, and God blessed him in his undertakings. He came like the missionary, with the cross in one hand and his breviary in the other to preach the truth, and scatter the delusions which had been engendered by ages, of accumulated misrepresentation; and, with the spear of Ithuriel, he pierced the swollen ulcer of prejudice, and its noxious humors were rapidly dispelled.

A desire of investigation and inquiry soon followed in the wake of his apostolic teachings; and a spirit of charity begotten thereof, taking the place of distrust, began to diffuse itself everywhere. What cheered him most in the midst of his arduous labors, and great privations, were his consciousness of the fairness of the American mind and its desire for truth, and his enthusiastic admiration and love for our free institutions. Hear him! In his salutatory to his people upon taking the helm of his diocese, with the drum beat rolls of liberty sounding for the first time in his ear, and his warm heart attuned to the inspiring notes of freedom, with trumpet tones how joyously he hails the land of his adoption! "And we ourselves have for a long time admired the excellence of your constitution, and been desirous to behold your eagle grow in strength and beauty, as his years increased—whether he rested in majesty upon the bases of the wisdom, the moderation, and the fortitude of your government; or, lifting himself on the pinions of your prosperity and surrounded with the halo of your multiplying stars, fixed his steady eye upon that sun of national freedom, which culminates

for you, as it departs from the nations of the East." He rose steadily and rapidly in distinction and renown, and towered high in the Empyrean of fame. The lustre of his genius was like unto the brilliancy of a new jewel, more precious than gold or sapphire, set in the casket of Carolina's glory. Attracted by his refined wit and genial humor, as well as his rare erudition; he was the glittering centre of a charmed circle, adorned by the first of Carolina's scholars and jurists, and some of the best and purest of her statesmen. The gems of wit of ray serene, dropped from him, and the spicy anecdotes with which he enlivened the hospitable board, must be to this day fresh in the minds of those who were familiar with him. Exhibiting by word and deed a charity so enlarged, and as comprehensive as his understanding, he was the idol and beloved shepherd of his own fold. No vicissitudes of season or climate, nor personal inconvenience, could arrest him in his untiring labors for the benefit of souls. He has announced from the steps of the Propaganda in Rome, the day on which he would preach in the interior of Georgia. He was called in Rome the steam bishop. His courage in facing the danger that frequently lay across the path of his ministry, was equalled by his firm resolution to overcome the stubborn resistance of wilful and deluded sinners.

A circumstance occurred during his ministry in Ireland which is worth relating, and which presents in bold relief this remarkable trait of his character. The scene of the occurrence was in one of the political prisons in Ireland—a gallant youth of noble form, the main stay of his aged and widowed mother, had entered an arsenal and possessed himself of some public arms. He was tried and condemned to die. Mr. England was his spiritual comforter. The arms he took had been concealed, and, misled by a false casuistry, he refused to make Restitution at the bidding of his Confessor. The day for the execution came.

The priest was at his side still exhorting and entreating, but the young prisoner remained obdurate in spite of argument and expostulation. "I shall not restore the arms," was his repeated asseveration. The sheriff, at length, came with a military force in attendance. The convict was calm as a martyr. The fatal rope was adjusted, not a nerve trembled not a muscle shook, not a drop of blood forsook his cheek, nor a sparkle of his eye dimmed. He simply remarked, "You have allowed me too little jerk, but it is of no great consequence." At that instant, England confronted him, and glaring upon him with an eye, fired with determination, he exclaimed: "Stop sir, you shall not go to hell for half an hour yet." The young man turned and was overcome. By request, the execution was deferred half an hour; and the soul of the convict yielding to the soft influence of his spiritual adviser, by virtue of the restitution that was demanded, became reconciled, and that soul was then marshalled into the dark portals of eternity. We are assured by the Bishop, that he never commended one to the mercy of his Saviour with better hope, than he did, on that sad day.

Commanding the admiration of all classes, he became the recipient of the most distinguished favors from every part of the American Republic. By his consummate prudence, enlightened zeal and purity, he soon acquired the lead in the councils of the American Church; and, by general consent, was accorded a first place among her bishops. He was the Prince of the American Hierarchy. High, high upon the roll of the American Church his name will stand, as long as religion asserts her sway over men, and commands their obedience. What the fame of Bossuet was to France in the seventeenth century, the fame of England was to America in the nineteenth. Upon the shoulders of none more worthy could the mantle of Carroll have fallen, and none mightier than he, to bear the cross that Calvert planted on these shores. The

great aim of Bishop England, in all his works, was to open the field of religious investigation, lead the mind to inquiry, and, by this process, develop a true knowledge of the history and teachings of his Church. His mind was a vast magazine of theological law and ecclesiastical information—everything was there and in its proper place—and with these powerful resources, directed by his supple and commanding intellect from the pulpit, and the press, he became the great American propagandist of Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice. He had for his audience the whole American people, and where his voice could not reach, the press, the “winged commerce of the mind,” bore the proofs of his fresh and vigorous interpretations of scripture. Whether standing before the Bar of the American Congress, explaining the mysteries of religion, expounding the evidences of Christianity; engaging in rapt delight, like the Evangelist John in the apocalyptic vision, and with rapturous enthusiasm unfolding to his admiring listeners the glories of the new dispensation; or, preaching to his scattered flock, gathered together by the wayside in some secluded spot of his extended diocese; or, assembling them around the family altar, in the humble dwelling of some devout follower of the faith; in all his discourses he breathed the divine flame, and was permeated with the holy and enlightened zeal of an Augustine, and inspired with the golden eloquence of a Chrysostom. His precepts issued like the waters from Siloa's brook, that once flowed fast by the oracles of God. He found himself among a people who then deemed it unfashionable, nay, impossible to be a Catholic; and who had been taught to believe his Church a relic of the superstition of the dark ages. Her doctrines and her institutions had been dragged through the mire of ignorance, and held up in a manner to excite, if not justify public aversion. It was his mission—and ably did he fulfil it—to remove the mask from the face of error, and exhibit her sacred mysteries and august and

imposing ceremonies, arrayed in all the pomp and splendor of her ancient ritual.

As a writer, his style was bold, free and argumentative; elevated, and superabounding in the most superb diction. He lived in the realm of letters. The *Catholic Miscellany*, born of his creation, teemed weekly with the master productions of his pen, which soon gave to it a celebrated and widespread circulation; which, for its day, has never been surpassed by any periodical in America. In controversy he was unaffectedly liberal in the enforcement of his views, seldom denunciatory, and always seemed bent on conciliating rather than antagonizing an adversary; and, when the contest was over, he was sure to have made a fast friend of a former foe. He was never the aggressor, and never took up the gage of controversial combat, until it had been forced upon him; but, when the conflict became unavoidable, and the polemic engagement became fairly opened, he parted his cables like some great line of battle ship, and swung into action, with majestic ease and power, delivering his argument with the precision, and the thundering effects of recurring broadsides. If he resorted to satire, it was when evoked by superciliousness of arrogance, which, in its pride of self-conceit, did not scruple to descend to epithets for arguments. No malice mingled in his antagonism, nor was his triumph barbed with hauteur to the defeated. He was magnanimous in victory, and may we not just here, with befitting sadness, point a moral of practised import, and replete with feeling and sentiment, at the exhibition of man's high regard, and profound homage for his fellow-men, which has been presented to us of a former rival and competitor; one, who had entered the gladiatorial lists, and wrestled with the great athlete himself, standing bent in solemn awe, with the tear coursing down his cheeks, over the dead body of the great christian warrior; and contemplating in mournful silence the majesty of a great man veiled in the deep

seclusion of never awakening death. It was a scene worthy the pencil of a great painter, and of being handed down as illustrating even in death, the overawing ascendancy of true genius, and the mighty influence of mind upon mind. These characteristics of the man, and distinctive elements of his style are discernible throughout all his writings. The force and fulness, with which he responds to the enquirer after truth, and, with an exhaustive dissertation removes his objection to the doctrine of Church Infallibility—the ease and power, and destructive effect, with which he exposes the fallacies and refutes the calumnies of Blanco White. The tender feeling, the grace and distinguished courtesy with which he expostulates with Bishop Bowen—the vigorous attack and stern reproach with which he disposes of the Rev. Mr. Hawley and his compeers; and the withering satire of his rebuke of the *Gospel Messenger*—now we pursue him running down the long line of the Pontiffs, and vindicating their virtues and excellence—exhibiting the wonders the Papacy has wrought in its conflicts with feudalism, drawing his comparisons from the days of chivalry and romance; and, by the pale light of the middle ages illustrating the triumphs of that cross, which once glittered upon the shield of Godfrey of Bouillon; and surmounted the lion and the dragon of St. George, upon the standard of Richard the Lion-hearted.

As a public-spirited and high-minded citizen, he rendered eminent service to the community, by espousing with alacrity, and advocating with zeal, and promoting by his influence, every enterprise of great public importance in various departments; and, particularly, by fostering and promoting the higher branches of education, and developing a taste for literary culture. He fed and trimmed the lamp of knowledge in his own school, which drew its patrons from the sons of all denominations and classes of our people; of those who were boys then under him, some have passed away forever, but many remain though gray in

years, whose memories are still haunted by the recollections of the goodness, and the greatness of their former preceptor. Enamored with the working of our free institutions, in his addresses he inculcated the maxims of a high public morality, and earnestly and forcibly admonished his Catholic fellow-citizens, to cherish and preserve inviolate the glorious privilege and franchise of a free people; and to watch and guard with a jealous care, the sacred fane of American freedom—and where can language be found to express with more deep and touching pathos, the power and sway that friendship exerts over the human soul, than is to be found in the memorable passage of one of his letters to his friend O'Connell, whom he thus invokes, and thus panegyricizes: "Believe me, my friend, the partner of your affection, does not love your just fame, more ardently than I do. But I love the wretched land that gave me birth; I love that religion in which are centred all my hopes; which contains all my treasures; which justly requires more, if possible, than all my affections—better—yes, better, than I love you or your fame; my affection for you arose from my love of my country and my religion. In you I found an identification to both; and the cold formalities of introduction were unknown between us. Some mutual impulse led us almost to adhesion, and frequently have I been astonished, when I only imagined that I revolved about you, at finding that I had been imperceptibly to myself, borne also into the orbit of your progress round the bright luminary of civil and religious freedom."

The very sound of Bishop England's name, and the sight of his books at that distance, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the garden of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils; not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to

invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. But man doomed to die, in every condition, is exposed to the shafts of death—his life fleeth like a dream,—his liberty like a shadow. He, whose property is creation, and Whose is the perfection of wisdom and justice, snatched him away in the midst of his labors and in the fulness of his fame. He sank exhausted under the heat of the cause and the burden of the toil, he fell at his post with his armor on. In the zenith of his glory his star was extinguished, but no eclipse followed its setting; its pure and steady rays still illumine the pathways he once trod, and his works and his charities have lived to animate his successors, and will live to edify the generations that are to follow. The seed that he planted has ripened; and its fruits are visible in that enlarged Christian liberality and just toleration, and respect for the religious convictions of each other, which he strove to disseminate, and which are the best tokens of a genuine Christian heart. His fame, stretching beyond the boundary of his own immediate fold, as the accepted disciple of the true revealed religion, is now coextensive with Christianity. In the rapid march of events, portentous changes have taken place, that have united all Christians in a common bond, to resist the dangerous tendencies and innovations of the hour. Sectarian barriers have been levelled, and the bitterness of sectarian strife hushed before the appalling evil of widespread and increasing infidelity. This demon advancing step by step in its demand for new and organic changes; substituting political platforms for a divine creed—now threatens the stability of all government, and seeks to subvert the very foundations of society. Its leaders and followers have pitched their camps in every city, and unfurled their standards upon every capital of the Old and New World. False prophets have risen up, and are leading the people to destruction. Prudhon, as late as twenty years ago, sounded the keynote to this

movement when he startled Europe with the blasphemous formula: "There can be no political or social problem that has not believed it a religious dogma. . . . God is the source of all our woes. Our happiness requires us to banish him from the world." And but three years ago, at Brussels, where a convention of the "Société Internationale des Ouvriers" was held; among other things in their proceedings is published the following: "Now, at length, humanity has found out the foe that torments it. In politics its name is Law—its symbol is a monarch. In morals it is *God*—its symbols are the priests and the Pope. In the economy of social life, it is inequality of conditions—its symbol is Money." Ideas fraught with anarchy to the mind and the heart. The dark and evil genii of godliness, collecting their wretched recruits from the dens of vice, deluded ambition and despair loom up on the horizon of society like a black and stormy cloud, confronting the gaze of the christian world—socialism is the great—the fecund and dangerous problem of this historic age. Statesmen and divines must manage and control it, or it will find its own solution in the desolation of the earth, and the havoc of mankind. While this insatiable cry of social progress is madly whirled upon the winds and the waves of popular clamor, threatening with shipwreck the hopes and the fortunes of mankind:—while the ship, which bears our treasures is shivering in the gale, with her masts bending, her cordage tightly set, and sails torn, and the foam of the breakers from a lee shore thundering above and around her, and breaking over her decks—who is there that remembers the Bishop, would not feel safer if the old master was on board?

We look wistfully around us for a leader like him, who, of old in the land of strangers, broke the sceptre of sectarian jealousy, and religious rancor, to guide the hosts of mankind through this valley of danger and of darkness. Oh! For the days of inspiration to return, and for another

echo of that voice, which like the prophets of old, once pealed through "courts and shrines of gold." While we cannot close our eyes to the great danger which impends, nor avoid the sad spectacle of the human heart charred and blackened by some of its wildest passions; we may, at least, draw lessons of spiritual encouragement, and hope from the recollection of his life and his teachings; strengthen anew our faith, and enkindle our christian courage at the shrine of the great, and the lamented Dr. England.

ADDRESS
DELIVERED AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS.,
SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1872.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MASSACHUSETTS:—I am cheered and inspired by the present scene, and by your warm and generous greetings. When I conjure up the sacred memories that haunt this spot, and run down the roll of the illustrious men, whose thrilling tones of eloquence in days past, pleading for liberty and Union, have so often awakened the echoes of this ancient hall; when I reflect that Boston first sounded the trumpet of alarm and invasion in 1776, and that Massachusetts has led the van in the march of new and progressive ideas, I feel that no better spot could have been selected, and no more appropriate occasion to make a manly appeal in behalf of the rights of desecrated and plundered States, and for the individual liberty of the citizen.

When I say that it is high time that the animosities of sections were buried, and political antipathies and social jealousies assuaged and reconciled, I utter a sentiment which should find a response in the bosom of every true American. The law of force should yield and give place at some time, to the sovereign power of love and justice over human souls. It is time that the dark and bloody chasm, which was opened through the side and centre of this Republic, and into whose deep abyss have been huddled and buried the wrecks of institutions, the source of so much national calamity, should be closed; and the sword of America, dripping with the blood of her children, were returned to its scabbard forever. It is the experience of the highest statesmanship, that no great truth was ever

pinned or fastened to the public mind, by the sword or the bayonet. It is by education, which is of slow growth, that great principles accomplish their great ends; and by the cultivation of the most generous and refined sentiments, that they can be made salutary in their impression and effects upon the civilization of a people. To hold a nation or people in forcible subjection is, under the most favorable circumstances, a weak and unsafe tenure; while a conciliatory process is far more healing and enduring. Good sense ought to have suggested, as the wisest in the end, a course of action that would leave no ground of justification to those who had seceded, and dispel forever all dreams of separate nationality.

Amid the vast fluctuations of passions stirred by the late war, some fixed idea of policy for the government of our extensive empire seemed indispensable; but this has been wanting.

The Republican party, founded in opposition to the expansion of slavery, accomplished its mission with the emancipation and enfranchisement of the colored race. Radical in all its tendencies to that end, wisdom and sound policy ought to have dictated, that its further aim should have been to conserve and perfect the work of its hands, to the complete unification of the American people. A degree of toleration for those who had differed from the dominant and prevailing idea, with a spirit of forgiveness for the past animating the councils of a victorious party, would have resulted in incalculable advantage; and a little more modesty on the part of those who had been suddenly ushered into the noonday blaze of freedom, and invested with new and important rights and higher privileges, would have been more decent and becoming than a loud clamor against the conquered. Magnanimity has never been lost upon a brave, though prostrate foe. The very magnitude of the interests involved in the contest, and its marvellous results, achieving in the wonderfully short

space of four years, that which might have cost a century of agitation and strife; would have warranted, I think, a more generous and conciliatory policy. In this wise and statesmanlike course, the past triumphs of the Republican party were the best guarantee against any considerable opposition, and the march to empire under its banners could have moved on, hand in hand, with the spirit of fraternization and conciliation. In the demands of this party for the great changes which had been made, they had sounded the public conscience to its profoundest depths; and the voice of that conscience, speaking the dictates of its honest and enlightened instincts with omnipotent authority, from South as well as North, East and West, ratified the new and progressive ideas for the amelioration and elevation of the human race; which had been engrafted upon the organic law of the nation, and imbedded in the minds of the people. So awful and potent was the authority which heralded this great revolution in our American history, that I am forced to accept the great issues that have been wrought as much, if not more, the result of Providential interposition, as of human agency. The way of man you may change, but the ways of God you cannot alter. And, standing in the presence of over five thousand of the people of this great metropolis, I proclaim it to you as my firm conviction, and I tell you to circulate upon the winds of heaven to the four quarters of this continent, that the people of the South have no interest, either direct or indirect, now or in the future, to interfere with or disturb these amendments. In our adhesion to these new maxims of American policy, anomalous as it may seem to you, the Southern mind is to-day in advance of the Northern, impelled by the very highest motives that can actuate men—the preservation of their domestic polity, and the cultivation of peaceful and amicable relations with the people with whom we must live, and with whom we must prosper. Guided by the light of ad-



vancing civilization, we accept these fundamental changes in that spirit of humanitarian progress which originated them, and without any mental reservations whatever. Absorbing the attention of the two great political parties of the Union, expressly ratified by over thirty millions of freemen, and stamped with the approving sanction of the more advanced civilized nations of Europe, the idea has grown till it has become a sentiment, and been raised to the dignity of another magna charta of American liberty. Equal laws, equal rights and equal justice, which have been inscribed in letters of living light upon the banners of the Republic, never can be, and never will be erased. And finally, it is a tribute to that elevated and refined justice, which has been aptly said by one of the philosophers of the ancient school "to have its seat in the inmost mind, whose influence is the music of the soul, which makes the whole nature of the true man a concert of disciplined affections—a choir of virtues attuned to the most perfect accord among themselves, and falling in with all the mysterious and everlasting harmonies of heaven and earth."

But this ransom and boon, purchased at the cost of a nation's treasure, and the free outpouring of a nation's blood; was never intended to be perverted as it has been by reckless and mercenary adventurers, a cause of national scandal and reproach, and an instrument of fraud, oppression and tyranny; nor to be prostituted by crafty and designing politicians, to the unholy purposes of party domination. Instead of wise men and good men—instead of statesmen and patriots imbued with the true spirit of these amendments, miscreants have stolen the livery of heaven to break God's ordinances, and gone forth to preach the doctrines of this new dispensation. With the fire of the incendiary upon their tongues and the thirst of the robber in their hearts, they passed the door of the freedman's hut, only to drop into his ear and leave behind, the poison and

the sting of every vice and every passion. They taught the poor negro revenge, and how to hate the white man, his former master; and upon the ignorance of this still benighted class they have foisted themselves into power; taken possession and absolute control of State governments; and, in some of these States, in their excesses, have hurried society to a pass where every passion breaks loose in wild disorder, and no law is obeyed, no right respected, and no decorum observed. Like a nest of Barbary pirates they have sat themselves down in our midst, proclaiming: "the Commonwealth lawful prize;" and by a species of confiscation, under the pretence of taxation, appropriating the public revenues, and pillaging individuals of their private estates. *O tempora! O mores!* And when the voice of an incensed and outraged people went up from their desolate hearths, amid the rags of starving children, in indignant protest against these gross enormities, the authors of these crying evils sought refuge from the wrath to come, in the bosom of the Federal administration at Washington; and the authorities there, deaf to all the clamor of outraged justice, while whole States were being plundered and ravished under their very eyes, and greedy mercenaries were revelling in the spoils and gloating over the ruin of a people whose dearest rights they had betrayed, and upon whose constitutional liberties they had trampled; and bent only upon the perpetuity of party power through the vile agency of those wretches, the Federal authorities assured criminal Southern carpet-bag Governors of national sympathy and protection; and by word, if not acts, encouraged one of these same governors, from the steps of the National Capitol, and from the capital of his own State, to brand his own people as assassins, and threaten them with Winchester rifles, because they had dared to complain. And these men over whom the shield of Federal protection has been thrown, and who have been, and are now sustained by Federal bayonets in their unhal-

lowed domination; these men who, in the short space of four years, have plunged the conquered States of the South into a debt of over two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, a debt larger than the entire debt of all the other States put together; while their State treasuries are constantly empty, and their asylums for the indigent and unfortunate, and their schools and public institutions are dependent upon private aid for their maintenance, and while poverty stalks through the streets of their cities, and decay broods along their borders; these men, I say, are the very and only men in the South, who, in secret and oath-bound leagues are banded together, to ride the present Executive into power again. The annals of civilized countries furnish no parallel to the iniquities, that have been perpetrated in these States. Not even Rome, Imperial Rome, when her despotism extended from the rock of Jupiter Olympus to the far distant Euphrates; and her proconsuls were sent forth to dominate and plunder the fairest and most fertile portions of the globe, that they might enrich with booty a haughty aristocracy, or furnish bread to an idle populace; can furnish an example of such infamy.

As earnest and determined as I believe this nation was, in its efforts to secure before the law, the political equality of all men; and vigilant and zealous as it has been in guarding and guaranteeing the enjoyment of this privilege; I am just as confident, that it will frown down any attempt by any party, to establish the supremacy of any class or any caste in this country. All combinations for political or other purposes, either as races or distinct nationalities, are much to be deprecated, and highly censured and condemned. It is repugnant to the very genius of our institutions, and incompatible with the instincts of our people. The civil and political equality of the negro with all other men the American people are pledged to maintain, and will ever assure; but negro political supremacy, or negro

domination in any of these States, never can be, and never will be tolerated. I say it in all kindness, that the sooner the colored men of the South understand this distinctly, the better. Their welfare, and the welfare of the States in which they dwell, are involved in the speedy recognition of this truth. They cannot exist in hostile relations with the white man, nor can they hope to prosper by reversing the natural order of society, and abetting those who would expel wisdom and virtue from the seats of authority, and enthrone vice and ignorance. Intellect must govern, and strength and passion must submit. It has been so since the creation of man, and will be so until the end of time. Let it be remembered, that the national arm which has been successfully invoked to suppress conspiracies and redress wrongs perpetrated against the colored man, will, I say, be as promptly and as successfully employed to put down corruption, and exterminate the conspiracies that have been formed, to rob the people and the States of the South. There are periods in the growth of every government when extraordinary remedies are necessary, and called for in cases of extraordinary fits of national malady. The American people cannot be so insensible to their interests as to look on in silence, while laws are being violated with impunity by the bad, and trampled upon with scorn by those in power; and legislators openly and shamelessly auction off to the highest bidder, the property and the rights of the citizen; while vampires are sucking the very life-blood of the South, and eating its substance; and mountebanks, with their vile arts, impose upon the ignorant, and point them the paths of wickedness and crime, and are drawing deeper and wider the lines of separation between the blacks and the whites. In all this, I see with the gloomiest apprehensions for the future of the colored man; who, blindly heeding these false counsels and alienating the sympathies of their brethren of the white race all over this country, a current of feeling setting in, which

will swell and spread with every repeated aggression, and wrong, and fresh indignity; until, at length, the poor blinded and untutored wards of the nation, may, at some future day, seek protection of the very men of the South, whom they now so much distrust, and so much despise. I am not drawing upon my fancy, but uttering the prophetic warning which can be traced in the history of empires, and the rise and fall of peoples. It is to check these alarming vices, and to avert these and other dire and threatened calamities, that the masses of this great nation are now being upheaved; and the billows raised by multitudinous voices for union and reform, and for Horace Greeley, are heard surging from the St. Croix to the Sabine, and are rolling from either ocean over and across this Continent; and the music of conciliation and harmony is heard with the roll of the morning and evening drum from Montauk Point to the Falls of St. Anthony, and from our icy fields in the North, down to the glittering crescent of the Gulf.

And if I should be asked in what way the central administration is responsible for these irregularities, my answer is, that corruption in the capitol at Washington has engendered corruption in the States; and from the parts and extremities of the republic into which the virus has been injected, it has been radiated back to the centre, until the whole national breath has been impregnated with the poison. It has been sagely recorded by a very distinguished writer, that, as the most perfect commonwealth is only public virtue embodied in the institutions of a country, so every vice generates some abuse or corruption in the State—some pernicious disorder, some lawless power, incompatible with rational liberty, or, as the same idea has been recently more tersely expressed by the distinguished Carl Schurz, “public morality is the very life-blood of free institutions.”

Let us contrast, for a moment, the present condition of our country with what it was in its halcyon days. In that

interval, brief in the life of a nation, between the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and that fatal April day in 1861, when the flag of the Union was lowered on Sumter; our country presents as happy and interesting a spectacle as can be found in the annals of any nation—a glowing record of splendid achievements—a Union of civic and military renown, united with the stern morals of a primitive, and the graces of a polished age. When the fasces of the Republic were upheld by men of stainless integrity; and our own, our immortal Washington, and his immediate successors, imbued with that sublime fortitude, like Cato, thought, with more than a censor's severity, and loved with more than a Roman's virtue; when the dome of our national temple blazed, not with the spoils of subjugated States, but with prouder triumphs won in the cause of mankind; when constitutional liberty was celebrated as a fact, and not a mere empty name; and our entire people, in their republican simplicity, were animated with that high tone of sentiment, that enlightened love of country, that heroic self-sacrifice, wisdom and moderation, and that dignity and repose, which should characterize a young and aspiring nation; when our senators and representatives climbed the hill of the Capitol with no selfish motive or sordid thought in their breasts, but sustained by a noble purpose, and seeking, as their only end, their country's good.

Passing from the contemplation of this scene of exalted public virtue, we are now forced to confront the humiliating spectacle of widespread national demoralization. With scarcely an ennobling attribute of the past to be discerned on the topics of the present, a whole nation under the rule of incapable and unworthy leaders; distracted by intestine feud, and racked with civil disorder; the whole government wrenched from its constitutional orbit; and thirty-eight distinct States, each an empire in extent and resources, bound and held together, not by the hands of love, but by

the strong arm of power. States ravaged by profligate mercenaries, with malignant passion dominant, and the sordid love of gain, sharpened by party animosity in the ascendant; the myrmidons of spoliation and hate swarming about the purlieus of the capital; and huge railroad monopolies lobbying and bartering for votes, and parceling out to bloated corporations the public domain, which should be held sacred as the people's own—an Executive professing ignorance of the requirements of the constitution, and recognizing as the standard rule of his conduct, "*sic volo, sic jubeo*." Our domestic policy a scandal and a reproach, and our foreign diplomacy a mockery and a disgrace. Driven at every point by the bravado and bluster of Gladstone and Granville at London, and badgered at Geneva out of our asserted claims, by Sir Roundell Palmer and Lord Alexander Cockburn. Our President, "the sublime of mediocrity," surrounded by courtiers and favorites, instead of independent ministers, who in humble subserviency, pander to his tastes and minister to his caprices; an administration without a policy save to subjugate and degrade, without the majesty or awe of supreme power to impose, or its magnificence to attract, it has no parallel, except "when Pompey dictated to the Roman Senate, and Claudius rioted with the mob in the forum." In a state of profound national peace, we have seen inaugurated a state of war under the plea of State necessity; precedents in legislation have been established, with the approval of the Executive, fraught with more evils to the country, than all the evils these statutes were designed to suppress.

When our great writ of right, the habeas corpus, was suspended, men held their breath in amazement, as the tremendous fabric of our liberties trembled. The advocates of central power, have a victory in the establishment of that precedent, that will be a justification for further encroachments of power. While it remains upon the statute book, it will be a standing menace to the free cities

and States of the Union; for, what may be done in one State to-day, and for a certain cause, under the plea of State necessity, may be attempted in another State to-morrow, and for a different cause, until every vestige of our liberties has been swept away. State necessity! It has been under this plea, that the fires of persecution have been kindled in every age of the world. This was the excuse given an indignant world for the cruel and inhuman execution of the Duke d'Enghien; and it was in support of this plea that a servile judge, backed by a tyrannical prince, sent Russell and Sidney, the two great masters of English liberty, to the disgraceful scaffold. It has been under this plea that England, for over eight hundred years, has tyrannized over Ireland with the most grinding despotism. It has ever been the tyrant's plea. Let no man charge me with sympathy with crime, or a desire to screen its guilty authors! I yield to no one in my abhorrence and utter detestation of violence, and its perpetrators, but I dare impugn the motives of this legislation. I dare inveigh against a chief magistrate who would, for other than purely patriotic purposes, avail himself of the exercise of such unprecedented power, without first exhausting all the peaceful agencies of the law. I dare arraign licentious power arbitrarily exerted. You have heard, but you have not seen, a whole State outlawed, and its terror-stricken communities flying before the blighting accusation of the government spy and public informer, whose withering breath fell, without discrimination, upon the innocent alike with the guilty. I have seen, and my blood creeps, and my cheek tingles when I think of it, whole companies of poor emaciated creatures, men of your race and blood, dragged before the national tribunals through the streets of Charleston, with a yelping, hooting rabble at their heels; while a once proud people hung their heads in shame at the degradation of their country, and in sorrow for poor, suffering humanity.

While justice sat enthroned, surrounded by Federal bayonets, and the very air was stagnant with conviction; and the swelling utterances of the advocate were choked by the consciousness of condemnation, preordained by the public prosecutor, to be followed by sure sentence and swift execution. Not even when Emmett, in the midst of his British guards, confronted Narbury in the dock at Dublin, was ever such a spectacle of arbitrary judicial proceeding witnessed. God grant that your eyes may never be forced to behold a Federal soldiery in time of peace, encamped on Boston Common; with the liberties of your Commonwealth in their keeping, and the gleam of bayonets flashing from the steps of your temple of national justice. And believe me, this act meant more, and was intended to reach further than South Carolina. It was to prepare the way for a greater stretch of Executive power. It was to accustom you and all of us to the chains of military servitude. It is thus the channels of despotism are formed; a stake is put down here and another there, where once the streams of liberty ran, until in one irresistible torrent, every landmark of freedom is washed away. And I ask you, shall the encroachments which are sapping the very foundations of our republican system, and preparing the way for the establishment of an imperial despotism, continue unquestioned and uncondemned? Will forty millions of freemen tamely submit, and see outpost after outpost of the constitution, carried by the insidious approaches of the enemies of free government, until the very citadel of our rights has been undermined? Have you not seen your own great senator degraded from his position in the Senate, because he dared to differ with the President and oppose his policy? It may be reserved for him, possibly, from the shades of retired solitude, to contemplate a fate in store for the great Republic of the West, as appalling as that which excited the gloomiest forebodings of Cicero, the great patriot and orator of Rome; who fore-

saw for his country, in the decline of popular virtue, a day of slaughter and shame, and hopeless, irremediable servitude; when the bands of the faithful were to be scattered in every battle, and "the last of the Romans should invoke death with vows, as their chief good and final hope," and the gory head of the orator himself should be set up in mockery upon his own rostrum—a hideous trophy of parricide, drunk with its bloody orgies, and ruffianing in its unhallowed domination; and the very name of his adored Republic blotted out and gone forever. God forbid it! May the spirits of Adams and Jefferson, the authors of our immortal declaration and the pillars of our nationality, hover around and protect us! I hear a voice of warning and deprecation ascending from the tomb of him who sleeps at Mansfield—your great statesman and orator—of him who, oft in tones of unrivalled eloquence, shook this, the cradle of Liberty; and from beneath the shadow of yonder monument, held up to the gaze of an admiring world the image of his country—"glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy." The Union dead whose bones are mingled with the sods of every valley from Manassas to Mobile protest, if it was for this they fought, and bled, and died; and unless the reform is begun by a change of the Executive, this government will become a Cæsarism, and cease to be a Republic. Four years longer lease to the present men in power, and the very "name of Commonwealth will be no longer heard in the three fractions of the groaning globe."

A change of the National Executive is the first and indispensable measure, to which all others are of secondary importance. The people demand a change. The nation needs and yearns for repose. The functions of government have been all strained too far in one direction, and that hostile to its peace and unity. Country, in this crisis, wants no party President, but simply a man and a patriot, who will be the living embodiment of honor and honesty

—the two great demands of the present age—a man who will be President, not of a party, but of the whole people; to whom all alike can have access, titled and untitled, rich and poor, white or black; who will treasure first and closest in his affections, his country's faith and his country's honor; and hold up its high dignities and offices to the emulation of the wise and the great; and disdain the thought of bartering these away as gifts, or rewards for services rendered; who will bear aloft the nation's escutcheon undimmed by fear, and untarnished by defeat; who will make America the home and seat of *humanity* and fraternity among nations, and who will make the name of American as strong a shield and protection to the humblest citizen on the banks of the Rio-del-Norte, as the title of Roman citizen was to St. Paul at Damascus; and that man is Horace Greeley. A civilian simple and pure, the very anti-type of a military President. A reflex of those attributes and qualities, which should adorn a citizen President. A student of history, a clear and cautious observer of the operation of large principles and truths, in their effects upon governments.

Neither North nor South can have cause to fear a man whose integrity has never been questioned, and whose frown or favor could never be courted, nor evaded by the blandishments of official patronage, nor the threats of power; who stood up almost alone, and bore contumely and reproach, while he confronted the whole power of the South with his doctrine of unadulterated abolitionism. The man, who was able and bold enough to wage war unrelenting for years, against the institution of slavery, supported, as that institution was, by intellects of unsurpassed power in the South; and at a period when Southern men shaped and decided the national policy, and sanctified as this institution then was, in the hearts of a proud people; such a man as President, I say, will not be surrounded by sycophants and courtiers to play upon his imaginary weak-

nesses, nor will he be found unequal to the task of harmonizing the American people, nor wanting in force and will to crush, and exterminate the corrupt, and thieving governments of the South.

That Republican simplicity so marked in Mr. Greeley's demeanor, and his large sympathy with the toiling millions, should lead him far on to victory. He is a fit and admirable leader of the great reform movement; and as far as the South is concerned, she can look for surer and speedier relief through his instrumentality in the Presidential chair, than through that of any other public man whose name has been coupled with the office. By nature and by temper, he is adapted to soften asperities, and smooth the way to reconciliation. As President, he would command the most cheerful obedience, and the most implicit confidence; and the heart of the whole American people, with faith in the old philosopher, would be thoroughly aroused to the support of his policy.

Elect Greeley, and the great object for which so much blood has been shed and treasure lavished, the unity of the Republic, with a complete identity of interests, and common sympathy between all its parts and all its people, must be accomplished. No more Missouri compromises to build up opposing sections, and excite conflicting interests. No longer a Mason and Dixon's line to divide our territory, making one half slave and one half free; but a homogeneous and united people, under a common flag and common country. With the frontiers of our progressive civilization daily advancing, now embracing upon our eastern and western extremities the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific; and destined at no very distant day to cover this whole vast and boundless Continent, from the Straits to Cape Horn, with a government administered by laws, and held together by a people trained to obey, and religiously devoted to their institutions.

It remains for the American people to decide in the

coming contest whether these anticipations shall be realized, or whether they shall degenerate and become the suppliant dependents upon Presidential favor; whether we are to be governed by Executive cabals, organized for spoils and plunder, and obedient to a military chieftain; or be protected in all our rights and liberties by a just and honest government. Remember Philip, renowned in the councils of war, and full of arts and subtle wiles; it was long before the Commonwealth of Greece felt what the great Athenian orator predicted, that "the man of Macedon" would be the future destroyer of Greece. Will you imitate the example of the illustrious founders of the Republic, who "augured misgovernment at a distance," and snuffed tyranny in every tainted gale, or will you wait until your chains have been forged, and your masters are ready to rivet them? Shall it be written in the book of history that in the year of our Lord, 1872, in the face of all this public scandal, with corruption eating like a cancer into the very bowels of the State, we, the American people, were unequal to the work of scourging our temple of the plunderers, and achieving the great work of a popular and moral regeneration? Shall the voice of the South, of six millions of people, who are bowed down under the yoke of a vulgar, bloated and profligate tyranny, call in vain for justice? I trust not. I feel not. From the ashes of despotism there will flash once more the fires of liberty.

Maine and Vermont have been lost, but all is not lost. Our lines are still unbroken, and under the prestige of victories soon to come, under the guidance of our cause, which is the cause of justice and moderation, the 5th of November will carry everywhere throughout our land, the shouts of triumph of a redeemed, and reconciled people.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: IRELAND.

MARCH 17TH, 1873.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I affect not when I say that the sentiment which has just been proposed by your President, and to which I have the honor to respond, excites within me the deepest emotion. I salute the land of my forefathers, with a joy and affection akin to the love I feel for the land of my nativity.

Though her children for centuries have been seated in the dust; and her harp has been long tuned only to the melody of mournful song; though a proud and contemptuous neighbor has torn the mantle of nobility from her shoulders, and flung around her limbs the garb of folly and ignorance; yet, no man, I say, need be ashamed of Ireland. It is true that the background of her historic picture has been for ages shrouded in sadness, and in gloom, but not unrelieved by light; for every page of her story is lit up by recurring flashes of her glory and renown. She was great and renowned before the Saxon invaded Britain, or the Frank crossed the Rhine. She has seen the Gaul, the Asiatic, and the Briton, in turn, bow beneath the sceptre of imperial Rome, and upon the battlements of every capital in Europe, her triumphant eagles have been unfurled; but never did Rome in her power, essay to tread, with hostile foot, the shores of Ireland. She gave schools to Europe, and disseminated learning throughout the Continent; and after the rage of Attila was quenched, almost with the light of civilization, within the walls of her sacred monasteries were gathered the fragments of the wreck, and surviving Europe turned to her for the materials out of which to reconstruct her almost exhausted so-

ciety. Ireland typifies in her character three constituent elements of national greatness; these are fortitude, faith, hope. She has exhibited fruits of these in a most heroic degree. Her constancy and endurance under centuries of cruel persecution, are without a parallel in the world's history; and, for eight hundred years, ever since the ramparts of Waterford were stormed by the English, under Henry, she has maintained her attitude of defiance, and never would, and never has, accepted the situation.

The Dane came, and the Irish resisted him. The Norman came, and the Irish resisted him. The Saxon came, and the Irish resisted him too. Fraud and brute force, at length, triumphed over valor. Move down the centuries, and we trace the tracks in blood of the Irish patriot on a thousand battle-fields. Now, victoriously smiting the foe, with the red hand of the North. Now, overwhelmed with numbers, cloven down in disaster, but ever defiant, never, never yielding. The last words that trembled on the lips of her martyrs, as they swung from the scaffold into eternity, is a prayer for their vanquished, but still unsubjugated nation: "God save Ireland."

She is the soul and embodiment of a living and active faith—faith in her mission, faith in her cause, faith in her nationality, and faith in her destiny. The world may carp, and the pseudo wise may sneer, but Ireland is a nation in the fullest and strictest sense of the term; and the whole power of England, exerted for over seven hundred years, has not been able to destroy her nationality. Smaller nations have been absorbed by larger powers, and their names stricken from the roll of States. When the standards of Wallace and Bruce were lowered at Cul-loden, Scotland from that day became completely merged with England; while Ireland, in spite of force, and threat and intimidation, has held out, and still refuses to be a homogeneous member of the British Empire. Her status as a nation, is confessed by England, in her title of the



Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and, but for the faith that abideth in her people, she would have been trampled out of existence long ago. To counteract the progressive influences of her expanding and aspiring nationality, and to check the growth of American sympathy for Ireland's grievances, Mr. Froude, the English historian, recently came upon a lecturing tour to this country, to show his trans-Atlantic cousins how wicked the Irish people were, and how innocent were the English; but thanks to Father Burke, who sent him back with a flea in his ear, to repair the shattered web of his historical fabric. He found, to his bitter grief, thanks to America, that he had come to the wrong country, to retail his garbled and spurious account of the great Irish difficulty. After all her efforts to subdue this inimical spirit of Irish nationality and independence, England has nearly conquered herself. By her brutal policy, she has, forever, alienated the affections of a people, who could have been made the most powerful buttresses of the British throne.

In the piercing language of Wendell Phillips, "Ireland has sealed the sword of England to its scabbard." She dare not lift her arm to dominate on the continent, for fear of Ireland at her back. From a first rate, she has descended to a second rate power in Europe; and, after abandoning her firmest ally, France, she is now left abandoned by all. And I venture to say, that that small Alabama bill of fifteen millions of pounds would never have been allowed or paid, but that Ireland has held England under bonds to keep the peace with America.

Love of country, combined with the spirit of liberty, is the distinguishing trait in the Irish character. It is as fresh to-day as it was when Owen Roe O'Neill at Benburb, and Red Hugh at the Yellow Ford, battled for Ireland and the right. As fresh as when at Fontenoy, the harp of Erin blended in happy concord with the lilies of France, streamed through the thickest of the fight, upheld by

Clare's dragoons; as fresh as when Sarsfield led the forlorn hope in the trenches of Limerick; and as fresh as when Emmett stood undaunted in the face of death in the dock at Dublin.

While younger nations are sinking into decrepitude and tumbling to decay; Ireland, constantly renewing her youth in the ubiquity of her progeny, like the young eagle renewing her strength, is preparing for another flight upward. Hope keeps her on the track of her destiny, with her steady eye ever fixed upon the bright sun of National freedom.

The toiling millions answer to her prolonged shout for liberty, and Europe shakes beneath the tramp of the Republic. Its thundering vivas now resound along the galleries of the deserted Escorial, and the palaces of the kings of old Castile, awake to the echoes of the free. The great problem—the one idea of the masses—is *the Republic personified*. This extraordinary being, was engendered of a proletarian family, born and bathed in the sweat of labor, educated in the fatigues and anguishes misery inflicts upon the lowest classes of society; whose only proposition seems to be to repeat itself with withering eloquence, logic implacable; and whose force has in it something of the blind force of nature—something of the hurricane and the earthquake. He became a marvellous artist of speech; in spite of having had, like Rousseau, late, very late, the revelation of his genius. Now he rises to the majesty of Bossuet, now descends to the howling of Baboel, now laughs with the sarcastic laugh of Montaigne, now melts with the feminine sensitiveness of Bernardin's St. Pierre; now springs into the manly apostrophes of Victor Hugo, and now whispers in the gentle, sweet poesy of Lamartine. It seems as if he possessed the note of all styles, to repeat better the echo of all griefs. He entered into the pantheon of contemporaneous history, where were heaped up all ideas, with the same horror as the ancient Christians felt

when they entered the Latin pantheon, where were heaped up all the idols; and, placing them all in his crucible, he crumbles them to pieces in his vast examination, and smashes them with his Herculean club. For he is the genius of social criticism, as Kant was the genius of scientific criticism. And the only affirmations which furrow his brow after the tempests he has raised, are the Federal Republic, and the dogma of man's capability for self-government in political science. In closing let me offer—

Ireland's next best step for England's safety, her only alternative, Repeal of the Legislative Union.

TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I propose to say but a few words; at most, I can but faintly echo the public wail, which swept over the country upon the announcement of the solemn event which has this day convened us. Truly, in the language of holy writ, "a great man has fallen in Israel," and is lost to his country.

The death of Chief Justice Chase, is, signally, a national bereavement; but beyond even the confines of our territory, this sad calamity has fallen heavily upon the friends of liberty, and of law throughout the world. The humble alike with the exalted, the former slave, in common with the rich and the poor must mourn him; for his fame is no longer circumscribed by sectional lines, nor hemmed in by the barriers of any class or party. The arrows of social and political prejudice which were once levelled against him, have now lost their poison, and fall harmless at his feet; while even the envy of his great rivals, was subdued in the majesty of his elevation.

The foundations of his greatness, lay deep in the expanding civilization of his age, and his high endeavor to compass the utmost bounds of human justice, and secure for his fellow-man, the largest degree of human liberty. I mean liberty united with Law—Liberty which has truth for its throne and altar—Liberty which with reason dwells, and from which, has no dividual being.

No matter what view we may now take of him, or what judgment, in the light of recent political events, we may pronounce upon his public course; posterity will surely assign him a niche in her pantheon alongside of the great

agitators, and leaders of emancipation; and whatever renown may attach to this distinction, he has well earned, for he loved and defended the cause of human rights, when it was odious and dangerous to do so; and proved his faith, by a devotion tried and true, amid the frowns and sneers of his enemies, and the distrust and misgiving of many of his friends. If he was great as minister of finance, and guardian of the public credit in time of war—great as a politician and as the high dispenser of National Justice; he was greater still when in 1854, in the Senate of the United States, he stood in the ranks of the famous ten, with the billows of Democracy raised by the giant Douglas surging over him; and, undaunted, fought for his amendment to the Nebraska bill, and warned his countrymen of the dangers of a repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He was destined to have realized his gloomiest forebodings; and the alarm which he felt at the repeal of this measure, was similar to what Jefferson felt in 1820 upon its adoption, who described it, as ringing in his ears, like a fire-bell in the middle of the night.

In this group often, there stood the inflexible and uncompromising Sumner, the rash and impetuous Wade, the elegant and accomplished Everett, the urbane and courtly Fish, our present premier. There was Dodge of Wisconsin, and Houston of Texas, while the weird spirit which looked out from under the brow of William H. Seward, hung like a spell and portent over the scene. But if we are permitted to divine the motives which influence men's conduct, the secret spring in the breast of Chase, was different from what actuated his compeers. He trusted and loved the humanity of man. The leading idea in his mind, at that supreme moment in his country's history, was patriotism, and the preservation of his government and the American Union. At this distance, and looking at our distinguished subject through subsequent media of his life, it was not merely fanaticism that stirred him; or sectional

antipathy, or a sense of wounded personal pride, that impelled his conduct. He stood out from the band Ajax-like, bearing upon his front the high resolve of a great work to be performed. He saw the storm cloud gathering which no human hand could keep back; and, foreseeing the tempest, he wished to prepare his people to avert the desolation thereof. There was a moral force in all this—a high courage—and after all, where can we find true greatness, that it is not associated with virtue, and that faith in one's convictions, that will enable him if necessary, to stand alone in the assertion of principle, that great attribute which ever encircles the true disciple of an advancing civilization. The career of Chief Justice Chase, since the late war, seems to justify these comments. Being one of the most effective instruments in saving the national cause; when the strife was ended, with him, all resentments were buried, and a charity and good will broader than ever, stimulated his public life. After so much that has been so well said and written in tribute to his genius and greatness, this is quite enough for me to say. The few thoughts which I have thrown out, crude and undigested, reflect the image of the departed, as he was impressed upon my mind, and in that likeness I believe history will hereafter embalm him. Calmly and proudly laurelled he will sleep forever in the temple of fame, a greater than Hamilton, and no less than a Marshall or a Taney.

SPEECH
WRITTEN FOR THE CHICAGO RAILROAD CONVENTION,
HELD IN CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 11TH, 1873,
BUT NOT DELIVERED.

IT is an old adage that a good beginning, is very apt to have a good ending. The pleasant auspices under which we have met; the cordial greetings which have attended this festive union of citizens, from different and distant portions of our country; cheered by every manifestation of a bountiful Providence visible over land and sea; and encouraged and gladdened as we have been to-day by the smiles of fair woman, give the brightest promise of a prosperous future for the new and grand movement, of uniting the great lakes of the West, with the broad Atlantic which rolls at our feet. It is a conception worthy of the highest ambition of our people, and justifies their largest expectations. The project is no fabric of a vision, doomed to abortion like the forlorn Blue Ridge, or unforeseen disadvantage like the Memphis and Charleston; but it is a living and tangible reality. Chicago looks to the sea, and the sea looks back to Chicago. The great granary of the West must find a Southern outlet for the golden treasures, which are locked in her inexhaustible bosom. She is reaching out her arms, like Briareus, in every direction, for a vent for the accumulated millions of Western produce, which are being constantly drained from the great Lakes, along her borders, into her great centre of Western commerce.

If Charleston, with her innumerable advantages, does not seize the opportune moment, to link herself in the iron bands of commerce, with her powerful sister, there are other cities envious of her position, that will profit by

our sloth and indifference. Chicago is the great storehouse of the Northwestern portion of this Continent; she is a grand reservoir of human industry, constantly filled to repletion; and for want of adequate highways, over which to transport her mighty tribute, her harvests are left to rot on the surface of her broad acres, or consumed by her people for fuel. Imagine for a moment the growth and power of this great Western Emporium; but yesterday, a forest stood beside the harbor, now, of a thousand masts; but yesterday, a prey to the ravages of a most desolating conflagration, to-day rising Phoenix-like from her ashes, in more than her native power and glory. In the extent of her trade, the opulence of her merchants, and the magnificence of her structures, she is destined at no late day, to be the rival, if not the superior of New York, her great Atlantic neighbor. She is the great furnace of Western civilization, into which all the crude elements of human life are being heaped; and passing through her alembic, are to come forth from her never-waning fires, to quicken and render more ardent her restless spirit, and intensify her power. Her sons, gathered from every quarter of this vast country, bold, adventurous, and enterprising, aspire to make her become the Paris of America. This monarch, this King-city of the far-off West, wooes the Queen of the South, and it remains for us to accept the engagement-ring, and to prepare to solemnize the nuptials. We should not live for ourselves and our times alone, but for humanity in the ages that are to come. We are here to improve the advantages, which nature has vouchsafed us, that other men, and other times, may profit by our enterprise and our energy. We are one country and one people, under one flag and one empire. There is no necessary repulsion between the people of the South and the people of the West; but rather we are drawn together by a law of attraction, which must, daily, bring us closer and nearer. All differences of thought are purely esoteric and ephemeral,

and all the chemists in the world, in their analyses, could not discover an antagonism between the particles which form the great body of the American people. But despite all the barriers man may oppose to progress, there is a power that is irresistible, and will weld us together; it is the power and the spirit of commerce. It is her ever-ascending genius, that has quickened the impulse of the present movement; turned the glance of the young eagle of the West, whose steady gaze has been fixed on the setting sun, to the glories of that orb when it rises in the East. This modern Hercules, Commerce, whose ships appear like sea-birds on the ocean, leaving behind the white track of their foam, and their thick smoke in the air, interchanges all products, and makes all mankind akin. By its encircling, unending chain, the golden grain of the West is borne to distant shores, to bring back, in return, the fruits and tobacco, which grow under the burning sun of the tropics; the iron forged in the icy wilderness of Siberia; the gold-dust which the negro of Africa gathers from the sands of his rivers; the manufactures of England, the produce of India; the date with which the patriarch of the Bible, fed himself under the palm-tree of old; from Asia the brilliants and precious stones dug from Eastern caves; the juice of the vines which festoon the borders of the Rhine; and the ardent wines of Madeira and France, which carry dissolved in their golden atoms particles of the sun, to heat the veins of the cold sons of the North. And with all this grandeur, Commerce, like the spirit of the earth, divides the cup of life among all races, joins Asia and Europe, and Africa and America, and causes man to realize that he is actuated by but one spirit, and possesses a dominion and a reign over every side of our beautiful planet. Let us inhale this spirit, and become as we should be, a great and a prosperous people!

ORATION

DELIVERED MARCH 17TH, 1874, SAVANNAH, GA.

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF GEORGIA:—In the continuous circle of the revolving years, the great festal day of the Irish people has come once more. Consecrated by the united and almost universal observance of all the nations of the earth, and sanctified by the solemnities of our holy religion, it returns to us laden with the precious remains of over fifteen centuries of sadness and of triumph;—of sorrow and of renown.

If it were permitted for Ireland's great apostle and patron Saint, whom we this day commemorate, to descend from his mansions above upon the scene of his earthly labors; and, standing upon the historic heights of Tara, where he once stood in the flesh, view the mighty procession sweeping down the grand aisle of the centuries, with its ranks recruited from every tribe and every clime to the farthest ends of the earth, its hosts marshalled under the standards of every power, with the cross, the symbol of the nation's faith, high over all in the ascendant; how his eyes would fill, and his heart overflow with joy, at the miraculous growth of that small seed he so early planted in the bosom of his dear isle, and which has so wonderfully fructified to the glory and welfare of the Irish people.

To call forth a spectacle, such as the world this day presents, needs a higher and additional incentive than love of country or the fellowship of man; it is the spirit made more perfect, joined in the stronger and holier bonds of union in a common faith.

It would be impossible for me, within the narrow limits

ORATIONS OF M. P. O'CONNOR.

his discourse, to do more than take a cursory glance at various and multiplied topics which to-day crowd upon r attention; nor would it comport with the cosmopoli-observance of the occasion, to confine our theme to the templation of the life of a single great and good man; we should endeavor to comprehend in our view a brief line of the entire history of a great and ubiquitous ple.

For the great apostle whose name is enrolled high on calendar of saints, our holy church has enshrined him; him her blazing altars burn, and wrapped in clouds of y incense, with all the rites of her august ceremonial, blends her solemn chants of praise in unison with the ssed choirs above. From the day when Saint Patrick his frail missionary bark first sailed over the quiet ers of Dundrum bay, and landed upon the southern res of Ireland, down to the last hours of his life, his ole career was a series of christian privations and chris- triumphs. He heard the voice of the Irish crying , come and walk amongst us, and he came; and the Druid fell, and the fires of Baal were thenceforth forever inguished. His confessions tell us how he preached , prayed, and watched and fasted for the Irish people, om he loved so well. Every hill and valley—every untain pass and river's side have been consecrated by prayers, as they have been moistened by his tears for conversion of Ireland to christianity. Whether in the ely glen, or the haunted cave of Ulster, like our Christ Olivet, ever mindful of his mission, he constantly red out his soul to God in prayers for the redemption is people. And God heard his prayers, for the multi- es flocked to follow him, as they followed John the otist of old, and he baptized them by thousands in the ers Bann and Barrow, in the Liffey and the Foyle, in Moer and the Shannon. With all his labors rewarded, his hopes crowned, and his glorious mission com-

pleted; with his testament closed, he terminated his remarkable career at Sabuhl, on his journey to Armagh, and was buried at Down about the year 465. The last words he uttered with his dying breath were: "O Lord, let me die the death of the just, and let my last end be like unto theirs." He was the first fruits of christianity to Ireland. The bright orb of faith which filled in the Irish sky, to illuminate his apostolic sway, has ever since shone as a beacon to the whole Catholic world.

Carved like a coral, rising like a sea Cybele fresh from old ocean, cresting the Atlantic wave, crowned with the wreath of every genius and decorated with every virtue, there is Erin—the isle of the west.

"The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone;
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the west;
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp, 'mid the ocean's deep roar."

Geography situates the island as lying in from about 51 degrees 26 minutes to 55 degrees 21 minutes north latitude, its territory over three hundred miles in length upon its surface, and one hundred and eighty miles broad; stretching northward to as high a degree, as where our United States join the region of Alaska. No part of the island is distant more than seventy miles from the surrounding seas. It possesses an area of a little over 32,000 square miles, is a little larger than the State of South Carolina and about three-fourths the size of Georgia. A cluster of small islands, the most prominent being Rathlin, Valentia, and the Arran isles encircle her bosom, as with an emerald necklace. Her coast gleams with beacons to light the stormy path of the tempest-tossed mariner. Her bays and harbors capacious and secure, that the navies of the world may there ride at anchor in safety. Her rivers, the Liffey and the Shannon, the Blackwater and the pleasant river

Lee, mingle their gentle floods, as they roll through gorge and valley to irrigate her fertile and ever-verdant fields; and her placid lakes taking their tint from the surrounding hills, in the midst of which they are imbosomed—whose lovely shores are seducing as maiden beauty—gentle Lough Neagh, soft Earne and sweet Killarney, a trinity of beauty, on whose quiet banks the wayworn traveller loves to repose and drink in inspiration higher than art can impart, at the glowing and picturesque scenery they reveal. Her mountains, like giant sentinels of nature guarding some sacred urn—with Carron Tual the loftiest, lifting its hoary peak 3,400 feet above the sea, high up into the blue vault of heaven. Let us linger for a while in delight and admiration of that gem in her coronet, beautiful Wicklow, and by the sweet vale of Avoca, rendered immortal by Erin's bard,

“Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.”

Look through yon mysterious cloud that seeks to veil in obscurity the origin of her ancient Round Towers—those monuments of a past age, more ancient even than the pyramids of Egypt.

“The Pillar Towers of Ireland! How wondrously they stand
By the rushing streams in the silent glens, and the valleys of the land.
In mystic file throughout the isle, they rear their heads sublime—
Those gray old Pillar Temples—those conquerors of Time.”

Let us pause for a moment in contemplation beside the ivy-grown, moss-covered ruins of her abbeys and her churches, and call up the memories that twine around Mellifont and Dumbrodie, Holy Cross and Cashel, Athenry and Lismore, and grand old Kilconnell, which in their stately though ruined grandeur, bear witness to the unchanging faith and undying fidelity of the Irish nation. Her principal cities, Cork and Belfast and Limerick, are to-day gayly attired—with her capital, Dublin, filled with

fair women and brave men, and Phoenix Park glittering in all the show of royal pageantry. But there is a deep blotch upon this picture—a dark spot like a cloud overshadows the scene. The heel of the despot tramples her soil; the yoke of the oppressor bends the necks of her people. There is misery in the lowly cabin, and the wail of destitution and distress is heard upon the moor. With a generous soil, salubrious climate, and boundless production—freedom, civil, political and religious freedom is alone wanting, to render the people of Ireland supremely happy.

"O Freedom! 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

For the early history of Ireland we have to depend much upon legend and tradition. Some of the earliest records of her past that can be found, date back almost to the first introduction of letters. The "Argonautica," which is said to have been written many centuries before Christ, describes "Ierne." Ireland had a history before England was ever known. Tacitus who, in the first century of the Christian era, thundered against Africa in the Roman Senate, speaks of her in his works, commenting upon the superior excellence of her harbors, the range of her commerce, and the enterprise of her merchants at that day. In the works of the Elder Pliny, Ireland is referred to with more detail than any other of the nations of western Europe. The idiom of her ancient language corresponds with the Greek alphabet, and Cadmus having been the first to introduce letters from Phœnicia into Greece, we naturally trace her genealogy from the oldest nations known to history. We have evidence that as far back as when Moses delivered his commandments upon tables of stone, to the chosen people of God, letters were known to the Irish people. We trace her kings back to the days of Milesius, and running down her ancient dynasty to the

twentieth in the line, we meet up with Ireland's great law-giver, Ollamh Fodhla, who flourished about the time of Lycurgus. It was his privilege to inaugurate a Parliament at Tara, nearly two thousand years before England knew the name of parliament. The enemies of Ireland, with the aid of the perversions of English history, have attempted in vain to suppress and ignore her ancient records; but though the parchment upon which they are written may be shrivelled in the flames, the memory of man will survive their destruction and bear witness to her greatness.

Who can deprive us of the glories of our Ossian, at whose sublime poems the rocks were said to move, and Orpheus was startled from his dreams; or who would strike from the roll of a country's greatness the "Conn of a hundred battles," or the "Niall of the nine hostages"? The past of Ireland's history is rolled up and put away; that much at least is sacred from the hands of the spoiler. Yes, though her fields may be ravaged, and her green beauties dimmed by the scourge of her persecutors—though a proud and contemptuous neighbor has torn the mantle of nobility from her shoulders, and flung around her limbs the garb of ignorance and of folly—though her children are seated in the dust, and her enemies mock at her in her affliction, still the testimonies of her greatness are there, and she cannot be cheated out of her proud recollections.

The fourth century witnessed the church emerging from the catacombs of Rome, where, for three centuries, it had been buried, refugeed from the rage and persecutions of the Emperors. Unfurling her banners, she plants them upon the seven hills of Rome, and Paganism at last sinks vanquished at her feet. The Roman legions that had gone forth from her gates, under the ægis of their invincible eagles, to dominate over the finest and most fertile portions of the globe; now lowered their standards before the cross raised for the first time by a Christian

Emperor, and borne in triumph to wave over the brazen domes of old Byzantium. In this prodigious human revolution, sensuality had given place to mortification, avarice to alms-deeds, anger to meekness, and the austerity of Roman pride, to the humility of the Gospel. A change had taken place in the whole nature of man, and, I might say, had spread nearly over the whole face of society. The church extending her conquests over the most civilized portions of the Roman empire, reaching even unto distant nations of the East, which, catching a glimpse of the star of Bethlehem, and recognizing the sign of man's redemption, bowed at length beneath her peaceful sway. The very isles of the sea rose up to render homage to her rulers. It was about this epoch, that Ireland stretched forth her arms and was received into the Christian fold.

But the close of the fifth century, to borrow a celebrated comparison, "was like a still evening in the tropics after a day of burning calm, to be followed by a night of hideous storm and thunder." Distant mutterings of the approaching storm are now heard. Out from the fens of Lerna—out from the dens of Tartary, and the wild fastnesses of Transylvania, the barbarian hordes rush. They cross the Danube. Within the Imperial City, the roar of their advance is heard like the crackling of some mighty conflagration. They sweep with a besom of destruction over the plains of Italy, burying in their track the monuments of Roman art and Roman valor. Rome itself was devoted to the flames, and it seemed for a time as if the rage of Attila and Alaric could only be quenched with the light of civilization. Ireland, like the ark of the covenant, floated upon the waters of this deluge, and it was her privilege and her honor to preserve unsullied the cherished boon of Christianity to manhood. She became the refuge and the home of the scholar. Like the disciple at the feet of Gamaliel, the student and anxious searcher for truth and knowledge, sat down in her temples to learn the chart,

by which to explore the vestibule of science. She sends her missionaries abroad into all lands—a Columba to Iona, a Virgilius to Italy, and a Gallus to France—and diffused the light of her learning and sanctity among all the surrounding nations. The three centuries that followed the inroad of the barbarians, were for Ireland the ages of her glory and triumph. This has been called the “golden age” of Ireland. Her people were monastic in their zeal and love for their faith, and we find the land dotted all over with churches. Her unexampled piety during this period earned for her the title of the “Island of Saints.” From the sixth to the middle of the ninth century Ireland maintained the intellectual supremacy in Europe, and on account of the wisdom and learning of her sons, she derived the title of “Island of Scholars.”

But the security and tranquillity which Ireland enjoyed during these three centuries, was doomed to a sudden and calamitous interruption. From the shores of the Baltic a formidable tribe of Northmen began to issue—the galleys of these predatory sea-rovers swarmed and whitened with their sails the northern seas, swooping down the Elbe to the Pyrenees. After scouring the northern coast of France, and making frequent incursions into Britain, they crossed the Irish Channel and effected a landing near the present site of Dublin. Devastation followed in their path everywhere—by the light of burning temples they sacked the hearth and plundered the altar, and sacrificed in their rage to barbarous lust, the undefiled chastity of the Irish maiden—they sought to extirpate christianity, and in its place to substitute the rites of Odin and of Thor, for the unbloody sacrifice of a Saviour's atonement. This venomous and multiplying destroyer sprang up from the ground like the fabled Dragon's teeth. As fast as the head of one was taken off, its place was rapidly supplied by fresh levies of aggression, and for three long centuries they made desolation and havoc with the inhabitants of the island. They

preserved their mastery and control, until a union of the Irish chiefs and forces was accomplished in the year 1103, under the leadership of Ireland's great monarch, the immortal Brien Boiroimhe. With 30,000 soldiers he met the armies of the Danes on Good Friday, on the bloody plains of Clontarf.

Hear him how in trumpet tones he appeals to his troops:

"God of Heaven, bless our banner, nerve our sinews for the strife,
Fight we now for all that's holy, for our altars, land and life;
For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples trace;
For the honor of our maidens, and the glory of our race.

"Should I fall before the foeman, 'tis the death I seek to-day;
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my body not away—
Till this day of days be over, till the field is fought and won;
Then the holy Mass be chanted, and the funeral rites be done."

See how the Mononia Kernes, and Connaught Gallow-glasses advance to the charge! Ah! Bravely did they do their work and sustain the martial glory of their country on that eventful day—for, before the shades of evening fell, the Danes, leaving the ground strewn with their slain, were in full flight for the sea; but it was a day of sorrow for the victor, for the assassin's blow, had on that same Good Friday evening, transfixed beneath the cross, the heart of the noble monarch and chief—and the strings of our harp flung the notes of lamentation to the breeze, mingled with the shouts of the pursuers in the imperfect triumph of joyless victory.

"For the star of the field, which so often hath poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;"

And,

"Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more."

The record of that day's struggle tells the whole history of Ireland's struggles. It tells of the determination of a



people, resolved never to submit to the invader, and never to yield until full, complete and perfect justice to Ireland has been achieved.

After the expulsion of the Danes a short interval intervened, and then the Anglo-Norman came; a more merciless and exacting intruder than his forerunner, the Dane. Since the day that Henry the II. stormed the ramparts of Waterford and effected Ireland's formal annexation to England; Ireland has had no peace. Demoralized by their recent conflict, several provinces gave in their adhesion to the invader, and for over three centuries by fomenting divisions among the Princes of the island and playing them off one against the other, England got and held control of a large portion of the island. Discord rankled in the bosom of her people, and by dissensions they soon fell an easy prey to the oppressor. How true it is, that to divide a people is to destroy their power, for the strength of a nation consists in its unity. But a certain portion of the inhabitants did remain true and loyal to their chiefs, and ever and anon, athwart the gloom that overhangs this period of Irish history, we catch a gleam of the patriotic fire that glows in the breasts of her sons. It flashed upon the sword of O'Neill, of the Red Hand, at the Yellow Ford—of him who so long held Ulster soil sacred to freedom—the shield of the Blackwater.

"Oh, rude was the shock of the bloody hand,
And proudly his banner soared,
And wild was the cry of his warriors grand,
As their axes smote down the robber band;
'Twas a glorious day for the dear old land,
That day at the Yellow Ford."

Let us drop a tear for the exile of Tyrone, who died broken-hearted, and whose ashes repose in Roman clay, on the banks of the classic Tiber. Nor should we forget the hero Owen Roe O'Neill, who broke the cloud at Benburb, and won fresh and unfading laurels for his country

and his name, and who now calmly sleeps in Irish earth beneath the aisle of Cavan Abbey.

The grievances which Ireland was forced to suffer during the reign of the Plantagenets, were aggravated when the sanguinary and merciless Tudor, the tyrant Henry the VIII., ascended the English throne. After discarding his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon, and applying in vain for a divorce to the Roman See, he imbrued his hands in the blood of his defenseless paramours, renouncing his former creed, and established the unnatural union of Church with State.

"So great and so long has been the misgovernment of Ireland under the Tudors," writes the Rev. Sidney Smith, no friendly authority, "that we verily believe the Empire would be much stronger if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic, and skates and codfish swam over the fair land of Ulster. Such profligacy—so much direct tyranny and oppression—such an abuse of God's gifts—such a profanation of God's name for the purposes of bigotry and party spirit, cannot be exceeded in the history of civilized Europe, and will long remain a monument of infamy and shame to England."

The intolerant and proscriptive policy which was initiated and put into execution by Henry and Elizabeth, was not relaxed during the reign of James the I., the successor of Elizabeth. But between the execution of Charles the I. and the restoration of Charles the II., the internal revolutions of the kingdom brought to the surface and forced into power a man, the most remarkable perhaps, that has ever figured upon the stage of English history—a religious fanatic—a tyrant and a usurper. Oliver Cromwell, in the rôle of Protector of the realm, grasped without remorse, and wielded without shame, the sceptre of the Tudors. Against Ireland he waged war unto extermination; outlawing her children; banishing them into exile, and transporting them by thousands to the West Indies, where they

were sold into slavery. The annals of crime in the darkest ages of the world do not afford an instance of more deliberate atrocity, and more systematic cold-blooded cruelty, than was perpetrated against the innocent inhabitants of Wexford and Drogheda. And this monster of iniquity, Oliver Cromwell, with the blood of a thousand women and children dripping from the hoofs of his charger, thus coolly writes to the Speaker of the House of Commons: "I believe we put to the sword the whole number of defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives; and those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes." And of this massacre, James Anthony Froude, the English historian, forsooth a christian minister, thus writes: "In justice to the English soldiers, it must be said that it was no fault of theirs, if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood." It sends a shudder through the generations as they read this chapter, containing the bloodiest picture in the book of time.

But let us turn from this revolting narrative, and read the page which tells of plighted faith violated—of national honor forsworn by the sudden rupture by the British Parliament of the solemn treaty of Limerick. When the Irish, 30,000 strong, were intrenched within their citadel; when success was in their grasp and the sails of a French fleet hovering in sight; confiding in the honor of the English crown, capitulated with their whole army, and restored to Britain the allegiance of the Irish nation. You well know how that misplaced confidence was perfidiously requited. Instead of protection to life and property, and the free, unfettered exercise of religion, which had been guaranteed; the Irish were treated with a new and more refined code of pains and penalties. I shall not parade before you the disgusting catalogue of proscription and disabilities. Enough to say that it was a crime to be a Catholic. In the forcible language of Edmund Burke: "This statute had a

vicious perfection—full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the impoverishment, oppression and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

How truly and touchingly has the bard of Erin, in his own flowing numbers, described the sorrows and persecutions of his countrymen:

"Unprized are her sons, till they have learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

But it was in those penal days that over Europe our banners blazed. The green flag hauled down at Limerick, is borne abroad in triumph by her exiled sons—and above the heights of Ramilies, from the walls of Manheim, and on the spires of Almanza it floats beside the lilies of France, and the red and gold standards of Spain. Sarsfield created Earl of Lucan, and O'Brien, Lord Clare, are made Marshals of France—Kavanagh and Prince Nugent Marshals of Austria—O'Reilly and O'Donnell, Captains-General of Spain—O'Higgins in Chili—and O'Donoju in Mexico—while from the Marquis de McMahan is descended Marshal Patrick Maurice de McMahan, the present head of the French nation. Whether in the camp or in the cabinet, on the bench or in the forum, these men stamped their impress upon every nation in Europe. Fontenoy breaks upon my view—with the trophies of that immortal field which beheld the butcher Cumberland reel under the shock of Clare's dragoons. Behold the harp and sunburst of Erin, joined in happy concord with the lilies of France, as they streamed through the thickest of the fight, upheld by the old and new brigades at the first Blenheim; and covering the rear guard of defeated valor at the second Blenheim, when the French were pressed by England's great

Marlborough, and Austria's Prince Eugene. Behold these same colors grasped for the last time in death by the brave Patrick Sarsfield, on that memorable day when King William's flag went down before the shock of Luxembourg on the plains of Neerwinden. In the darkest hours of Ireland's destiny these men won laurels for her brow, and maintained her proscribed banner in the front rank of European chivalry. It is a truth, the names of great men will hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time.

We come now to that period when the war of American Independence was waging, when the success of the Colonies and the dread of French invasion filled England with alarm for her safety. The quickening movements which preceded the outburst of that great social earthquake, the French Revolution, had commenced to rumble beneath and to shake every throne in Europe. England at this time took counsel of her fears, and consented to the arming of the volunteers of Ireland. At the roll of the drum 80,000 men sprang to arms, and their bayonets bristled along the Channel. This corps comprised the most illustrious of birth, and the flower of the Irish nation; a noble body of men who, at a later period, for the honor and glory of England, and the maintenance of her Continental supremacy, poured out their blood like water on the Spanish Peninsula, and bore in triumph the English colors at Salamanca and Talavera, at Toulouse and at Waterloo. The Irish Parliament was then sitting in College Green, Dublin. The volunteers stacked their arms and planted their cannon in front of the castle, and across the muzzle of their guns they wrote *equal laws, equal rights and equal justice* to Ireland. By their resolute bearing they gave courage to the defenders of the Irish Constitution—they nerved the arms of Flood and of Plunkett, and inspired the voice of liberty as it came trembling from the lips of the ever-glorious Grattan, when he said, "Thank God, I

address at length a new and a free nation." The volunteers accomplished the political purpose of their organization, securing the repeal of Poyning's law, which for centuries had bound Ireland in abject submission to England's dictation, and made the Irish Parliament thenceforth a *free and independent Legislature*.

By the machinations of Pitt and Peel, by corrupt artifices and delusive promises, the leaders of the volunteers were played off against each other, until the entire force was disbanded.

"Twas Fate, they'll say, a wayward Fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

Let me not in passing, forget the men of '98, nor the heroic band from Wexford who, before a whole column of Englishmen, fell back bravely disputing every inch of ground until every man was massacred; nor fail to drop a tear upon the grassy mound at Tara which marks the Croppy's grave.

And now the hour of the traitor Castlereagh has come—"the wretch whose name brings curses and jeers." The dark plot is exposed; treason has done its worst; the last solitary column that lifted its capital amid the ruins of Ireland has fallen. A thrill of anguish ran through every Irish heart on that fatal day in June, 1800, when her Independent Parliament was voted away. Your fathers have seen, and some of you may remember when you saw an Irish Parliament sitting in College Green, Dublin! You nor your sons should never rest, until you see an Irish Parliament sitting in College Green again.

While the Liberator was dying broken-hearted at Genoa, and his people at home were perishing by thousands on the roadside, of famine—and the great heart of Ireland seemed ready to burst—it was in this supreme moment of the nation's agony, when the wild frenzy of

grief, and the desperation it begets, had stifled all considerations of prudence, that a brave and patriot band again unsheathed the sword, and lifted on high the Green Flag of Ireland. These were the men of '48, who braved all, endured all, and sacrificed all, to give their country a place among the nations of the earth. For them

"The axe, the gibbet, and the chain
Have done, but done their work in vain;
Her martyrs fall, her heroes bleed,
But gallant men again succeed;
And by the ashes of the dead,
The tears they wept, the blood they shed,
Above our isle we yet shall see
The Green Flag wave triumphantly."

Amid these countless vicissitudes of events and mutations of fortune, Ireland has never despaired. The patriotism of her sons is the essence that has given vitality to her. Her spirit is as fresh to-day as when Patrick Sarsfield led the forlorn hope in the trenches at Limerick—as fresh as when Emmett stood undaunted in the face of death confronting Norbury in the dock at Dublin. She has preserved her fortitude in disaster—her faith in temptation and persecution—and her everlasting hope amid the dangers and trials that have encompassed her. These are her three great national characteristics—they are the symbols of her strength and her greatness. Her long and patient endurance for ages is without precedent. Since that holy Easter Eve on which St. Patrick kindled the sacred fires, and they blazed before the astonished vision of the Priests and followers of Baal, the fires of her faith have kept steadily and brightly burning as ever. They have reddened with their light the whole Eastern sky. Her missionaries, snatching a torch from the flame, have borne the light of revelation, guiding the footsteps of her exiled children through the pathless forests to the most distant abodes of man. The Irish people have been as true to their altars and firesides as the needle to the pole.

Proof against all the threats of brute force or the blandishments of royal patronage, they hurl back defiance in the teeth of England, and never would, and never have accepted the situation. Planting herself upon the broad basis of natural right and eternal justice, Ireland demands now, as she has ever demanded, "Ireland for the Irish, from sea to sea." She says to England, you may abolish the *Regium Donum*; you may disestablish the State Church; you may organize the Dublin University; you may endow Maynooth; all these things may be done, but they will not suffice. No compromise can be made with fraud and spoliation. No concession will answer short of ample restitution of the legalized plunder of ages, and of Ireland's birthright—her freedom. Ireland understands the spring and incentive for these enactments. They arise out of the exigencies of English politics. They are but gentle, soothing concessions, made in the hour of England's apprehension, and to tide over present difficulties, and if she dared she would revoke every one of them the next hour. At the bottom of England's whole policy to Ireland, is her underlying hatred and contempt for the Irish people, and no power can render justice to a subject she despises. The Church Act, the Land Act, and every other concession that has ever been made, has been wrung from England through her fears.

"I deny," wrote the Rev. Sidney Smith, "that any voluntary concession was ever made by England to Ireland; what did she ever demand that was not refused? How did she get her Mutiny Bill, a limited Parliament, a repeal of Poyning's law, a Constitution—not by the concessions of England, but by her fears." Sir John Bright has said: "Nothing has been done in England except under the influence of terror." The Duke of Wellington wrote in 1825: "The concessions hitherto made to Ireland have been made in times of war and difficulty." Mr. Gladstone has distinctly told us, "that to the intensity of Fenianism

are due his celebrated Acts." Lord Derby and other English statesmen have made similar admissions. A legislature that refuses to discharge its obligations of duty, until the voice of insurrection, provoked by its stolid indifference, thunders in its ears, is a reproach to any nation, and an incentive to tumult and confusion, which it is the duty of society to correct or to destroy.

"England's difficulty will be Ireland's opportunity," and England knows it. Ireland to-day holds the crown piece to checkmate her on the chess-board of European politics. Britannia's grandest schemes of territorial aggrandizement, her proudest visions of Eastern provinces annexed, and emptying their multiplied treasures into her lap, disappear before the spectre which haunts her in her dreams of Ireland at her back ready to strike. Wendell Phillips has forcibly described the situation: "Ten years ago when Germany pressed to the wall the small kingdom of Denmark, which gave to England her Princess of Wales, England longed to draw her sword; when two years ago Bismarck snubbed her in the face of all Europe, again and again insulted her, smote her actually in the face, England longed to draw the sword. When recently Russia was moving on Khiva counter to England's Eastern policy, England was forced to submit, for she knew right well the first cannon she fired at any first-rate power, Ireland would stab her in the back." She quails to-day before the young Ireland that has grown up in the forests of America. Here upon this continent now centres the power and influence of Ireland. Her sons and their descendants have acquired a prestige in this new world, that is being daily felt more and more across the Atlantic. They have risen to high eminence, in spite of the prejudices of caste and fashion, and when they do arise, by virtue of the gifts they have inherited, they rise pre-eminently, not like one star differing from another star in glory, but shooting upward like the planet Venus, and leading the whole starry train.

Their counsels have assisted in shaping the destinies of this great Republic, and some of the best blood of her sons has been shed in the cause of its establishment, as well as for the defense of its Government and the preservation of its Union. Their love and duty to the land of their adoption are none the less true, because they cling with fond and endearing recollection to the land of their nativity.

This picture, which I have attempted to draw, however imperfectly, presents the sunshine and the shade of Irish history. The dark shadows which overhang it, impress us with sadness; but the dazzling and brilliant colors which here and there, at various epochs, light up the entire scene, is the awakening of an honest pride in every generous bosom, and the kindling of a glowing enthusiasm in every Irish heart.

Men of Georgia, native and adopted sons of the South: Your forefathers struck for liberty and independence in 1776, and they gained it. You struck for independence in 1861, and you lost it. The recollection of your early struggles and the experience of your late heavy calamities, must fill you with the profoundest emotion in reading the sad history of Ireland's travail. You have felt the ploughshare of war as it tore over your bosom, leaving its horrid scars and deep sunken furrows indented in your soil, from Lookout mountain to the Ogeechee. Aye, even from where yonder flowing Savannah laves the Carolina shore, to your extreme northwestern mountain barrier! You have seen your first pledge and earliest sacrifice to an ill-fated cause; the brave and gallant Bartow, the mirror of chivalric honor, leading beneath the Southern cross the van of our first victory on Manassas' bloody field, and dying with the shouts of his comrades ringing in his ears. You have seen the Bishop soldier, the lamented Polk, torn by the red-hot shafts of war hurled with premeditated malice by a cruel foe, in the lull of the contest. You have followed the star of battle as it rose over the immortal Patrick Cleburne, and could point to the thickest of the fight

wherever his bright sword was glancing. Like the helmet of Henry of Navarre it was the rallying-point for the old guard of the commonwealth, as they rolled back the tide of battle which was dashing against the gates of Atlanta. Passing now before you in sad review you see the spirits of thousands of your martyred sons, whose bones lie mingled with the sods of every battle-field from Gettysburg to Mobile, and honored they will lie forever. But from behind the clouds which have long lowered over your State, the sunshine is breaking, and Georgia, girding up her loins, gathering anew her fresh strength, is preparing for a new march forward to resume her ancient empire in the South. How unlike her sister Carolina, that now mourns desolate by her side, over the broken column of her once proud civilization!

These results may be, but better things are foreshadowed in the future. Every nation will have its day. Truth and justice are mighty, and must in the end, prevail. There is a conscience in the public breast which sooner or later will be heard, which, when it does speak the dictates of its honest instincts, speaks with the voice of omnipotent authority, and when thus speaking, it becomes the voice of God! Its whisperings may be hushed momentarily in the bosom of the panderer; its utterances may be choked by the temptations of the hour; but ever and anon it will burst forth in tones louder and louder as the age advances, and be heard amid the crash of empires and the falling of dynasties. It is the voice of this conscience that is heard crying in the wilderness: Make straight the paths of humanity—its solemn refrain is borne in strains of lamentation on the vesper hymn, "*Deposuit potentes de sede; et exaltavit humiles.*" Thundering, it is borne with the shouts of liberty across the waters, and Europe resounds with the chorus of the free. Its wailings are heard ominously among the agitated masses of England; and the long silent, comfortless minstrel bard of Erin, catching the inspiration

of its voice, and taking down his ancient harp, in the raptures of new hope, sweeps its chords again to the glorying music of national song. Like a sleepless monitor over England's Premier, conscience has kept ever present before the eyes of Gladstone the injustice of ages to Ireland, and warns him of the instability of England's prosperity, as long as a remnant of disaffection lingers in the hearts of the Irish people. Ireland's pacification has been the constant theme and burden of English legislation; and it was among the causes that induced the recent dissolution of the British Parliament, and a fresh appeal to the people. Ireland has been a thorn in the side of England, and unless it is torn out, it will fester and ultimately destroy the kingdom. Disraeli, the new Premier, dare not shut his eyes to the situation. Though the leader of a powerful reactionary movement, he will learn to realize that nations, obeying a law of popular being, never react; they must either advance or recede. He will awake to feel that the pulse of humanity throbs quicker; that the brain of humanity secretes and conceives quicker. Though he has ridden into power on the shoulders of the Tories, the most uncompromising opponents of reform and popular progress, and the most embittered enemies of Ireland, he will be forced to recognize the necessity of disposing of the great Anglo-Irish difficulty. Its only true and permanent solution, can be found in the dismemberment of the uncongenial union that binds Ireland to England. The day of that devoutly wished-for consummation may be deferred, but ultimately it must come; as Tom Davis has said, "the spirit of a nation never dies." Hope is the inspiration and solace of them who would be free. Hope is the morning star and the evening star of Ireland's adoration. It is hope that bids us proclaim in the sweet and flowing numbers of Erin's verse

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet."

ADDRESS
TO THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY AS THE NEWLY
ELECTED PRESIDENT. APRIL, 1874.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY:—I thank you for the demonstrations of welcome with which you greet me. Conscious as I may feel of my past earnest desire and effort to promote the interests of this society—of my hearty sympathy and co-operation with its aims and purposes, and my sincere devotion to the welfare of the whole body; I do not undervalue, but most fully appreciate the honor of being chosen to preside over your future deliberations, and to moderate and direct your future government. By your will and pleasure, I shall fill to-night the chair, which, for over three-fourths of a century, has been occupied by some of our most worthy and prominent citizens.

Of the line of my illustrious predecessors, but three survive; but the dead commune with us in spirit from behind the mellow, painted canvas, that surrounds and overhangs these walls. The serene and scholarly eye of Rev. Dr. Gallagher, our first president, looks down upon us. The rosy light of O'Brien Smith's countenance beams upon us. Benevolence radiates from the frame that encloses the portrait of Simon Magwood. There is Irish force in the stern glance of Samuel Patterson. High commanding commercial integrity, and genuine Irish worth, are stamped upon the visage of the indomitable James Adger. Irish wit and humor lurked in the colors on the easel of the painter of William A. Caldwell, and Thomas Stephens. While the soul of a man that was a man, Henry W. Conner, seems to leap, as it were, from his picture into real life, to grasp us hand in hand again as of yore. There is

refreshment and consolation which our own experience brings us, from the recollection of the services of James K. Robinson and William H. Gilliland, the two last of our presidents who died in our service. Robed in the antique costume of a past age, our noble and generous friend and benefactor, old Judge Burke, like a silent but constant monitor of our duties, points the way to the glorious haven of charity.

The three presidents who now survive—Magrath, O'Neill and Conner—may their days long last, that by their living presence the lustre of the dead past may be kept alive, and gleaming in the present.

It was the aim of all these men to give dignity, and character, and purpose, to this ancient organization; and it shall be mine, with your aid and co-operation, to advance its fair fame. The Hibernian Society—happy in the true Irish spirit which gave it birth in 1799; fortunate in the high repute, excellence, and elevated characters of its early founders; in the liberal endowments of its munificent benefactors; in its traditions, and the prosperity that has attended its growth and development, and in the high eminence it has attained among its sister societies—must enlist the affections of every Irishman, and challenge the admiration of our whole community. We have a mission to fulfil. When Thomas Malcolm, Edward Courtenay, William and James Hunter, Joseph Crombie, John S. Adams and a few others, our first founders, met together for the first time, and professed, as the primary object of their union, aid and relief to the distressed emigrant, there was latent in their bosoms an object beyond, and higher. It was to preserve the traditions of their down-trodden race; to embody and cluster around a common centre, in a genial and hospitable clime, the virtues of their ancestors; and to reflect in all their splendor, under the bright blaze of a Carolina sun, the united rays of true Irish manhood and Irish intelligence.

Shall I, or we be reproached with vain boasting? What lights have we to guide us in the future, but the beacons which have been lighting us in the past? What standard for the coming generations to imitate, or pursue, but those of honor and virtue, which have been set up for us in the past? How are we, what we are, except from the cradle to the grave, obeying an instinct of our being, following some model of excellence, fashioned by our own taste as worthy of imitation. No people can give up their past without surrendering their future; and no society can forget its traditions or cease to reverence them, without debasement and degradation.

We have a mission to fulfil beyond the beneficent works we are charged to do. It is in our keeping to see that the Irish name and the Irish character are held aloft in their native virginal purity. This is a hard thing for an exiled and impoverished race to do in these times, when Mammon is worshipped; but in the long run all the wealth of Indies cannot outweigh genuine valor, truth and intelligence, though it be clothed in rags.

At the base of our whole organization is one grand, permeating idea, to give character, and worth, and potency to the Irishman in America. Not by teaching clanship, or segregation of parties and individuals; but by the purification and elevation of individual Irish character, so as to graft its healthy shoots upon the tree of American life, and be felt from generation to generation. And thus will Ireland live as she is destined to live. With this object, every native American must sympathize, for the strength and vitality of American nationality consist in its union and amalgamation with other nationalities. It is a law of human progress and improvement that governs all races. There is nothing in the constitution of our society, that inhibits the development of this mission. For by our laws, any person of respectability, of any nation or creed, can become a member.

Nor shall any difference of creed in religion or politics, ever check the healthy procreation of this idea, or disturb the harmony of our social circle. The bitter memories of these strifes at home, caused the framers of our constitution in the inception, to raise an eternal barrier against such bones of contention here.

Sheltered in a land dedicated to freedom, proclaiming the great American doctrine, a free church in a free State; they opened the fountains of Irish poetry from which they had drunk in those sentiments, so replete with Christian toleration and liberality:

"Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, Valour, or Love, by a standard like this."

Succor and relief to the needy emigrant have been prominent parts of our duty. It has been our misfortune but not our fault, that of late years, we have not been able to put into practice as we would have liked, that charity and benevolence so tersely and beautifully expressed in our motto, "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*" By knowing woe, we learn to relieve distress.

Various obstacles have prevented our free dispensation of comfort to the poor. The wealth and resources of our society, the accumulations of the liberal donations of its early members, together with the surplus revenue from the contributions of the living, which constituted a special fund dedicated to the offices of relief, were all swept away

in the ravages of the late war; and, just while we were struggling to repair in some measure our losses by a rigid economy, to put again in operation measures of relief, by legislative enactment and judicial decision rendered since 1868; our society has been struck from the catalogue of charitable institutions, and this expensive building, comprising all the property from which we could derive revenue, was for the first time since its establishment, subjected to State and city taxation. Under this heavy burden we have been forced to labor, and thereby our efforts and means of affording relief have been contracted. But this discrimination, which has denied us our legal status as a charitable society, must be removed; and, under wiser laws, and the Providence of God, we shall be restored to our former privileges.

The amenities that should grace our convivial board, should be observed in the spirit and form which dignified the conventions of its early founders. We should meet with the same purpose, with the same ambition and end ever in view, as that in which our forefathers met in the small thatched cottage, seventy odd years ago, just opposite the spot where our beautiful hall now stands. We should endeavor to cultivate their principles, and hold up to every new member their splendid example. We should always bear in mind, that the boast of Irish character and integrity, concentrated as in a focus here, is in our keeping. We should be inspired by standing within the hallowed walls of this grand Hibernian Temple, which stands without a rival upon the American continent; and, remembering how its foundations were laid, at how much expense and labor, with how much public parade and ostentation—how the very mortar and material used in its construction, were blessed and sanctified by the memorial address of one of the brightest lights that ever blazed in the Southern sky, the ever memorable and beloved John England; feeling, as you should all feel, that whatever there

is of worth and influence in the Irish character, of potency in the Irish voice, ever goes forth throughout the broad limits of Charleston from our gates, and from beneath our shining emblem, the harp; unite with me, aid me while discharging the duties you have assigned to me; to preserve without stain or reproach the gentle and pleasant amenities which should ever hover around the Hibernian board, and diffuse and blend its aroma, with the breath of its welcome to the coming, and honor to the departing guest.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "OUR SISTER SOCIETIES."
DELIVERED AT THE NEW ENGLAND
SOCIETY, CHARLESTON, S. C.,
DECEMBER 22D, 1874.

GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY:—I thank your distinguished President for his very complimentary introduction, and you, for your warm and cordial reception. As I owe my invitation to your *recherché* banquet to my office as President of the Hibernian Society, and should address you in my representative capacity, you will permit me to digress for a moment from the subject-matter of the toast, which has just been proposed.

In the present state of New England, and the changing phase in the character of her population, there is to-day a touch of affinity of sentiment between the Irish and the people of that section, and this arises from the fact that for the last half of a century, Ireland's exodus has been pouring her rich and fertilizing streams of blood into the heart of New England; and mingling in one grand common American current, whatever there is of genius, inspiration, fervor, and dash in the Irish, with the granite strength, and unrelaxing hold, and persistence of the New England character. The transformation that has taken place, and that is now going on, is perceptible at once to the close observer. In Boston to-day, if it were possible to separate the different ingredients in the composition of her people, and make a physical analysis of them, I believe you would find the Irish element very strong, if not nearly in the ascendant; and within a few years back, appreciation was shown of the impression of this element, by the election to the highest magisterial position in the metrop-

olis of New England, of an Irish-American Mayor; and, I think, I might justly ascribe somewhat to the influence of this same element, the recent political change of front in the Old Bay State, and her swinging round into line with the Democracy; whose principles of liberty and equality united with law and justice, which are hereditary in the Irish, and as natural, as their love of chastity and devotion to truth are indigenous to the Green isle. Boston welcomed the Irish, and the Irish have enriched her with their labor and the munificence of their charity—with her splendid cathedral, her monuments of art, her triumphs in music under Pat Gilmore who led her musical jubilee; and above all, by diffusing the genial heat of her warm-hearted sons, and shedding a glow of radiance around the force and power of the New England constitution. I don't mean to shock your prejudices, or in the slightest degree detract from whatever pride of section you may feel, when I mention, that a writer some time ago, in spreading out the statistics of New England's growth, very facetiously observed that New England might yet become a New Ireland.

If, gentlemen, you will pardon in me a little of pride in the nationality of my fathers, I will venture to say, that neither Massachusetts nor New England will ever lose by the amalgamation.

Irish labor and Irish genius have made the early settlements of the Pilgrim fathers resound with the busy hum of industry, as it surges outward and upward in one grand human refrain above the sound of the rush of her moving waters, from millions upon millions of spindles; proclaiming the dignity of human labor and the true essential worth of man. As the spider ceaselessly pushes his web to completion, so this same labor directed by the calculating foresight of New England ingenuity and enterprise, has spread over her surface, a network of railways intricate and ramifying in their diverse operations; and making of

her once barren and stony wilderness, an iron-bound fastness of advanced civilization.

But why should I dwarf the true proportions of man's greatness, by attempting to separate and measure the various particles which make up his whole being? What difference does it make in the grand work of the improvement of the species, from what portion of the universe the atoms of our creation may have been blown? The chemistry of the universe knows no frontiers. No one knows how many Tartar, or Saxon, or Celtic atoms have entered into its composition, nor can any one tell where the atoms of to-day may go to-morrow—thanks to the continuous circulation of matter, for there are no nationalities for the life and the fecundity of the earth.

There is, however, one band that joins men together, stronger than steel; more potent than the ties, which, by convention unite states with one another. It is the band of human love, sympathy, and charity; that charity which is the crowning piece in the brow of society, as it is the rich jewel in the rough setting of the poor man's heart—that charity which ennobles and draws the spirit in closer communion with the eternal Spirit—that part of our nature which, when touched "makes the whole world kin."

Let me close with a sentiment. New England—she has never permitted her pride to obstruct her growth or prosperity; and has proved her capacity for internal development and extended government, by moulding with her own character, and appropriating to her own use, whatever she could gather of value or greatness from other countries.

ADDRESS TO THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

MARCH 17TH, 1875.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY:—We celebrate this evening the seventy-fourth anniversary of the Hibernian Society. After the vicissitudes of three-quarters of a century, our ancient organization, dedicated to the amelioration of the condition, the material advancement and elevation, and the union for benevolent purpose of Irishmen in America; stands, with its roots planted, deep, firm, vigorous as ever, increased in numbers, undiminished in power and influence, uncurtailed of its wonted prosperity, and undimmed in lustre. Under these circumstances, I can justly felicitate you upon the auspicious return of this happy day, and, with a copious and most joyous libation, extend a thousand welcomes to our most excellent and esteemed guests. We sit down to-night with men of different shades of political and religious thought, in unison with the text and spirit of our constitution; drowning all differences in perfect social harmony in this temple erected by our fathers, to the honor of their native land and countrymen; a race, which, surviving all the misfortunes and disasters that have befallen them, still rear their heads aloft in proud consciousness of their worth, in undeviating adherence to truth and right, in detestation of wrong and defiance of oppression. I cannot forbear, on this great Irish festival, a passing tribute to the genius and virtues of a people, whose achievements in every department of learning, in war and in peace, have been the admiration of the wise and the great.

To Austria, Ireland gave Marshals Kavanagh and Prince Nugent. To France, Sarsfield, created Earl of

Lucan, O'Brien, Lord Clare and a MacMahon, whose descendant is now head of the French nation. To Spain she gave O'Reilly and O'Donnell captains-general: O'Higgins to Chili and O'Donoghue to Mexico. But look aloft and see what a galaxy of Irish names gem the American sky. There are Adrian and Allison, Berkeley and Blakeley, Brady and Barry, Breckinridge and Butler. There are Carroll and Clinton, Calhoun and Cleburne, Doherty and Dunlap, Emmet and England, Fitzgerald, Fitzsimmons and Fulton, Hand and Hughes, Irvine and Jackson, Kavanagh and Knox, and McKean, McDuffie, McDowell, McDonough, and McCloskey, Nixon, O'Brien, O'Reilly and Charles O'Connor, Potter and Porter; Reed and Rutledge, Stewart, and Stark, and Sullivan, and Thornton and Wayne. These are models worthy of any people's imitation. The shouts of our rejoicing as they ring the welkin to-night in honor of Ireland's great apostle, and the long roll of her worthies, are blended with the chorus of millions around the extended circumference of this globe; who, with one acclaim, honor a sentiment which is dear to us all—The Day we Celebrate: Consecrated by the universal observance of the Irish people, and sanctified by the solemnities of religion, gratefully we hail its return, and proudly cherish its glorious memories!

ADDRESS
AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE CATHOLIC
FREE SCHOOLS. CHARLESTON, S. C.,
JULY 22D, 1875.

THE happy, successful close of these interesting exercises, calls for a few words of congratulation from me, which, I am sure, will receive the hearty concurrence of this large, most gratified, and approving audience. The signal proofs, which you children have just given, of your excellence and proficiency in the different branches, to which your studies have been devoted during the past year, reflect credit upon yourselves; which it is the just pride of your preceptors to be partakers of. It is the end that crowns the work; and, this day, which puts the finishing stroke to the labors of your scholastic year, while it brings the joy which success imparts, and kindles the zest for the coming months of recreation and enjoyment, for which your young hearts yearn, it opens before you the long vista of years yet to come, and be employed in garnering the fruits of knowledge. You are, as yet, but in the cradle of your studies, your young limbs have not been swathed, nor hardened for the severer ordeal, through which you must pass, before the work of your education has been fully accomplished. You are still to be members and fellows of the small school-house in the valley at the foot of the hill, on the top of which bloom the groves of the Academy, and shines afar the Temple of learning, overlooking the wide domain of knowledge, stretched out upon the earth's plain below. The ascent of this mount is weary, but when the summit is reached, you will be amply repaid for your labors. The preparation you will pass through, in this child's state of probation, will



strengthen you for the combat you will have to wage in the lists of learning, science, and of commercial enterprise and mechanical skill. If my advice could stimulate your efforts, I would exhort you to seize the day and the hour, and let no idle moment interfere with your pursuit; let not the flowers of pleasure along your pathway beguile you from your allotted task. Education comprehends more than acquiring the knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic. It is the building up of the faculties of the mind and the body, and lifting the soul up by moral culture, to a communion with things higher than this earth. It is intended to refine the nature of man, and to subordinate his passions, and to give to the spirit a proper sway and mastery over the flesh. It is the spiritual part of our being, of whose essence the intellect and the will are a part, that should grow and improve by the process of education, forming your manners, purifying your thoughts and regulating your ambition, and your aspirations. This is the education that should reach individuals; through them, make itself felt in families, and from families pass to states. Its true office, is to make the family home, the abiding place of virtue and content, and wherever you find such a collection of homes, you may be sure to find a healthy state, and a united people. The rudimentary branches adopted, and taught in the schools, as a mode of discipline for the mind, are, but the arts and means employed for the attainment of that higher knowledge, to which I have referred. "I protest," says Huxley, the eminent thinker and naturalist, "that if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather that the children of the poor, should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts, reading and writing, than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, another advanced thinker, has asked: "What imaginable connection is there between

learning that certain clusters of marks on paper, stand for certain words, and the getting a higher sense of duty? How does the knowledge of the multiplication table, or quickness in adding and dividing, so increase the sympathies, as to restrain the tendency to trespass against fellow-creatures? This relation, between such causes and such effects, is almost as great, as that between exercise of the fingers, and strengthening of the legs. One who should, by lessons in Latin, hope to gain a knowledge of geometry, or one who should expect practice in drawing, to be followed by an expressive rendering of a sonata, would be thought fit for an asylum; and yet we would be scarcely more irrational, than are those, who, by discipline of the intellectual faculties, expect to produce, better feelings." The touchstone of success in a public school, is to be found in the character of the children it educates and sends forth. There are a thousand and one influences, which are factors in the training of youth, besides memorizing lessons from prescribed books. These influences, which are secret agents, mould the heart and temper the impulse of the child. They restrain or expand the tendencies, as prudence might dictate. The primary object of education, is, to establish in the human heart a foundation of morality, upon which the character of the man or woman is to be raised and by which alone it can be supported. "It is the good seed that is planted, that bringeth forth good fruit." These schools, raised by the voluntary contribution of your Catholic parents, superintended and directed by a faithful clergy, and a charitable band of sisters, of whose bounties you children, have been the recipients, furnish all the desiderata for attaining, in the seedling of life, the great end of education. But, to profit, you must give heed to, and practise the precepts inculcated by your teachers. The spectacle which we now behold, is calculated to swell every Catholic heart with joy, and fill every Catholic tongue with praise. Over five hundred children of the poor, bearing

testimony to the willing sacrifice man will make to advance his fellow-creatures, and make them worthy members of society. They are called free schools, and in one sense they are not free; they are not subject to the objection of the fastidious, who would disdain to receive education for their children without reward, for the children of all classes, those who are able to contribute to the general fund, and those who are not, are equally participants in its benefits. The system claims with especial pride the designation of being free, that it is sustained by the voluntary and generous offerings of the rich and the poor alike. No money wrung by the exactions of the tax-gatherer supports it; though the same tax, which a majority in the government imposes for public education, is paid by him, who feels it incumbent to maintain the parochial school. The Catholic is required to raise in the year two school-funds, one for the education of his neighbors' children, in the common schools, and the other, for the education of his own child in the Catholic Free School. Upon the Catholic alone, the burden of a twofold taxation rests. Of this inequality, he does not make loud clamor, or complaint; while, in other parts of the country, invective is heaped upon him from Press and Pulpit, for daring, by his innovation of an entirely Christian system, to lay hand on our Common Schools. If there is danger to the Common-School system, it is because the Christian Free School, is preferred to the Public School. In Cincinnati, one-half of the children of the City, attend the Christian Free Schools of various denominations. In New York, out of the whole number of children attending school, thirty thousand go to the Christian schools. A like number in Brooklyn, and, in our own City, at least, one-half of the children, attend the Catholic parochial schools, and the Protestant private schools. But we make these comments not invidiously, and in no aggressive spirit, but to encourage to greater exertion, by well-deserved praise, those who have built

this work, and are here to-day, witnesses of their triumph. Its foundations are laid deep in Christian charity and benevolence, and we see its early fruits arrayed in joy before us. To the zealous priest, who fashioned the arch, to the multitude, who furnished the materials for the edifice, and who in future, promise to swell its proportions; to the good Sisters, whose aid and influence, shed the halo of religion and love over the institution; I, in behalf of those assembled, extend manifold and joyous congratulations.

SPEECH
DELIVERED AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE
HIBERNIAN PARK.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The opening of this Hibernian Park, a project, which was happily conceived a little over a year ago, by a few leading and generous Irish spirits, and auspiciously carried forward but a few months since, has, at length, been completed; and we have assembled to crown the work, with the formal and festal ceremonies of this day's inauguration. The Association and its object are now a success, and will henceforth be ranked among the institutions of our metropolis. The enterprise accomplished, dates a new epoch, and traces a fresh landmark, in the advancing prosperity of the growing Irish element of our city. It furnishes strong and convincing proof of the broad, and patriotic public spirit, which animated its founders, and establishes their claim to the gratitude of the whole community.

Just thirty-five years ago, a spectacle similar in character to the present, was witnessed by the assembled thousands of the people of Charleston. The beauty and chivalry of our city had gathered them, on the spot where the Hibernian Hall now stands, and within its spacious walls. It was the occasion of the dedication of that beautiful temple, reared by the munificence of our fathers to the honor and glory of their countrymen; and whose ample façade, supported by its imposing columns, still attracts the eye of the passing stranger, and stands, to this day, an object of ornament to our city, and of pride to every Irish, and Irish-American heart. The tones of congratulation which then went forth, issued from lips no less inspired than the gifted, the venerated, and beloved John England, first

Bishop of Charleston. He it was, who, with matchless eloquence recorded the glories of that early triumph of Irish enterprise; and the walls of that edifice to this day, are hallowed by the associations of his first benediction.

At that time, the Irish in Charleston, scarcely numbered two thousand. Now they and their descendants rise the figures eight thousand, constituting about a sixth of the entire population of the city. Then their influence was visible and marked; but it arose more from the strength of purpose, force of character, integrity of dealing, and the genius which distinguished, in a large degree, those prominent of their race, than from the numbers of their population. Now they combine the two great primal elements of power: increased numerical strength, with a wider and more general diffusion of intelligence and learning among the masses, united with, and adorned by conspicuous talent and shining ability. If we would utilize and fortify these advantages by the constant and steady observance of the rules of industry and sobriety, by a refined culture of the better and nobler parts of our nature, and by the encouragement of all measures which tend to the amelioration of the condition of our State, and the elevation of our fellow-men; the Irish people in America have it within their power to secure for themselves, and their children, all the fruits and blessings that can result to a people in the enjoyment of free institutions. Remember always that in "union there is strength," or, as the same sentence has been paraphrased by the immortal Washington, "United we stand, divided we fall."

A great responsibility has been devolved upon the Irish in this country. As much as they have done for humanity in the past, society, ever exacting in its requisitions upon its members, will demand from them further contributions in future. They have, by their conduct and example, to lift up their brothers of the same race, fallen and degraded by long years of servitude and oppression, to man's true

estate; and by works of benevolence to smooth their pathway to prosperity and happiness. The children of Ireland, in countless thousands, have been, for over a century, and now are, pursuing the ocean track of European emigration to this Western world. Exiles from their native land, they come devoid of any of the advantages at home, to clothe them with the habiliments to secure easy recognition in the land of the stranger: they are compelled to brave the oppressor's scorn, the proud man's contumely, and to plough their way, by dint of ponderous blows and hard knocks, to fortune and place, and, at last, to public favor. Under the most adverse circumstances and sufferings the most acute, the scattered children of the Emerald Isle who have become like unto the seed of the earth, under the providence of God, and by the instrumentality of England's unholy domination; have traversed the intervening seas to find, at last, a shelter and refuge from their sorrows, and a field of reward for their labor under the shade of American freedom. And amply have they repaid America for her hospitality. By their toil and energy they have felled our forests, and peopled our wildernesses; made our rivers to run laden to the sea, and our mountain barriers to disappear; they have dug our canals, which are the "*veins*" of our country, and laid our railroads, which are the "*ribs*" of our territorial domain. Oh—

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Let the mighty of the earth realize for the honor of the species that work at last is worship.

"Honored be the earnest worker,
Blessed the rough, toil-hardened hand,
While the glorious hymn of labor
Upward floats from wave to land.
Toilers, noble is your lot,
Work is worship, scorn it not."

They have emptied their treasures broadcast upon either hand across the wide belt of this vast continent, even from where the heaving Atlantic rolls its billows at our feet upon this eastern shore, to the far-distant Pacific, whose foam is amber and whose sand is gold. The aspiring blood of this exiled race has rolled like an inundation over this hemisphere, mingling its fresh and fertilizing streams with the onward current of American nationality; as the Missouri and the Ohio, great tributaries, roll their floods to swell the great Father of Waters, as it bears upon its bosom the tribute of a mighty people, far out upon the wide and open sea. Transplanting themselves upon our ever-germinating soil, and quickening the veins of American life, perhaps with a touch of the sweet philanthropy of Oliver Goldsmith—perhaps with an atom from the excelsior brain of a Burke; a ray from the genius of their orators and poets; a scintillation of the wit of a Swift or a Sheridan; a flash of the martial valor of their generals, Fitzgerald and Tone, O'Dillon and Lord Clare; and imparting a new and glowing tint to earth and sky, air and landscape.

The Irish may, with propriety, claim that they have something to boast of in American history. One hundred years ago, when the Colonies organized to resist the tyranny of a despotic king, upon the ground that "taxation without representation was tyranny;" 200,000 of the population then were Irish by birth and descent, constituting nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the thirteen Colonies. By the process of natural development, and the steady influx of an unebbing tide of emigration, that fragment has swollen, until now we number within the confines of the United States 14,000,000 of Celtic blood, and their influence is being felt from shore to shore. One hundred years ago, the Pennsylvania line, composed chiefly of Irishmen and Catholics were complimented by George Washington, as comprising the flower and pick of his Con-

tinental army; and he, the Father of our Country, gave testimony of his respect and admiration, by becoming a member of the St. Patrick's Society of Philadelphia. They gave to the Revolution, out of which sprang the new-born republic—a Barry and a Montgomery, a Jasper and a Warren, a Carroll and a Clinton, a Rutledge and a Wayne—names that will forever gem the American sky. And later on they gave to the country a Jackson, who from behind the cotton bags of New Orleans repelled the whole British host eight thousand strong, and put the finishing stroke to the war of 1812.

When the boding star of civil conflict flitted out from behind the lurid, stormy clouds of war that had gathered over the land; the Irish, strong in their local attachments and love of home, and true to the spot where their hearthstones were set, their fortunes cast and their family altars had been raised, were found on either side of the line, marshalled in battle's stern array; and whether fighting with the blue or with the gray, beneath the starry folds of our national ensign or bearing aloft the Southern cross, their valor has been equally tested upon many a hard-fought field. As wildly and madly they rushed into the jaws of death, in their fearless charge and bloody repulse from the heights of Fredericksburg; with a heroism more constant and commanding, if not so dashing, they held their posts for long and weary months behind the battered mound of historic old Sumter, sustaining the most memorable siege recorded in the annals of history. Those salutary impressions, which have been stamped upon the history of the country by those of your countrymen who have preceded you, it will be left for you to perpetuate and transmit undiminished to a later posterity. While it is your duty to uphold what is valuable and worthy in the traditions of your native land, I would not encourage you to isolate, and perpetuate distinctiveness of race, for all clanship or segregation of men here is incompatible with the genius of our Republic,

and not in harmony with the development of our popular institutions. The theory of our State is unification; to merge and gradually mould all other nationalities into one great and common American family. You must become, as the Irish emigrant said very facetiously to John Quincy Adams, when he was asked how he liked this country: "He liked it so well he intended to become a native." The Irish are, perforce, national in their instincts and character. They never have been, and never can be sectional in their feelings. Such a temper would be opposed to the law of their situation and being. Their religion is Catholic and universal, and their patriotism as broad as it is national. And how could it be otherwise? The first friendly flag that greeted their vision as sorrowingly they looked out upon the West, was the flag of the Union in the land of their adoption. The ensign which must be seen as it floats at the mast-head of an American frigate upon some foreign sea, and is visible to the oppressed from a foreign shore, to sound the depths of patriotism and evoke a cheer from every liberty-loving heart. That same banner which, on Lake Champlain, waved over McDonough amid the cheers of victory; which inspired the gallant and wounded Lawrence as he gazed upon its folds for the last time from the gory deck of his vessel; which in Mexico was lifted in triumph upon the heights of Chapultepec, and borne undimmed in its lustre by the heroism of our own Palmetto Regiment through Cherubusco's deadly fire; and which it is the aspiration of every Irishman to see one day, float over a people, whose territory and dominion shall extend from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Darien.

These reflections having a national bearing and color, are evoked from me in sympathy with the associations of this year, so much in harmony with the scenes and festivities of this hour. We are in the midst of the Centennial year of American Independence. A whole nation is preparing to pour out lavishly its gifts of gratitude for the

blessings vouchsafed by an All-wise Providence, in preserving in safety for a century, the liberties of America. And we have just cause to be profoundly grateful when we look back, and contemplate the dangers which have beset our career. When we look behind us for the past ten years, we view the wreck of public morals, the loss of national character, the relaxation of the restraints of law, and the disintegration of the binding forces of society; with licentiousness and profligacy in high places running the country into a vortex of corruption, and out of which it will test the fastest virtue and highest statesmanship, even yet, to rescue and save us from the impending dissolution.

It is no doubt true that during the past decade great enormities have been committed under, and with the sanction of the prostituted clamors of an infamous party, covered by the protecting ægis of that flag which I have just apostrophized. These violations of constitutional compacts, these outrages that have shocked the civilization of the century, and brought the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest American, can neither be palliated nor denied; but, it does not follow that we should involve in promiscuous and indiscriminate condemnation, the great fabric, upon which the institutions founded by our fathers have, for a century, rested. He who would inveigh against liberty for its excesses, might as well condemn the air which he breathes, because it contains the elements of the tempests and the hurricane. These crimes which have been perpetrated against social order, desecrating the name of liberty, have, doubtless, shaken the faith of many serious thinking minds in the stability of our Republic. But why should ye fear? The philosophy of history teaches us the actions of men in one decade, are often antithesized by a conduct the reverse in the next. The experience of men and nations shows that an era of debauchery, and a reign of dissoluteness and vice, are generally followed by a fever of morality and a paroxysm of reform; and the day

will come, and it is not far distant, when those who have profaned the temple,—who have erected false gods within its shrines—who have baffled the toil of the husbandman and despoiled him of the fruits of his labor; who have robbed the widow and the orphan, and by ravage and plunder have made a solitude where there was once smiling plenty; will rue their deeds in sackcloth and ashes, and wring their hands in anguish over the avenging rod of Nemesis. Throughout society, there are distributed certain reactionary forces, which cause to be given a contrary direction to human affairs after periods of long and great depression, or of unusual exaltation. It would be folly to measure the fate or course of empires with human life; for life itself is but a perpetual change, and death but a perpetual renovation. Let there be a truce, a permanent truce, to the animosities and prejudices of men and sections! Destroy not the trunk of the Century tree, because, for a while, its fruit has been bitter, and its juice like unto gall—but prune its branches, protect it, and its shade will be a shelter to millions of the free yet unborn. We are in the midst of a mighty reaction. Its current has not been stemmed. It has swept on, and spread until it has seized the better elements of the community, and appalled the wicked everywhere. It behooves us to move in national concert and State unison with the virtuous of all classes, to the end that our whole country may be redeemed from the thralldom of vice, and our State lifted from the slough of despond. The hand of the public robber still clutches the throat of our people; but by a supreme effort, we can hurl him down, and with the staves of the lictor, chastise him out of, and beyond the gates of the temple; “and ring out to the world around us, the knell of the reign of wrong.”

So auspicious is the day, and so sacred the memories that will in future hover around this spot, that I have been tempted, under the enthusiasm engendered by the occa-

sion, to strike a chord of national pride, and awake the throb of State love in your bosoms. That which is nearest and dearest to our hearts is always a proper subject for consideration and reflection, and will always bear discussion when large bodies are in motion. These sylvan groves, from this day henceforth to be consecrated to the joys and pleasures of yourselves and children—these wide-branching and far-shadowing old oaks, resembling the Druids' oak beneath which your Pagan ancestors worshipped, long, long before the light of Christianity beamed upon your then benighted country—this climate whose soft and balmy air, sweet as a mother's smile, which it is your happiness to breathe—this rich and teeming soil, as fruitful as is the love of God, which it is your privilege to cultivate; all these are calculated to bring back memories most dear of your beautiful Isle of the sea.

“Far, far from thy valleys, dear Erin,
We sit by the firelight at night,
And call up the days dead and buried
That spite of their sorrows seem bright.
Aye, bright through their tears and their tempests,
For memory links them to thee,
Thou shrine of our fondest devotion,
Our beautiful isle of the sea.

“We talk of thy long-faded glory,
And dream of thy ancient renown;
We sigh that thy gold-blazoned banner
In darkness and ruin went down;
But near, in the hope-lighted future,
We're watching to see it float free
Above thy proud, chain-scorning mountains,
Our beautiful isle of the sea.”

The herbs of the field around us lift and bend their leaves in welcome to you. The romantic Ashley, and the winding Cooper, which, on either side, meander in their journey as silent as Feal's dark and gloomy waters, catch the echoes of your rejoicing cheers, as, with the murmuring of the winds rustling through these moss-festooned

branches, they are wafted over their placid waters far out upon the deep wide sea. Here, under our own vine and fig-tree, here, beneath the harp figurative of that harp which "once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," we may pass our hours of joy and relaxation in sacred friendship, and in sweet communion and brotherhood with our fellow-man. Here the banner of England, with its blood-stained cross, the symbol of your nation's heaviest woes, shall never float; but above and around you, may your eyes ever behold waving, joined in peace and happy concord, the harp and sunburst, with the palmetto of our dear, native and adopted State; intertwined with various colors and devices, expressive emblems and mottoes, surmounted by the glittering eagle, with wings outspread, and talons clutching the trophies of your past victories; and all upheld by a brave and high-spirited citizen soldiery. It is your presence, citizen soldiers, which imparts an historic interest and casts an historic light, over the scene; and the pen of the future historian will point its significance in depicting the military pomp and pageantry, which have embellished the day's proceedings. With grateful heart do I now receive and welcome you on behalf of the Hibernian Park Association and the sons of Ireland; and, in their name do now pledge unto all the brave men who have honored, and the fair women who have graced the occasion with their presence, the sentiment so genial, and bubbling with feeling, and which has been so tenderly expressed by the sweet bard of Erin, Tom Moore:

"Here's a tear to those who love us,
And a smile to those who hate,
And, whatever skies above us,
Here's a heart for every fate."

ORATION ON JOHN MITCHEL. APRIL 15TH, 1875.

MR. PRESIDENT—FELLOW-CITIZENS: We have come, not to mourn, but to give praise, and do honor to the memory of Ireland's dead patriot and champion—John Mitchel. From his silent green grave beneath the yew tree's shade, on the gentle slopes of Newry, he speaks to us to-night by his example; the dramatic close of his eventful life; and by the love which has been manifested for him by millions of his countrymen, in tones louder, and more eloquent, than he could, if he were alive, and in our presence. It is our privilege to mingle our voices of condolence with the solemn and swelling tributes which, million-tongued, are borne to us across the intervening seas from either hemisphere, rolling to us with the doleful sound of the Atlantic, as, when unstormed, it breaks and dashes at our feet. The press of two Continents has caught the contagion of sympathy which has been evoked by his sudden death, and sounded his requiem with a lament tolling as over the fall of a distinguished chieftain.

It is somewhat anomalous and a little singular, that he who reposed in quiet retirement and comparative obscurity, for over twenty years in the land of his exile, should have become so eminently conspicuous immediately upon his demise. The cause must be traced to some distinctive feature in the character of the man; and if we could take to pieces his whole moral structure and analyze its various parts in detail, we would find underlying all, one fundamental principle which controlled his whole being, and shaped the destiny of his entire life. It was his ardent *love of right*, and his stern *detestation of wrong*. Two marked elements, the antithesis of each other, mixed and

combined to form the personnel of this remarkable individual—his *intense love for Ireland*—his *bitter hatred for England*. All other currents were minor and tributary to this never-failing stream of passion that ran through his nature. He kept steadily prominent before his vivid mind one monumental fact, which all history has attested, the enslavement and degradation of his country; and vowed his faith upon the altar of duty, never to cease his labors until the disenthralment of his people was secured, and their independence established. He was patriotism incarnate. Love of country with him, was, in the language of Smith O'Brien, "more than a sentiment, more than a principle of duty—it was the absorbing passion of his life, the motive of every action, the foundation of every feeling." Like the Roman youth, transported by an ineffable frenzy, he was ready to brave all, endure all, and sacrifice all for the welfare of his people; and, like his prototype in history, would have held his hand over the burning flame till shrivelled, if thereby he could advance the cause and interests of his afflicted country. For this, and this chiefly, he is now embalmed in the grateful recollections of a generous and confiding people. A life, such as this, of unswerving integrity, and unbending devotion to principle, teaches the high moral lesson that they who would be immortal and great in the remembrance of the ages, should in the lines of Albion's great poet,

"Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

History, while according to Mitchel these high attributes, will, at the same time, record him the leader of a forlorn hope, the upholder of a desperate cause, who, bearing his country's flag, died as the brave must ever die, with honor; whose undying heroism consecrated defeat, and converted his death into a victory; whose spirit, rising from the ground, will plead before the Eternal Throne

for his fallen land. High up by the glorious names that throng the muster-roll of Ireland's patriots, his, will forever stand a model and an example to after generations. By O'Neill, the Ulster chief, who, far far from Tyrone sleeps in Roman clay beside the classic Tiber, with the stately ruins of antiquity sentinelling his rest; by Owen Roe, the hero of Benburb, who, calmly laurelled, rests in Irish earth beneath the aisle of Cavan Abbey; by Grattan, who fills one sacred spot in the alien gloom of Westminster; by Theobald Wolfe Tone, the knightliest of rebels, as bold a heart as ever throbbed for a country's love, around whose sods in Kildare the immortal shamrock will forever twine; by Thomas Davis, the poet, whose ashes sanctify the slopes of Mount Jerome; by Smith O'Brien, who sleeps in the shadow of the Welsh mountains; by Meagher, whose bones, undiscovered, are washed amid the sands of the Missouri River; and by the martyrs of Manchester, who, yet unhonored, rot beneath the soil of Lancashire. Down through the vaults of time, the name of Mitchel will descend; the incorruptible patriot, the friend of the oppressed, the implacable enemy of England.

Let us pass in review, for a moment, some of the salient points and traits in the signal and checkered career of our subject. John Mitchel was born on the 2d of November, 1815, at the market town of Dungiven, in the county of Derry. He was the offspring of Protestant parents, his father officiating as a clergyman of standing and ability in the Presbyterian Church, and had been a member of the United Irishmen in 1793. He was a constant and warm friend of Ireland, and always bold in the defense of her rights. His son John was intended for holy orders, and his training and studies were turned in that direction. But in 1830, he was placed as a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and after graduating with all the honors of Trinity, he determined to become a lawyer. After his admission to the bar, he entered a law office at Bainbridge, and soon

became a member of the firm. It was about that time, that he married the daughter of Mr. Richard Verner, a distinguished citizen of Henry; and, from that moment, he entered with seriousness upon the pursuits of life. His practice of the law was not large nor very remunerative, and he achieved nothing specially noteworthy in the forum. But every leisure moment of his time he sedulously employed in collecting that mass of information and facts which he knew he would require, and which, afterwards, with his pen, he used with such tremendous energy and scathing power, against the officers of the English Government in Ireland. Mitchel was a scholar, and he associated with a brilliant circle of literary men of the time. Among them were Davis, Reilly, Mangam and others, who used to meet at McNevin's house in Dublin, to discuss the subject of diffusing education among the Irish people. To awaken a feeling of interest in the public mind, Mitchel wrote and published the life of O'Neill, the Chief of Ulster; he, who is known in history as Red Hugh, the shield of the Blackwater, and scourge of the invader. The bold sentiments expressed in that work placed Mr. Mitchel promptly in the van of the young Ireland movement. He was, at once, singled out as the coming man, and his writings were accepted as the exponents of the views, aims, and designs of the Young Ireland party. Mitchel, when but a boy, had watched with absorbing interest, the great battle fought and won by O'Connell over Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, for Catholic emancipation. He had weighed well the moral suasion policy of the great Liberator—the policy of *agitation*, by which he proposed to redeem from bondage over six millions of his enslaved race, without shedding a drop of their blood. He had seen the great Hercules of the forum and hustings; and followed in the wake of idolizing millions, who hung upon his accents at Dundalk, at Athlone, and at Mullaghmast, in the midst of his monster hill-side gatherings; and heard him on Tara's Mount say

to the assembled thousands, that he would lead them to the cannon's mouth, but that England should yield to his demand for repeal; but all these mighty efforts resulting in the failure of Repeal, the shadowing of the mighty efforts of the great O'Connell, with discord in Conciliation Hall, and division among its leaders; the impetuous and stormy spirit of revolution burst forth from Mitchel with all the fervor of his love for Ireland, and his hatred for England. He told the Irish people what their duty was to Ireland—the same that Wellington told the English was their duty to England—to fight for her. "Give up," says he, "forever that old interpretation you put upon the word Repeal! Repeal is no sectarian movement—no money swindle—no '82 delusion—nor puffing—nor O'Connellism—nor Mullaghmast green-cap stage play—nor loud sounding inanity of any sort, got up for any man's profit or praise. It is the mighty, passionate struggle of a nation hastening to be born into new national life, in the which unspeakable throes, all the parts, and powers, and elements of our Irish existence, our Confederations, our Protestant Repeal associations, our Tenants' rights societies, clubs, cliques, and committees, amidst confusion enough, and the saddest jostling and jumbling, are all inevitably tending, however unconsciously, to the one same illustrious goal—not a local legislation, not a return to our ancient constitution, not a golden link, or a patchwork Parliament, or a College Green chapel-of-ease to St. Stephen's, but a Republic one and indivisible."

These were John Mitchel's sentiments in 1848, and for uttering them Baron Lefroy, on the 26th of May, of the same year, charged him with treason in the dock at Newgate; sentenced him to fourteen years' banishment, and drove him from the dinner table of his family into penal servitude. To account for his inveterate hatred for England, and the fierce temper with which he opened the new movement to overthrow her blighting domination in Ire-

land, it is only necessary to take a glance at the situation of the island at this time. Gaunt famine like a heavy funeral pall overshadowed the horizon, while pestilence and death, brooded and stalked over the plain. The potato crop, cut down by disease, rotted in the soil, while such of the crops as were gathered in, were ruthlessly borne away from starving settlements by the merciless tax-gatherer. It has been estimated that over two hundred thousand human beings perished upon the roadsides of famine during this fearful season; their bones were left bleaching in the sun on the very spot where, hungered in death, they fell! And while Ireland was exporting annually to England over fifteen millions pounds sterling of produce, more than sufficient to feed her entire population; and, while open-hearted America was sending her ships freighted with food across the ocean, the Crown Government declined to raise a hand for relief. This was the frightful spectacle exhibited to young Mitchel. Loud and deep were the threats and imprecations raised under the pangs of distress, and you can well imagine how an ardent temperament like his, could be kindled into a blazing and consuming flame, while witnessing the decimation of his people. It was enough "to stir a fever in the blood of age;" it was seared as with a red-hot iron into the brain of Mitchel, and from that hour he became not a Reformer, but a transcendent Revolutionist. Mr. Mitchel's tastes were purely literary, and his forte lay in his writings. Not long after his advent into public life, Thomas Davis, one of the founders of the new national movement, died, and the editorial chair of the Dublin *Nation*, which was then the organ of the party, was turned over to the control and guidance of Mitchel. A little over a year after he had taken control of the paper, the *Nation* was indicted for seditious utterances, and upon the trial, the jury failed to agree. Mitchel, unintimidated by these proceedings, became even more aggressive in his writings, and pointed

his pen in language fierce and most uncompromising, to the dismay of the English authorities. While leading the columns of the *Nation*, he issued from the Press his able papers on "Land Tenures in Europe," which attracted much attention at home and abroad, and were extolled by the literary critics of England and Europe. In 1848, a difference arising with T. Gavan Duffy, his associate in the chair of the *Nation*, growing out of the management and policy of the paper, Mr. Mitchel withdrew, and started the *United Irishmen*. On the staff of this paper, there were Devin Reilly and Clarence Mangam, both prominent men of their day. This paper was widely disseminated, and exerted great influence. It was revolutionary in tone and spirit; and volley after volley of bold and withering invective, went hissing from its broadside against the Crown officers in Ireland. The government, taking alarm, ordered and executed the arrest of Mitchel on the 13th of May, 1848. He was tried on the 26th, condemned, and sentenced on the same day to transportation for fourteen years to a penal colony. He was torn from the embrace of his young family, and was sent first to the Barbadoes, where he remained for ten months, and thence transported to Van Diemen's Land. Owing to his impaired health, he was allowed the freedom of the vicinage upon his parole of honor, and he kept his word to the last. No matter how his enemies may defame him, he never did forfeit a tittle of his honor. It was not in the nature of the man to resort to subterfuge or evasion, to shirk a responsibility, or to rescue his body from pain or imprisonment. His courage was absolutely fearless. He rather courted danger, when it lay in the path of his convictions. He had in him the stuff whereof martyrs are made. He condemned make-shifts; his conduct was always pointed and direct. Upon the morning of the 8th of June, 1853, after first advising the Governor of Hobart Town by letter of his purpose, he presented himself before the officer in com-

mand of his prison post, and, in the presence of an armed guard, at the beck of the commander, he surrendered his parole and rode away. Soon after he effected his escape, a reward of £2 for his recapture was offered by the government, but in 1854 he landed in the United States, and took up his residence in the City of New York.

At the close of this, the first and most important chapter in his life, let us pause for a moment to dwell upon its merits. This brief narrative gives us a partial insight into the character of our subject. There was one distinguishing trait in the man—his unswerving integrity, and unbending adherence to principle. Such words as *policy* and *expediency* had no place in his vocabulary. He could never trim to catch the breeze of popular favor, nor dally with time for success. He would not “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning,” nor sacrifice one iota of his convictions for temporary gain or profit; nor give to any party what he owed to mankind. He was steadfast and undeviating in his faith, that no half-way measure, no soothing concessions, could ever give Ireland permanent relief from the tyranny and misrule of England. He knew full well that such concessions were always wrung from England in the hour of difficulty, to be as speedily revoked, when the apprehended danger which gave rise to them, had passed. The Duke of Wellington admitted this when, in 1825, he wrote, “The concessions hitherto made to Ireland have been made in times of war and difficulty.” John Bright endorsed it when he said “that nothing has been done in England for Ireland, except under the influence of terror.” Mr. Gladstone confirmed it when he confessed, “that to the intensity of Fenianism are due his celebrated acts.”

John Mitchel knew, too truly, that no dependence was to be placed by subjects upon a ruling power that despised them. He felt, as his father before him felt in 1798, “that Ireland never could be, but in name, an equal mem-

ber of the British Empire." The two peoples were not of the same flesh and blood, and their natures were as divergent as the poles. Mitchel's motto was: "Ireland for the Irish," from sea to sea, and Ireland forever. Though many have, and do now doubt the wisdom of his policy, his unrequited services and untiring devotion will ever keep enshrined the name of Mitchel with that of the patriot, in the memories of his countrymen.

" 'Twas not for the smiles of fortune
Nor the trappings of power he craved,
'Twas not that the fame of a deathless name,
Might hover above his grave.
But 'twas that his land should waken
From her long dark trance of woe,
And take her stand 'mong the nations grand
As she did, long, long ago.

"To make her again a nation,
With her flag on the breeze outspread;
And bravely stand for the dear old land
And the cause which his fathers wed.
But not with the tears and wailing
That helots beseech a king,
But with the might of the sabre bright,
The sword and the rifle's ring."

Let us now take a glance at that portion of his life which was passed in this country. After taking up his residence in New York, he entered the field of journalism at the head of *The Citizen*. This paper did not prove a success, and it was short-lived. In 1855 he removed to the State of Alabama, and there started the *Southern Citizen*. A similar brief existence attended this enterprise. Mr. Mitchel had not lived long enough among the people of America, to become acquainted with their dispositions and tendencies of thought; he failed to perceive that public opinion was a plant that grew here, and not an article which was made to order; he had not the journalistic tact to strike the middle strata of public sentiment throughout the nation, and for lack of it these efforts came to naught.

In 1860 he paid a visit to France, but returned in 1861, and was immediately engaged on the staff of the Richmond *Examiner*. His bold and vigorous pen was recognized in the columns of this paper; and, for the service that he rendered the Confederate cause, he won the confidence and esteem of all the leading men identified with the government at Richmond. Jefferson Davis was to the last hour his true and tried friend, and was among the first, in a touching telegram addressed to the committee of the Memphis Mitchel demonstration, to weave a chaplet to his memory, and pronounce "his death a loss to mankind." And well might these two men have sympathized with each other; they were kindred spirits, formed out of the same mould; they were both strict constructionists and both States-rights men. They were not round and orb-like in their understandings, but sharp, angular, incisive, penetrating, self-willed, irresistible, borne headlong by their convictions, red-hot with passion. They were fellow-prisoners after the close of the war, John Mitchel having, late in 1866, been arrested by order of Wm. H. Seward, for the expression of anti-union sentiments in the New York *Daily Press*, a strong Democratic paper; and was confined in the old Bastile, or Fortress Monroe, where he suffered for a while in the company of the fallen chief of the Lost Cause.

If ever there was a people who, in the fulness of their hearts should make a votive offering of undying gratitude at the shrine of John Mitchel, that people are the Southern people. He came amongst them as a stranger, with all his antecedents and early training to impress him unfavorably with the institutions of the South; and, without fear, or favor, or the hope of reward, he braved the frowns of his friends and the gibes of his enemies, and bound himself up, heart and soul, with the fortunes of our people. He gave to the war his three sons; two of them perished while fighting in the gray—his oldest son, John, gave up

his life, struck by a shell from Morris Island while on his post, within the battered but now hallowed walls of old Sumter; his ashes repose in the humble tomb in yonder magnolia, where the weeping willow bends over his young green grave, and the rustle of the palmetto, with the soft sigh of the fragrant and towering pine, and the murmuring winds as they shake the branches of our shady old oaks, chant over his peaceful slumber his eternal requiem. The second son fell, bearing aloft the Southern Cross in the front of battle on the heights of Gettysburg; his third stood by the side of the gallant Gordon, on that memorable April day when *Lee*, the immortal Southern captain, overwhelmed, gave up his sword at Appomattox. John Mitchel never regretted anything he ever did; he was sincere in his convictions, and never quailed in their support; and, though the ploughshare of war had made a horrid furrow over the hearthstones of the South, and her people were sunk in sorrow and humiliation; and grim power, reckless of constitutional restraints, had raised its awful front, and quaking millions bowed down in awe before it; he, undaunted to the last, never forgot his love, nor relinquished his devotion to the South. In the teeth of the prejudices of his own countrymen, and under the invidious gaze of England, ready to take every opportunity to disparage and traduce him, in his last speech at Cork, he bore high testimony to the Southern character, when he said that "the finest men he had known in America, were from the South;" and, for this the London Thunderer, the *Times*, opened its broadsides with grim satisfaction, and the shafts of calumny were hurled against him; but they all broke and fell harmless at his feet. It is at this day a matter of surprise to many, how a character like his, who had given his whole life for his own country, to strike the chains of slavery from her limbs, could have become the advocate of a cause, the keystone of whose arch rested upon slavery. Outside of the reasoning of his

own mind, which it is not given unto us to divine, it may be accounted for in the tendency of his nature to sympathize with the weaker side. He, at least, could not see anything revolting in African slavery as it existed at the South; and he was carried along with his first impressions of the people. He saw the storm-cloud gathering at the North before it broke—he heard its distant mutterings; he felt that the larger and powerful section, in its intemperate zeal to extirpate an institution which had fallen under the ban of public opinion, would not await the slow process of time; but had resolved to wrench it by the roots from the South, the weaker, and he, at once, took his side. John Mitchel was of such a nature, that he gravitated to minorities. He could not abide long in the ranks of power, which was based upon numerical strength alone. He never pulled well in party harness. His principles, he would never subordinate, and he would not consent to a wrong act that ulterior good might follow. He was not a statesman nor a diplomatist, nor was he exactly suited to be an organizer or great leader of men. The principal side of his character was composed of those qualities, which could not be fully appreciated in a selfish and time-serving age; but, when the genius of a more advanced opinion gains the ascendant, whenever the day shall come that men are judged by their true metal and intrinsic worth, and stern principle passes for something valuable, a halo will then surround the memory of Mitchel, never, never to be obscured.

In 1867 at New York, he appears again with his last newspaper, the *Irish Citizen*; but with failing health, and snow of years gathering upon his head, he was forced to succumb; he could conduct it no longer, and in 1873 its office was closed. In 1874 he sailed for his native land, after an exile of over a quarter of a century, and a generation in its cradles when he left, rose to its feet, to greet his return. He did not go to sue for pardon, or ask forgive-



ness; but to brave the lion in his den, to meet his ancient enemy face to face. In the lines of Moore he said:

"We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us."

He is presented to fill the Parliamentary vacancy from the County of Tipperary, and by over 2,000 majority, he is returned by that constituency.

"Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we,
No British seas nor British coasts
Can match the men of Tipperary."

This was the salutation given and returned. Disraeli growled and protested against the admission to Parliament of an indicted felon. A new writ of election is ordered, and before the writ could be returned, death overtook him and cancelled its execution. On the 20th of March, 1875, "life's fitful fever over," broken down and exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of his campaign, he calmly fell asleep in death near the house in which he was born, in the town of Dramlane, Ireland, surrounded by loving friends and relatives; and the strings of his country's harp flung its notes of lamentation to the breeze, in the imperfect triumph of a joyless victory. But the hero, though dead, only sleepeth, for his spirit doth live. His spirit will live along with the spirit of Irish nationality, which glows and burns as fresh to-day, as it did when Sarsfield lay on the field of Neerwinden, and catching his blood as it oozed from him, and dashing it to heaven he exclaimed: "Would to God this were shed for Ireland."

"The axe, the gibbet and the chain
Have done, but done their work in vain.
Her martyrs fall, her heroes bleed,
But gallant men again succeed,

And by the ashes of the dead,
 The tears they wept, the blood they shed,
 Above that isle we yet shall see
 The green flag wave triumphantly."

John Mitchel dead! So severe was the blow, and so keen the sorrow felt over his loss, that the heart of his distinguished kinsman and companion in exile, John Martin, burst and broke under the tension. The mingled torrent of love and despair quite crushed him. He could not survive his grand comrade, the last link that held him in fast connection with Ireland's nationality, and hope of Ireland's future.

He is dead! A thorn taken from the side of England—a parliamentary obstacle out of Disraeli's way; dead before the goal for which he had watched and waited, strived, and struggled for a lifetime, had been reached; dead, while clasped in a final struggle with the enemy, which enslaved his country, but could not subdue. He died, in the language of the poet:

"—Facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers, and the altars of his God."

"Toll the bells and speak in whispers,
 For a hero lieth low!
 Death has struck him down while hurling
 Proud defiance to the foe!
 But the life so steadfast, loyal
 To its purpose, great and high,
 In the land shall stay and triumph,
 For the faithful never die!"

"Toll! a warrior has departed,
 Toll! a soldier of the right;
 Not a stain upon his armor,
 Perished in a noble fight.
 With his country's flag above him
 And her turf upon his breast,
 Let him sleep where God has called him,
 Home from labor—home to rest."

ORATION
DELIVERED AT THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY,
CHARLESTON, S. C. AUGUST 6TH, 1875.

GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS, AND GUESTS OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY:—It is proper that I should give you some introduction, however incomplete, to the life and character of the man whose centenary we have assembled to commemorate. This day, one hundred years ago, was born Daniel O'Connell, who has been styled the Liberator of Ireland. No omens presaged, no signs accompanied his unostentatious birth, to mark or distinguish his origin from the rest of his race. The labors of an eventful and conspicuous life; the wonderful results he accomplished; and the blessings of religious emancipation bestowed by his exertions upon over seven millions of his down-trodden countrymen, have made him illustrious, I may say, immortal. It is, then, with feelings of reverence and devotion to the fame of a truly great and just man, that the scattered sons of the Emerald Isle, do, on this day, after the lapse of a century from his birth, repair to, or turn with grateful vision to his shrine in the bosom of his native land, to do honor to his memory.

He was the first and greatest of Irishmen, Catholic of Catholics, and Irish of Irish. He impressed his name upon the history of his country, as indelibly as William Tell has been written upon the forest cantons of Switzerland. In character and in physique, in temperament, and in genius, he was the truest type of an Irishman the world has ever seen. Stalwart in stature, gigantic in intellect, heroic in courage, tender in heart, and pliable to every touch of human sympathy; with a sturdy sense of justice and love

of liberty, he rooted himself in the hearts of the Irish people, and like the Irish oak upon his own soil, there

"He stood a tower of strength,
Full square to all the winds that blew."

He incorporated himself with the being of the Irish people, and as a pillar of ornament and pride, he will be revered and studied by generation after generation, to the most distant posterity. Flung into existence among the throes of advancing revolutions, his whole life was passed amid the storms and strifes of contending interests, and hostile parties. To understand and appreciate his remarkable career, we should glance for a moment at the history of Ireland toward the close of the last century. In 1782, just five years after his birth, at a signal from Dunganon, a hundred thousand volunteers in Ireland sprang to arms, and their bayonets bristled along the Channel. The quarrel of Great Britain with her colonies excited this movement, and England permitted it. An Irish Parliament at the time was sitting in College Green, Dublin. The eloquence of Grattan, Flood and Plunkett was then heard within its walls, demanding for Ireland complete legislative independence—the right to make her own laws, in her own interest, unrestricted by the Imperial Parliament at London. The volunteers backed up this demand—they stacked their arms in front of the castle, and across the muzzles of their cannon they wrote: "*Equality, with Liberty and Justice, to Ireland.*" The resolution of the Irish Parliament, and the attitude of the volunteers forced from England the repeal of Poyning's law, which provided that no statute passed by the Irish Parliament could become a law, until it received the sanction of the English throne. The trade and commerce of Ireland, which had been languishing, were given suddenly a fresh impetus, and her manufacturing industries rapidly revived. Then were built the four Courts of Dublin, and the new Custom-

house, two of the most magnificent edifices in Ireland. The prospect for the time was cheering and bright, but it was destined soon to be blasted. The seeds of discord were sown in the ranks of the volunteers, until their dissensions emboldened England to propose, and carry the insidious army act, which disarmed the volunteers; and, to their shame and folly, despite the warning of Grattan, the Irish Parliament allowed this bill to pass. Acts of tyranny and oppression succeeded, and by a systematic persecution, the Irish people were finally goaded into rebellion. 1798 dawned upon the rising of Kildare, and the heroic men of Wexford, who bared their breasts to the pitiless storm of their oppressors. The ferocious soldiery that were let loose upon these unarmed bands, inflicted tortures as evil as Cromwell ever devised, until the rebellion of '98 was stamped out in the blood of that people. In 1800, a new viceroy was sent over to Ireland, and Castlereagh, with his myrmidons and the free use of English gold, at once set to work to bring about the act of union, and the abolition of the Irish Parliament. Pitt, who was then prime minister of England, held out the strongest temptations to the members. He promised the emancipation of the Catholics, to secure the passage of the accursed act of union. The act was passed, the Irish Parliament was abolished, but Pitt never fulfilled his promise.

"'Twas fate " they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

This was about the time O'Connell appeared upon the scene.

In 1798 O'Connell came to the bar in Dublin, just five years after the penal laws had been so relaxed, as to admit an educated Irish Catholic to practise in the courts of the Kingdom. When quite a young man, he is seen ascending the steps of the Corn Exchange in Dublin, and sur-

rounded by soldiers of the garrisons, under command of Major Sirr, sent to break up the meeting and overawe him; in their very teeth he denounced the perfidy of the government and the proposed act of union.

O'Connell's abilities as a lawyer were transcendent, and they would have secured him the most remunerative practice in the realm; but he surrendered all the emoluments of a glorious profession, that he might devote his undivided energies to the liberation of his country. He gloried in being called the advocate of the Irish nation. In his capacity as public defender of the rights and honor of his people, whether before the courts, the Lords, or the bar of the Commons, his skill as a pleader, his dexterity in the tactics of the profession, and his tremendous power of argumentation, won for him the plaudits of leading publicists in France, in England, in Austria and in Italy. No man ever crossed his path in the arena of debate, without feeling a dread of him. It was his boast to say: "There is not a law the British Parliament can pass, that I cannot drive a coach and four through."

After the passage of the union act, Ireland's hope for three hundred long years was crushed, and her faith and her Catholicity alone remained to console and strengthen her. The Catholic element was prodigious in numbers, but it lay dormant. Grattan, who was a Protestant, used to say, unite that element to a man in the demand for justice to Ireland, and England would cower at their feet. O'Connell conceived this design of uniting them. A Catholic board was formed in Dublin, and they proposed to agitate, and by enrolling every man in Ireland, present such a solid mass and front as would wring from England the bill of Catholic emancipation. The term emancipation meant the removal of the disabilities of the Roman Catholics of the Empire. No Catholic was eligible to Parliament, nor to a seat on the bench. He could fill no legislative, judicial or military office in the kingdom, and it

was not until 1793 that one was allowed even to enter the professions. In 1813 O'Connell took the lead in the emancipation movement. Grattan, who, after the dissolution of the Irish Parliament, was returned to the English Parliament, made motion after motion, and with all the eloquence at his command, adjured the Legislature of England to strike the chains from Irish Catholics. Plunkett, Edmund Burke, Fox, and other brave spirits took up the theme, and joined in the advocacy of this claim. But all in vain. Their efforts were laughed to scorn; until O'Connell rose, and he rose alone to head the Irish people, to bear the Irish people upon his broad shoulders "as Æneas, did the old Anchises bear," and with the grasp of an athlete to strangle every man that came across his path. "He rose to lead a prostrate nation high up the rugged road of liberty, until he led them to kneel before a free altar, and burst the bonds that bound them." And alone he did do it. But what privations, what sufferings and anxieties he was compelled to endure, in pursuing this grand aim of his life. Spies were on his track, informers at his back. He was the constant victim of unintermitting prosecutions, arrested and carried before hostile justices upon pretended offences; but his resources, alike with his courage, were equal to the exigency, and he bade defiance to the government, the bench and the bar. Every means were employed to get rid of him, even to procuration for the taking of his life. There was in Ireland at this time a man by the name of D'Esterre, a noted duellist, who was set on to engage O'Connell in a duel. He resorted to stratagem and device to inveigle, and, by irritation, to exasperate him into a fight. He challenged him once for dubbing the Dublin corporation a beggarly corporation. This O'Connell declined. The commands of his religion, of which he was a devout follower, interdicted duelling; but, at length, borne down by the petty insults of this English pimp, which culminated in an inso-

lent threat against the person of O'Connell, O'Connell determined to fight him. He felt that the time had come when it was necessary for him to meet this man for the sake of Ireland, and he did meet him at the risk of his soul's perdition. To vindicate the inborn and proverbial courage of his countrymen, it was necessary for him to fight, and he accepted the alternative. He made Major Macnamara, a Protestant gentleman of Dublin, his second. The details of the duel were arranged. They were to fight at ten paces with duelling pistols, at Lord Cloncurry place, ten miles outside of Dublin. On the day appointed O'Connell rode out to the place of meeting with his friend Macnamara and his surgeon in the same carriage. D'Esterre was proceeding, at the same time, with his friend to the ground. While on the road, D'Esterre, in order to intimidate by a display of his marksmanship, shot from the window of his carriage a crow that was flying over O'Connell, observing this, remarked to his second, "There is little chance after that for my life;" to which Macnamara promptly rejoined: "Never mind that, Dan, the crow has no pistol." But Dan's nerves remained steady. All Ireland was watching him. It was for her he was fighting and not for malice or revenge. Their positions being assigned, the giving of the word fell to Macnamara, and promptly, at the word "fire," the sharp ring of two pistol shots was heard; the bullet from D'Esterre whizzed by the ear of O'Connell, while that of the latter was buried in the lifeless body of D'Esterre. It was a proud day for Ireland, but a sad one for O'Connell. He had passed through the valley with his soul in the scales, and he came forth with the blood of a fellow-creature upon his hand. But the enemies of Ireland had set up his body for a martyr, but their malice was turned to their own confusion.

Ireland's confidence grew and increased in O'Connell. He continued with unabated zeal and undaunted courage his noble work. He aroused the bishops and the clergy

of Ireland, who had so long held their breath in fear of the government. He did not sue, nor fall upon his knees, and beg for emancipation; but, with thundering invective, and loud menace, he demanded it as a people's right.

George Canning, the great English statesman, in 1813, prepared a bill to be put before Parliament, providing for the emancipation of the Catholics; but this bill of Canning's had a trap set in it; it had tacked to it a proviso that, as a consideration for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, the Irish clergy should secure to the English Government, a veto upon the appointment of Catholic bishops. This scheme was worked at Rome. Pope Pius was, at the time, a prisoner in the hands of Napoleon, and the measure was recommended by Quarantolli, an officer of the Papal Court. This veto meant that, before any nomination to a bishopric in Ireland could be filled by the consecration of the inducted, the English Government should first pass upon the nominee; that is, a council of English lords, with the lord chancellor of England, should have the right to forbid the installation of the newly-appointed; but, if his politics were found suitable to the views of the government, you might be sure he would—the devil might take care of his theology.

O'Connell vehemently opposed the proposition. He wrote at the time some of the ablest papers that ever emanated from his pen, defining the canonical relations of the Roman See with the Church in Ireland, and exposing the egregious blunder of the proposed veto. He spared no effort to convince the Irish hierarchy of what their duty was, under the circumstances, and succeeded in arraying, with but few exceptions, the entire clergy against this odious and deceitful measure. Canning's bill did not pass, and if it had, the people of Ireland would not have been called upon this year to honor the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopate of John McHale, archbishop of Tuam, he who has been known by the title of "the lion of the fold of Judah."

O'Connell immediately resumed his demand for *emancipation free, and unconditional*. In the year 1828 Wellington came into power, and O'Connell, with no army at his back but his million of followers, without a musket in their hands, had to confront the great conqueror of Waterloo.

Wellington was impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and the impending crisis; and he told King George the Fourth that he must be prepared either to give emancipation to the Catholics, or for revolution. Just at this moment, as a stroke of policy, and to test the strength of the Tory influence, O'Connell set himself up as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, from the County of Clare. He was opposed by Vesey Fitzgerald, a very estimable man, but he was the Landlord's candidate; and, in spite of the overawing influence of this Landlord body over the Tenantry of Ireland, the people rose up, and by an overwhelming vote, elected O'Connell. And while they were discussing at London the election and how they could keep O'Connell out, he suddenly entered the door of Parliament as the representative from Clare. He advanced to the clerk's desk before the bar of the Commons. The oath of abjuration is read to him. It was an iron-clad oath, in the nature of the oath a Southerner had to take, who went to Congress, just after the war. The oath required that O'Connell should forswear his religion, and he indignantly rejected it. Addressing the House he said: "In the name of 200,000,000 of Catholics, of eight millions of the Irish race, in the name of antiquity, in the name of history, in the name of God, I reject the oath, and say it is a damnable oath." And while O'Connell's admission was being held in abeyance, on the 13th of April, 1829, Sir Robert Peel surrendered, and O'Connell tore from the reluctant grasp of England the bill of Catholic Emancipation. "On that day seven millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." O'Connell sat in Parliament from 1829 to 1839. The in-

fluence he exerted in the House was immense, and when any measure of vital importance to the government was up, the Premier would send for O'Connell, and imploringly ask his aid or neutrality. After emancipation which was the crowning success of his life, he directed his thoughts and energies to the next object nearest his heart, *the Repeal of the Union*. It was in this campaign, that his herculean powers as a leader and agitator of mighty masses of men, were displayed. It was while arousing and marshalling his Irish forces in a peaceful and civil cause, that he achieved his world-wide renown as an orator. Wendell Phillips, of New England celebrity, pronounced him the greatest orator of modern times. When we read of the monster hillside gatherings which he addressed, it reminds us of the great Athenian orator, Demosthenes, standing in the Agora, surrounded by the assembled masses of Athens, and launching his unrivalled rhetoric and hurling his burning anathemas, against the "Man of Macedon." At Dundalk and at Athlone, at Mayo and at Clontarf, he held his audiences of thousands spell-bound under the rushing torrent of his eloquence. His last and greatest monster meeting was held on Tara's hill, and there, standing over the Croppy's grave, he spoke to two hundred and fifty thousand of the Irish; and, if on that day he had preached to his idolizing countrymen the doctrine of forcible resistance to tyranny, they might have swept the English out of Ireland, like chaff before the wind. But he had said that he would restore to Ireland her native Parliament without shedding a drop of blood; and he would not suffer a conflict that would result in indiscriminate massacre. Though many, to this day, have doubted the wisdom of his policy; the sad experience of the fatal results which have attended all later efforts, entitle him to the credit of uniting the maxims of wisdom with the dictates of patriotism, in seeking to promote the welfare of his afflicted people. A short time after the dispersal

of the meeting at Tara, O'Connell was arrested upon pretended charges of treason and sedition; tried before an English bench and jury, and condemned to prison, where for months he languished, until the British House of Lords reversed the iniquitous judgment. From this dastardly blow he never recovered. His health rapidly gave way, his spirits sank, disaffection crept into the ranks of his followers, dissensions followed in the councils of the leaders, "ingratitude, worse than traitor's arms, quite overcame him." At this time, there came to the front a young and gallant band, who, fretful under the delays, raised the standard of open revolt, and unsheathed the sword of conflict. From this hour O'Connell was dying—his heart was broken. In 1847, the year of the great famine, shattered in frame, he groped his way to London, and, tottering at every step, he entered the House of Commons, and there, for the last time, with outstretched arms, made a piteous appeal to England for mercy unto his famine-stricken people; and this cry, whose echoes were wafted over the globe, and received from magnanimous America a generous and charitable response, was heard with indifference by Parliament. His people were left to starve and perish on the roadsides. And the same men who once trembled at his power, now refused to the once mighty monarch of millions, the homage which his genius was entitled to command. From Parliament, his eyes were turned, and his steps directed toward Rome. The instincts of his Catholic heart guided him to the centre of Christianity, to pour out the last ebbings of his life near the mausoleum of Peter. He did not reach his destined haven, but passed away at Genoa on the shores of the Mediterranean, on the 15th of May, 1847. His last words were: "When I am dead take out my heart and send it to Rome; let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland." And in the Chapel of St. Agnes at Rome, his heart is embalmed, and in the capital of Ireland his ashes repose,

guarded by the love and affection of his people, and over which a solitary pillar lifts its summit to the skies, with the single inscription upon its base—O'Connell.

As the fearless champion of liberty and justice, let him forever be remembered. He released from the bondage of religious intolerance over seven millions of human souls; and as his people advance in their existence and their liberty, they shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways; as they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both in the latest pages of their servitude, and on the first of their regeneration.

I offer the memory of O'Connell; may his deeds, his greatness, and his virtues be preserved in undimmed remembrance, æon upon æon, until time shall be no more.

ADDRESS
TO THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.
DELIVERED AT OTRANTO.

GENTLEMEN OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY:—I am most happy to be present with you, and to participate in your festivities on this beautiful day. You have not met to commemorate any special event in the annals of your illustrious corps; but availing of spring's joyous return in all the fulness and freshness of Carolina's May bloom, you have congregated in these shady groves, chiefly to gratify the yearnings of our nature, for refreshment and recreation at this season. But there is a moral purpose in all assemblies of men, and results for either good or evil, inevitably attend and follow them.

Stimulated by the proud associations of your past history, and the glorious name which has been your precious heritage; every reunion, while it cements stronger the ties of mutual friendship, kindles anew the fires of that patriotism which flamed around the standard of your progenitors at Eutaw; blazed in the track of advancing time, lighting up your deeds of renown; and whose rays are reflected from the lights of your altars upon this generation, to be transmitted, by them, to the next.

We are living in startling times, and the young men of the present day have a most important part to perform in them. The responsibility cannot be avoided; indifference or neglect in the discharge of it would be recreancy to the Commonwealth, our mother. The State, the whole country is menaced with perils of graver import, than any that ever before disturbed the peace of our people. The dangers that now impede do not grow out of sectional dis-

agreements; the causes of them lie deeper—they issue out of the widespread decay of public morals, and those vices which, like ulcers, have appeared upon the surface of the body politic, and disease and afflict the public men of our country. The fear of sectional discord or dismemberment does not harass us; but the liberties of the whole people, and the foundations of our republican institutions, are in process of general disintegration from this growing, and widcspreading cancer of public corruption. The fortunes of a State or Commonwealth, like an individual, to be permanent and enduring, must be pillared in the honor and honesty of the people. When I recall the burning eloquence of one of America's greatest orators, who, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the Father of our Country, standing within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, he deprecated the awful calamity of a dismembered country, and prayed God to avert it; it never entered into his imagination then, that a greater peril would one day confront us. That the day might come when other statesmen would deplore the approach to our fabric of the signal woe of all republics, in the loss of a firm national character, and the degradation of a nation's honor, which are the inevitable preludes to its destruction. "Other misfortunes may be borne or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt, but who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful



architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and Pantheon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art, for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, the edifice of Constitutional American Liberty."

It is our misfortune to witness in our own State, the example and proof how the fortunes of a great State can be shipwrecked by corruption, beginning with the leaders of parties, and gradually permeating the entire masses of the community. The issue with us is not for the ascendancy of one set of political doctrines and another; not to dethrone one political master and set up another in his place; but the stake is far higher. The struggle is for our very existence—whether we shall be permitted to enjoy the remnants of the rights and property which we have earned by our labor, or inherited through the blood of our ancestry, or whether the ardor of civilization shall be pushed back, and barbarism and anarchy succeed. This, in time, will become the vital struggle of all the people of this vast country. You see how the public service has been adulterated, that good men now shun it. You see how political clowns bandy with the dearest interests of society, and toss them in the air for their profit and amusement.

It is vain for us to stop and inquire who is to blame for the things that have come to pass; we should address ourselves to the more important concern, how to remedy the existing evil. It can only be accomplished by a consolidated union of the virtuous of all classes, regardless of party professions or affiliations, and this force must be put in motion by the young men of the present day and generation. No great reform has ever been achieved

without great sacrifices. We all have prejudices which we must renounce, and lay down upon the altar of a common cause. To generate a new life in the heart of the country, we must be inflamed with a more enlightened conscience, and animated by a more liberal and loftier disposition.

Young men, the future of our country is before you. Dark and gloomy as it is, it is in your power to save it from the yawning chasm which threatens to engulf its fortunes. You have the star of Washington, whose cheering light is a beacon to the world, to guide you. Be faithful to his wise precepts. Imitate his glorious example; unite, combine and act with decision, and all may yet be well. The dark clouds which overhang may lift, and the bright sun of better days may yet shine upon us.

ADDRESS TO THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

MARCH 17TH, 1876.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY:—We have just cause to salute with acclamations of grateful rejoicing the recurring of this anniversary, which finds our honored society full in vigor, and with undiminished influence, at the distance of three-quarters of a century from the day of its foundation. In obedience to an ancient and well-observed custom, we have gathered together within these venerable walls, with the images of our honored dead around us, attended by a goodly array of most excellent and distinguished guests; to whom, in your name, and in your behalf, I now extend in the pithy words of our sententious motto: "a thousand, and hundred thousand welcomes."

The fact that we have just entered upon the first quarter of the great Centennial of American Independence, is calculated to awaken a livelier interest, and spread a happier glow over the festivities of this hour. It recalls the memory of distinguished men and events, which will remain forever dear to Irish and American hearts. We can well be pardoned on this occasion the indulgence of a little of the spirit of self-exaltation, when we are reminded that, but a few months ago, the nation celebrated the one-hundredth return of the day on which Montgomery, from the heights of Quebec, poured out his blood as a libation upon the altar of American freedom; of Commodore Perry, who was the first founder of the American Navy;—of the Irish soldier, Jasper, famous in our country's annals, who bore aloft amid shot and shell the torn colors of our State, which were shot down from the eastern bastion of our

own palmetto fort — Moultrie. With a host of others equally illustrious, whose names shall never be blotted from the grateful recollections of a generous, and a free people. The same spirit which animated Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen then, fires the bosoms of their descendants to-day. Though eleven centuries of Ireland's history have been tracked in blood and defaced by spoliation; though a proud neighbor has torn the mantle of nobility from her shoulders, and flung around her the garb of ignorance; still she wears undisputedly upon her brow the wreath of genius and of virtue. When her sons have risen, or when and wherever they do rise, they rise not like one star differing from another star only in glory; but they rise pre-eminently, shooting upward like the planet Venus, and leading the whole starry train. Let us then, with becoming reverence, and a pious regard for the memory of the glorious St. Patrick, with our hearts overflowing with gratitude for the great deliverance which he wrought for the Irish people, fill high our glasses; and send down the stream of time the praises that are million-tongued this hour, over the sentiment which I shall first propose:

I. The day we celebrate.

The festal day of a great and ubiquitous people; it dates the genesis of a new and Christianized nation—the centuries hallow, and man rejoices its advent!

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: SOUTH CAROLINA.
DELIVERED ON THE NINETY-THIRD
ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—At this time, there is more than the usual significance to be attached to the sentiment, which has just been crowned with the honors of your banquet.

There was a period in the history of American civilization—a period when the name of Commonwealth held rank and distinction in all the “fractions of this groaning globe,” and when any man might have felt proud to respond to South Carolina; and, standing, as I now do, upon the scanty isthmus of duration, which divides the inglorious present from a future of hope and promise for the State; and with due reverence and filial devotion to her emblazoned past, I shall endeavor to meet the requirements of the subject upon this occasion.

For this, and the next generation, there will be known three distinct and marked epochs, to be studied and remembered by the actor and student, in the history of our State. The past, dating from the colonial settlement and extending to the termination of the civil war—the second opening with the exploded experiment of a newly-devised artifice of reconstruction, foreign to the tastes, habits, and instincts of our people; and culminating in social disorder, violent, indecent, and unsightly eruptions upon the surface of the body politic, and attended with public shame and disaster, and the third and last-mentioned epoch, to be inaugurated with a successful regenerating policy, rehabil-

itating the State with her ancient character and dignity, and launching her upon a career of usefulness, renewed vigor, industry and power.

In the first noted era, are crowded a thousand honored recollections and hallowed associations, lit up by the blaze of the genius of men, whose names immortal were not born to die; equalized by achievements in war and peace that have made her justly renowned, and the whole framework of her established institutions set off with a polished elegance of refinement, and a superior delicacy of taste. The fruits of her ancient policy which burst from her classic soil, ripened and blossomed like the flowers of her genial earth, tinted by the mellowing rays of her warm and gladdening sun. For the purposes of this response, which should be necessarily brief, we must be content to simply open the volume, or to take but a hurried glance at the canvas, and skim over the beauties of the picture.

The second division can be better illustrated than in any poor words of mine, by a quotation of the majestic and glowing rhetoric of our own Legare, who, describing the gloomy forebodings of Cicero for his country in the hour of Rome's decay, thus presents to the incensed imagination, the elements that were at work for the overthrow of his great adored Republic. "All the elements of society were thrown into disorder, and those clouds had been long gathering, which soon burst forth in wrath and desolation. The laws were violated with impunity by the bad—were trampled upon with scorn by the powerful. Pompey dictated to the Senate—Claudius rioted with the mob. This ruffian at the head of an infuriated gang of slaves and gladiators, mixed with the dregs and sweepings of the populace, infesting daily the streets and public places. The Forum, the campus, the Via Sacra, were a scene of disorder and abomination, such as no government, that deserved the name, could have tolerated for a moment, and few civilized nations have ever been condemned to suffer."

Look at that picture, and then look at the condition of your own State for the past decade, and if comparing decadence with beauty were allowable, I might say, "it is Hyperion to a Satyr." Dark—more dark are the colors to depict the loathsome and repulsive condition to which a grand old State has been reduced by miscreants the worst, the worst that ever disgraced the erect form of man or profaned the name of liberty. And while these great outrages and enormities were being done, a proud and loyal people were forced to leave their swords, which had often flashed in the face of a loftier foe, to rust in their inglorious scabbards, and look on with impotent anguish and wordless ire; while amid the wild orgies of a savage rabble, desolation widespread reigned everywhere throughout our borders, threatening a total eclipse of all order or civilization. But the signs near at home indicate that we have arrived at the turning-point in this drama of rapacity, vulgarity and license. The transition from a state of moral and political decomposition, into the pure, bracing atmosphere of a new public life, quickened by newer agencies and better methods, led and directed by enterprising and honorable men, and fortified by the ample and vigorous support of sound and stable laws, will soon be accomplished; and in spite of the machinations of an unprincipled and unscrupulous ring, resting for support and building their hopes upon outside aid, we shall succeed in effecting the regeneration of our State and the deliverance of our people. And for our close approach to the goal of our redemption, we are indebted to our distinguished and undaunted leader, Wade Hampton, more than to any other or all other men. He was imbued with that faith in his work, that stern and abiding conviction of the justice of his cause, that unselfish devotion to the welfare of his people, that unbending fortitude amid trials in the pursuit of his aim, that have surmounted all obstacles; attracted success like destiny to him; and admitted no such alter-

native as failure. He had the unconquerable will, with courage, never to submit or yield. And what is there else not to be overcome? Let us fortify him on our part with a similar inspiration, and in spite of any turn in the Presidential wheel at Washington, we will not, we cannot fail.

Charleston, the emporium and metropolis of the State, with its varied interests ramifying every town and county, feels the pressure of the vital necessity of a change, and her veins already throb with exhilaration, under the salutary influence of its proximate consummation. Her steadily expanding commerce, impelled by the enterprise of her merchants, awaits the signal of the close of the last act, when the curtains shall fall and hide from view the guilty usurper. Then may we look for her crowded marts to be busy, and her harbor filled with a thousand masts; her people resilient with fresh energy, animated with renewed confidence, and imparting the glow of their impulse to every portion of the State. And in such a conjecture of affairs, which we devoutly believe and hope to come to pass, with the re-establishment of our ancient code of public laws and morals, we will be justified in pronouncing: "*Multosque per annos stat fortuna domus nostri et avi numerantur avarum*"—for many years, the fortunes of our house shall stand, and numbered from age to age, and from generation to generation.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING, CHARLESTON,
S. C. AUGUST 26TH, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you face to face, in public concourse, since my return from St. Louis. I appear before you to-night, to indorse the action of your State Convention, and to invoke your ratification of the work done by the National Democracy in convention; when, on the 28th of June, 1876, from the western bank of the Mississippi, the thunders of your Centennial were reverberating from yonder bay, they proclaimed as their candidates for President and Vice-President of the Republic, Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. The proclamation was made with no uncertain sound; it rose swelling, as upon a mighty wave, from the depths of the conscience of that convention, and was heralded to the country as the first movement, in the inauguration of a portentous change in our public affairs. It was the result of a deep-seated conviction in the public mind, the outgrowth of a steadily increasing popular sentiment, that a change in the administration of our National and State affairs was of paramount necessity, and indispensable to the salvation of the liberties of the people. The nomination was not made, as an empty compliment to Mr. Tilden, nor as a token of his personal popularity, nor as a tribute to his genius. It was not the result of log-rolling or wire-pulling between the candidates, nor the work of any political cliques or cabal; it was a foregone conclusion upon the assembling of the convention that, from the mighty upheaval of the masses of the nation, groaning under the most oppressive blunders, chafing under

outrages and iniquities unparalleled, and demanding in tones, louder and louder, Reform! Reform! Relief! Relief! These chimes could only be answered by giving to the Democracy a leader, who was the living embodiment of this Reform, the type and representative of the great change which has been prefigured, and must be accomplished. The antecedents of Mr. Tilden, in his career as Governor of the State of New York, in overthrowing two of the most formidable rings ever organized for public plunder, and his signal success in reducing the taxes of his State in one year from fifteen millions to eight millions, caused all eyes to turn towards him as the coming man, who would fill the measure of the public expectation, and be the people's hope in the near future.

The reform which is sought and proposed is not limited to reform in the civil service, or reform in the finances, or reform in the administration of the revenue. These are all inherent in the term, but it is more comprehensive and sweeping, involving a change equal to a civic revolution. The national disease cannot be located in any one department or branch of the service; it has spread like a leprosy over the whole body of the dominant party, and has got beyond the reach of ordinary curative remedies. The nation must be purged of a prevailing infection. The whole tone of society must be converted from a state of moral depression, to a healthy reaction—raised from a condition of uncertainty, distrust, and despondency, into an attitude of hope, returning confidence, and reviving activity. The change must be searching and permeating, operating and influencing the thoughts and habits of the people, and planting the government upon a new and higher plane of action, and upon the beaten track of the constitution. For sixteen long years this nation has been passing through the valley of the shadow of gloom and of distress, until the wise and sober-minded have dark forebodings of the future. We have seen the whole theory

of our Federal system subverted, and upon the ruins of the States' powers, an irresponsible despotism erected. We have seen laws passed for the purpose of controlling National and State elections in the interest of the dominant party, giving to United States officers supervisory control over elections in cities of 20,000 population, and actually putting in force this law in the City of New York, for the purpose of throttling the free vote of its people. We have seen nine States of the South delivered over as prey to greedy and remorseless adventurers who have fattened upon the spoils, while gloating over the ruins of a plundered people; and South Carolina and Louisiana stand, to this day, mournful monuments of their vandalism and brutal infamy. They have shamed the decency and shocked the conscience of the American people by the developments of a credit mobilier, a gigantic scheme to rob the treasury, and which, to the great scandal of the civilized world, was participated in by a Vice-President, the second officer of the United States. They have organized rings in different sections of the Union, for the purpose of defrauding the revenue, and have established huge monopolies of corporations, to which they have parcelled out immense portions of the public domain, amounting in area to more than three times the size of New York, and four times larger than the great State of Pennsylvania. By direct and indirect taxation, they have levied taxes wrung from the wealth and labor of the people, at the rate of four hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually, for the past eleven years, aggregating the enormous sum of four thousand five hundred millions of dollars, and half of which, at least, has gone to enrich the drunken minions of power. They have exceeded by one hundred and ten millions a year, the draft made by the powerful monarchy of England upon her subjects, to pay the interest upon her public debt, double in volume our own, and to sustain her vast empire extending over col-

onies that embrace some of the most fertile portions of the globe. And in addition to these stupendous national levies, by virtue of State, county, and municipal taxation, the people of the States have been subjected to a further drain of three hundred millions of dollars annually, and actually absorbing by governmental consumption during the period of eleven years alluded to, the apparently fabulous sum of eight thousand millions of dollars. Where under the sun is the nation that can stand this suction of its life-blood, and flourish or even live? Nor is this all; they have extended a covert license to steal by encouraging, with Federal protection, the satraps which have been imposed upon the Southern States; whereby the debts of these States have been swollen to an amount greater than the national debt, and the debt of all the States of the Union anterior to the war. In fine, they have so profligately squandered the resources of the country, that to-day, on every side, we are confronted with the heart-rending and appalling spectacle of every kind of American industry languishing—the wheels of commerce brought to a stand-still—the arm of labor paralyzed, and idle millions groping in despair along our empty marts, and almost famishing for the want of bread; our bays are shipless, our dock-yards are silent, our factories and workshops resound not, as of yore, to the same busy hum of moving machinery, nor the ring of the anvil. Emigration, which used to flow at the rate of a quarter of a million a year to our gates, has been turned back upon its source; and a warning given to all to avoid the land, or prepare to endure privations worse than in their European home. Progress in the arts and sciences has been checked. This deep stagnation, inducing the decay of our national prosperity, has reacted upon all the centres of trade throughout the civilized globe, in like manner, if not in equal degree, as the proscription and plunder of the South have reacted upon the prosperity of every section of this

Union. Are not these things enough to drive a people to the verge of despair, and into that state of desperation and fury which despair will engender? How long, my countrymen, how long will you bear it? A change must come, or anarchy must ensue. New men, with honest principles, must seize the helm of State, or our ship will be driven upon the rocks or founder in the gale. A colossus of corruption bestrides this continent, and it must be overturned, or it will crush the fabric of our State, and bury in ruins the pillars of the temple of our liberties.

The Augean stables of this government must be cleansed, and Tilden is the man to cleanse them. Villany, in high places must be exposed, and brought to punishment, and he is the man to expose and punish them. The chaos which envelops our financial condition, plunging the whole people into despondency, must be dispelled, and he will dispel it. An overtaxed and overburdened people, harried by an unscrupulous administration, with the industries of the nation wilting and perishing under our very eyes, will find that he, rising above all personal aims, superior to all previous conceits, will be equal to the emergency; and, taking in the whole situation, like Alexander Hamilton, when he shall "touch the dead corpse of the public credit, it will spring again into life; when he shall strike the rock of the national resources, abundant streams of revenue will again gush forth." Loyalty to the constitution he will secure, lifting up to their true estate prostrate and degraded States, making their people contented under Federal rule, and their vast resources contributory to the wealth of our whole empire. Strict obedience to the laws he will enforce, maintaining sacred and inviolate every constitutional guarantee, under the new dispensations of freedom, and guaranteeing full and equal protection to all classes of our citizens. And as sure as the sun of the 7th of November shall rise and set, Tilden, the

hero of this great reform movement, will be elected President of the United States.

And now, turning from the state of the nation, and national politics, what is the condition in which we find our own State? Spoliation, under the form of taxation, has actually stripped the people. Our property, real and personal, by cunningly devised laws, has been either confiscated, or, by depreciation, been rendered almost valueless. Since 1868, when the Club House Convention treated us to a new Constitution, every Legislature that has met has, by enactments, sought to rivet the fetters upon us, so as to forever deprive us of ever obtaining power or control in the State; and thus hold our fortunes and liberties completely at their mercy. The ignorant and vicious element that has held political control of this State for eight years, conscious that the intelligence and property of the State was unrepresented; have not had the decency to pay any regard to the minority, but have ruthlessly trampled down their remonstrance and opposition. They have done all these things and others of greater enormity, until the people have been stung to madness, and now cry aloud: Down with the tyrants! Out with the oppressors!

These things cannot continue. There is neither peace nor contentment anywhere within the limits of our State, and there never can be, until the depositories of power are changed. The Republican party after eight years' trial, and testing all their methods for pacifying the people, have failed in giving them a government, under which they could live with security to themselves and their property, and they may now step down and out. And unless there is a change, as sure as that retribution will follow injustice, a Mexican anarchy will set in, and the day then may not be far distant when marauders, like the footpads upon Hounslow Heath, will demand a man's money or his life; and black riders, headed by some Douglas of a clan, will roam the country and charge to the very gates of your city,

and levy contributions upon an unresisting people. The crisis is too imminent, and the stake too heavy for us to fail. The enemies of order, and laws, and of our prosperity, have intrenched themselves firmly within their lines, and it will require a supreme effort to dislodge them. It cannot be done by any half-way measures. The union of all honest men from all classes of our community, with faith and determination in a just cause, can alone accomplish it; and to lead our people out of this bondage, to rescue our State, from everlasting perdition, we have chosen for our leader, the renowned Wade Hampton. He is the strongest man to be found within the State to head this movement. He can more solidly unite, and combine the different interests to be brought into action in the contest, than any other man that could have been chosen. He is the accepted reflex of the pride and spirit of our people, their honor and their integrity, and from his well-tried devotion to the welfare of our State, we are sure that, if necessary, he would die in her vindication.

Already I see from the height of my soul's expectation, as from a mountain, my prostrate State rising from her degradation, shaking the mildew of corruption from her garments, arraying her children of all races and classes in the golden robes of liberty; and marching unto the great goal of liberty united with law, government directed by honesty, a nation's redemption, and a State's deliverance, with their banners inscribed: Tilden and Reform—Hampton and Deliverance.

SPEECH
DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING, CHARLESTON,
S. C. DECEMBER 22D, 1876.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I give to the resolutions under consideration the humble sanction of my unqualified approbation. We are in the midst of a great political crisis. "Now is the winter of our discontent," but the clouds which have so long lowered upon our house, soon in the deep bosom of the ocean will be buried. We have already endured too much; we have already sacrificed too much. For eight long years, black with deeds of infamy, freighted with stories of anguish and miseries, and stained by crimes without parallel in the annals of a civilized community, we have sat down in sack-cloth and ashes, and drunk the bitter cup of humiliation to its dregs. We have awaited patiently, and in vain, a returning sense of justice in the rulers of our land, and now have to look for the dawn of a new regeneration.

Our quiet submission to a long catalogue of grievances, has been a wonder to the nations of the earth; and our steadfast, sober reliance upon the justice of the American people to come to our rescue, has extorted the admiration and praise of citizens of the entire country.

A little over three months ago, we organized a political campaign, chose a distinguished leader for our guide, and resolved to wage, for once, a constitutional battle for the redemption of our down-trodden State. The lines were drawn, not according to the usual party methods, but carefully avoiding all issues of race or section; rising above party, we invited the honest people of all classes to unite with us, in overthrowing the brutal despotism which stifled

the energies, and well-nigh crushed the life of our people. Suddenly, every valley and hill-side resounded the cry of "Reform," and every mountain reverberated the echoes of a people struggling for emancipation from bondage.

On the 7th of November last, the battle was fought, and we won it. We won it fairly and clearly, without the firing of a gun, or the shedding of a drop of blood, or the intimidation on our part of a single voter. And while our people were rejoicing over their approaching deliverance, a foul conspiracy was hatched with its head at Columbia, represented by D. H. Chamberlain, and its tail at Washington, personated by Chandler, Morton, Don Cameron and Company, designed to rob us of the well-earned fruits of our victory. By an armed occupation of the State capital with Federal troops, they have hedged in a guilty usurper, who, trampling upon all law, outraging all decency, disregarding all right, and setting at defiance the well-known will of the people, has proclaimed himself master of this State. And now, he coolly asks us what we are going to do about it. Let the answer go back, to-night, thousand-tongued, we will not submit to it; no, never! Let him understand distinctly, that we repudiate him and his so-called Legislature, and that his acts are treason to the people. He will find out, sooner or later, if he has not already, that there is no such thing in the game of politics, as a wheel within a wheel; and that in spite of the strong arm of the government, unjustly wielded in his support, a brave people, armed with the right, and endowed with virtue and intelligence, cannot be enslaved forever.

He may take a leaf from history, and learn that Hungary once fought for her autonomy against Austria, and through the intervention of Russia the brave Magyars were trodden down, but only for a time, a very short time. Right at length triumphed, and the land which gave birth to Kossuth, is now enthroned in her majesty, and her sons

dictate the policy of the Austrian Empire. He may refresh his literary leisure with the career of the great pioneer of Liberalism in Prussia, distinguished in the outbreak of 1848, who has since pushed his way against the steel-clad warriors of Berlin, to the chair of the presidency of the Parliament of that kingdom. Thus right makes its way, and, at length, gains ascendancy.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

He may find profitable amusement in reading a few chapters of the history of the Irish people, who, for seven hundred years, though overwhelmed by numbers, never would and never have accepted the situation, and time and again have turned upon their oppressors, until they wrung from the reluctant grasp of England, a modicum of their long lost rights; how a brave and fearless, though degraded, peasantry turned upon their unrelenting landlords, who with Crow-bar brigades, sought to drive them from the spot they were born on. These, and a thousand other examples spread over the pages of history, teach what a true people can and must accomplish, who are prepared to live, and not to die. We have a right to live here, and shall live, here, but it is impossible; we could not survive under Chamberlain's usurpation. "I would as soon be a toad and live upon the vapors of a dungeon," as crawl, and fawn in servile adulation, of so loathsome a dynasty.

Where does he now get his title to be Governor of the people? With an unconstitutional house and a majority of the Senate, to whom he had delivered the keys of the Statehouse by a corporal of the guard, he had himself declared Governor without the consent of the people. While on the other hand, a Constitutional House, with the minority of the Senate attending, holds up the certificate of the Republican secretary of State, with the great seal of the

State attached, declaring that Hampton has received a majority of the qualified votes of the State, and with this ceremony, proclaims him Governor of the State of South Carolina. Now in what consists the difference of the titles of these two claimants? In this; that the former is unconstitutional and void, and the latter constitutional and binding upon the citizen. Hampton did receive a majority of the votes cast, and Chamberlain does not gainsay it. Hampton holds the certificate of the secretary of State. There is no constitutional provision requiring a majority of the Senate to constitute a quorum. The only provision under this head in the constitution, is, that the Senate shall proceed to organize with the Lieutenant-Governor presiding. A majority of the Senate was not necessary to co-operate with a full House, to make the title of Governor Hampton complete, technically and legally. And he is Governor by the will of the people, and will have the support of the people.

Now how stands the other? The Mackey House which undertook to declare Chamberlain elected, had not the semblance of authority to do so; for they were estopped from organizing by the constitutional provision, that a majority of the whole representation, one hundred and twenty-four, is necessary to constitute a quorum; and they never had, and never pretended to have this quorum, and every act done by this body has not the force of law, and is not binding upon the people. But above and beyond all these forms, he, Chamberlain, is not the people's choice, and he knows it; while he is upheld by the bayonets of a stronger arm, and in opposition to the will of the people. Withdraw those bayonets for a day, and the whole fabric of his conspiracy would totter and melt like a wreck in the ocean's pathway. But whether the armed men who now inclose him are removed or not; a little while, and by a process slower, but just as sure, by the force of moral attrition, by the gravitation of time-healing public opinion,

the throne upon which he sits will topple to the ground, and he, too, will pass away. Such a reign of licentiousness as his in the blaze of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, cannot endure. Surrounded by nothing but vice and ignorance, with scoundrels to aid and abet him, the crust of his temporary power will soon be pierced by the spear of truth, and right and justice once more have their sway. They would make a solitude of this State if left alone. Like the infernal wretches who, from the heights of Montmartre, precipitated themselves down upon the siege-stricken City of Paris; and, led by a Cluseret and Dombrowski, deluged its squares, overturned its proudest monuments, and sacrificed to the flames, amid the savage yells of a maddened populace, its splendid temples of art, and glutted their fiendish vengeance upon innocent priests and holy virgins. There was an hour of reckoning to come, and it did come. From Versailles, Thiers, with the ministers of law and order went forth, and rescued from a crazy rabble, desecrated and desolated Paris, and gave peace and protection once more to the French people.

And in the same way, by an irresistible law of society, a retribution is sure to follow injustice. There is to be found in the order of human events, a necessary cure for every human disorder. Chamberlain and his followers must soon disappear before an unwilling, and indignant people. His house is built upon sand, and it must pass away. Under all circumstances, obey the lawful Governor of the State, Wade Hampton, and support him and his government out of your resources. Persevere unto the end as you have done. Exercise yourselves in patience and fortitude; be not betrayed into violence or passion; do nothing in vengeance, shed not blood, and all will yet be well.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT AN IRISH FESTIVAL.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

IRISHMEN! SOLDIERS! CITIZENS!—The cordial and hearty welcome which I have been deputed to extend unto you all, throbs generously in every Irish breast, and is echoed and re-echoed by a thousand Irish tongues. The day so auspiciously ushered, in all its bright and gorgeous array, heard announced a deeper and louder welcome with the rising morn—all nature, the season decked in her rich vesture of green, these verdant, cheerful groves, so suggestive of pleasures that are past and to come, and redolent with the perfume and the halos of associations dear to the people of Charleston, seem to vie with young and old, maiden and matron, soldier and civilian, in felicitations upon the recurrence of this happy event, and your joyous reunion. And how could it be otherwise with Irishmen, whose *Cead Mille Failthe*, hundred thousand welcomes, is renowned the wide world over? How could we expect less from the Irishman, who, is proverbially known in homely phrase, to carry his heart in his hand, and the genial and inspiring influences of whose hospitality, have been warmed and tempered in his adopted clime, under the gentler and milder rays of our Carolina sun?

Need I add, that to me, who am by lineage, education and association distinctively Irish, this is an occasion for special glorification.

You are not assembled to celebrate a victory, nor to raise a column; nor to mourn a lost cause; nor to mutter over the points of your bayonets steel-clad threats of vengeance against your ancient enemy, and the oppressors of

your race; nor by your numbers to admonish this people of your power; but simply to withdraw for a while from the daily pursuits of industry, for the indulgence of festivity, and interchange of social feeling, and thus cement stronger the bonds of your union and nationality. The Irish Festival, inaugurated one year ago, with so much of civic and military pomp, an institution which is familiar to other nationalities, is in harmony with the wishes of our entire people. As the German loves, upon each return of spring, to partake the boundless joy of the season by drawing nearer and closer to his own kindred, and reviving the dear memories of his Fatherland; so should we of the Irish race emulate their example, and no matter to what land a cruel fate may have exiled you, or, to what clime you may have transferred the hopes of yourselves, and the generations that will come from, and after you; it is meet, at times, to congregate in the brotherhood of a common race and a common family, and fondly, nay, proudly, turn to the land of your nativity. And where is the country that even mid sorrow and disaster, can boast of prouder recollections, or whose genius and virtues have been more widely and signally celebrated? The examples of true heroism which Ireland has furnished to the world, are, to use a celebrated comparison, as illustrious and as universal as the sunbeams around this globe. And if we travel back in imagination across the intervening seas, and revisit the dear old Emerald Isle, where, upon the map of this world, can be found a spot more abounding in the charms of nature? Her scenery is beauty itself—it would seem as if nature had made all her charms, first in Ireland, in miniature. Wheresoever we wander, whether amid her ancient castles, her ivy-grown and ruined abbeys, her loughs and rivers, her vocal groves, her laughing brooks, her gushing fountains, her emerald vest of green, her canopy of azure, her lakes, a trinity of beauty, and her mountains, giant sentinels guarding their tranquil sleep,

we are forced to repeat those lines of the poet Goldsmith, so full of pathos—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

Upon what altars, like those of Ireland, have the fires of liberty been kept so steadily and brightly burning? And if in this hour of transient pleasure we should stop to unroll her past history, and dwell upon the memory of her gallant dead, what grand names throng the muster-roll of her patriots? The leaders of a forlorn hope, the upholders of a desperate cause, who, bearing their country's flag, died in the gap, as the brave must ever die, with honor—whose undying heroism has consecrated defeat, and converted it to victory—whose blood has not flowed in vain, but rising from the ground, pleads before the Eternal Throne for their fallen land.

Methinks I see now passing before me, in sad review, the spirits of many that are gone, and who sleep forever in their mother earth, or on some foreign shore. There, behold the genius of him who long held Ulster soil sacred to Irish freedom—the shield of the Blackwater, and scourge of the invader, Red Hugh O'Neill; far, far from Tyrone, he is laid in Roman clay, beside the classic Tiber, while the stately ruins of antiquity sentinel his sleep. There is Owen Roe, the bull-dog of Benburb, who won his spurs with Spanish steel, and now rests calmly laurelled in Irish earth, beneath the aisle of Cavan Abbey. The ghost of Patrick Sarsfield rises before me, the flash of whose sword still gleams upon the Shannon, and rekindles the memories of the riven walls of Garryowen. He went down with the shock of Luxembourg, on the plains of Neerwinden, bearing aloft the fleur de lis of France with the sunburst of Erin; and there we see Mount-cashel, Lord Clare, Count Dillon, with the host of heroes of the old and new brigade, who fell fighting for France and for Ireland,

from the Dykes of Brabant to the Vales of Savoy, and from the walls of Mannheim to the spires of Almanza. These names will forever emblazon the pages of European chivalry. And there rises and passes before me the form of the ever-glorious Grattan—him whose voice was the breath of liberty. That bright, particular star that shone so brightly in the splendid galaxy of Irish genius, which glowed in the firmament of the Eighteenth Century. Oh, forever green be the sods of Kildare, and the shamrocks that twine in the churchyard at Bodinstown over Ireland's knightliest rebel, the boldest heart that ever throbbed for a country's love, Theobald Wolfe Tone! Behold that lofty pillar tower, that lifts its summit to the skies; it bears no inscription, it is the tribute of a nation's love, raised to mark the final resting-place of Ireland's liberator—the immortal O'Connell. And Thomas Davis, whose ashes now sanctify the slopes of Mount Jerome, let us drink in inspiration from the sweet revelry of his muse; and those who unhonored rot beneath the soil of Lancashire, the martyrs of Manchester, they rise and crowd to the front to claim a place in your memory on this gala day. Oh, and let us pledge the homage of our affection and pious remembrance to all the valiant spirits of whatever class or creed, who, fighting for Ireland, fell, whether in the van of victory, or with the rear-guard of vanquished valor. Peace be to their slumbers, and let perpetual light shine upon them!

And where is the nation whose valor and learning has been more prolific of wonderful results, of equal importance, to the destinies of this new world? Run down the pages of American history, and we will find signal proof of the heroism of this race upon this continent. Whether we contemplate Montgomery on the heights of Quebec, Barry on the quarter-deck of his American man-of-war, or Jasper, behind the palmetto-logs of Fort Moultrie; whether we see her sons drenching the American colors in their

gore, in the fearful and bloody repulse from the heights of Fredericksburg; or with hand grenades of native clay, repelling the foe from the battered mounds of Fort Sumter; or Patrick Cleburne defending the pass of Atlanta; the aspiring blood of her exiled children has rolled like an inundation over this Western world; and as the Arkansas and the Missouri, great tributaries, roll their floods to join the mighty Father of Waters, so does the great current of Irish emigration roll westward to be merged, finally, into one great and common nationality; and the influence of her sons upon the growth of America has been marvellous and startling. From three millions that constituted the entire population of the infant colonies, when they effected their separation from Great Britain, the number has been multiplied to forty millions; and of these forty millions, fourteen millions, now are Irish, or the descendants of Irishmen to the third and fourth generations. They send you back greetings to-day from New York and Boston, from St. Louis and Chicago; and far beyond the mighty Mississippi and the more distant prairies of the West, across from the shores of the Pacific, they hail and greet you as members of the great Irish American family. And Georgia, the Empire State of the South, that proud Commonwealth, our neighbor, whose eagle flight in enterprise is ever onward toward the setting sun, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires, graces the occasion by the presence of the representatives of her martial sons. It is gratifying to behold the evidences of your own growth and expansion visible here, yes, even here in South Carolina, where so much has been done to cause enterprise to languish, and honor and honesty to sink into decay. From a company two years ago, you have rapidly grown to the complement of a battalion; and with a career open to your energy and talent, a few years more will find you in size a regiment. I adjure you, bear your colors as your fathers before you bore them. The eyes of this whole

State and people are upon you. You constitute an important integral element in this population, and there is a high destiny for you to accomplish. There is a better and a brighter future budding for our State, and fresh garlands are in store for you. South Carolina, our native, your adopted mother embraces you, greets your prosperity, and rejoices with your great rejoicing. No narrow prejudice shall find its entrance within these inclosures, or circumvallate the festivities of this hour; but our gates are open, and a generous welcome is accorded to all. Then, all hail the day and the hour! And welcome to the brave and to the fair!

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: SOUTH CAROLINA.
DELIVERED AT THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.
DECEMBER 22D, 1877.

GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY:—I thank you, most sincerely, for the demonstrations of welcome with which you receive me. I had the honor, one year ago, to respond to this same sentiment from this place, by your kind invitation. How altered is the face of things, and the condition of our society from what it was then! Our State was then in the agony of her struggle, and in the supreme crisis of her destiny. The myrmidons of corruption, who, for years had gloated over the ruins, and revelled in the spoils of our people; whose dearest rights they had betrayed, and whose constitutional liberties they had trampled under foot, had been driven within their last intrenchment, the State House, which they were enabled to hold under the protection of Federal bayonets. They were kept in a state of siege, beleaguered from without; not by a force of armed men, but by our chosen Governor, backed and fortified by the voice and faith of the people. A few months later, and the clouds which had so long lowered upon us, began to disperse, and truth, and right, and justice at length triumphed over fraud. To-day, upon this, your anniversary, replete with events of so much pride in our American history, it is our privilege to rejoice that the civilization of this State has been rescued, and the liberties of the people once more secured unto them. The State has been recaptured, but to one who knew her in the palmy days of her past splendor—retaken in a shattered and dismantled condition. Nothing that was venerable in her past was treated as sacred, and nothing that was val-

uable, escaped the ravages of the plunderer. Her laws were overturned—her institutions uprooted—her wealth dissipated—her resources almost annihilated—and the spirit of her people, from long and patient suffering, sunk to the lowest ebb. Her jewels have been stolen and carried away, but the casket which contained them remains; our teeming and bounteous soil, our balmy climate, and genial and warming sky, associating the memories of an illustrious past, with the ruin and devastation inflicted upon our State; it is calculated to remind us of the ruins of some old castle, or grand old cathedral with battered walls, lifting its waste above the surrounding wreck, with the shadow of one epoch in its base, and the daybreak of another in its oriels.

We are confronted by grave and oppressing responsibilities in the present condition of our State and people. New methods must be adopted to mark the new system, the mansion of our ancestors has to be rehabilitated. A new government has been placed over the household, and the harmony of the family must be preserved, and its pride and honor maintained. And how are these things to be accomplished? How are we to approach the delicate and important task? We cannot do it by worshipping our ancient idols, and tenaciously clinging to all that is past. New ideas and new opinions must, to a great degree, take the place of the old; and, like consoling dews, they must arise and refresh the atmosphere of our new life. I do not mean to discard the old altogether, but leaven the new order with just so much of the old as to create homogeneity in our commonwealth, dictate to the advanced and settled maxims which have grown out of the altered conditions of our society. Above all things we should be just, and in the same degree we must, to prosper, be honest. Good faith in all relations with our own and outside communities, is indispensable to the vigor of our new life, and the growth of our prosperity. To make our people rich, and State populous—our fields to bloom with the ripening harvests—

our rivers to run laden to the sea, or resound with the busy hum of manufacturing industry—our empty marts busy with the frequent interchanges of commerce—our shipless bays studded with a fleet of a thousand masts; and our workshops aglow with the blaze of mechanical enterprise and ingenuity; and our people contented, we must have laws whose sanction is written upon the tablets of the popular heart and conscience, and which have their origin in a correct and healthy public opinion. For public opinion is, in the long run, generally, the law maker of society. If this is diseased, the laws will be unsound—if it is wholesome, the laws will be beneficial—and to this acme of intelligence, of virtue, of beneficence, of moral grandeur, and of social elevation, may our whole people aspire; and may it be their happiness to reach at last.

In conclusion I offer—South Carolina and Massachusetts—the effacement of all bitter memories, and under a common national impulse, the restoration of cordial relations between them.

TRIBUTE TO POPE PIUS IX.

MARCH 15TH, 1878.

A TOMB had hardly been closed in the Pantheon at Rome, which contained all that was mortal of the dead monarch of Italy; ere another was opened in the Vatican, to receive the remains of him who was the Prince of Rulers, mightier than Kings, the Pontifex Maximus of Rome.

He was the 256th successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles, tracing his royal descent from a long line of illustrious Pontiffs, with which, when compared, the proudest royal houses of Europe are, but of yesterday. "That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the 19th century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the 8th; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable." He died a lone prisoner in his palace, unlike his predecessors, surrounded by no court, with no herald to proclaim from the steps of the Quirinal, "The Pope is dead, long live the Pope"; but shrouded by the mute grief of his plundered church and widowed Italy, mourning during the minutes of his dying agony. Pagan, nor Jew, nor Christian, can gainsay that his death was a witness of his life; his last words and his last moments the fairest tablet, inscribed with the choicest epitaph, to his pure and sainted memory. Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, Pius IX., was born in Sinigaglia, Italy, May 13th, 1792. He was sent to the college of Volterra, his pious mother intending him for orders in the sanctuary; but, while pursuing his studies, he was attacked with a malady which threatened to disable him from embracing the sacred ministry. He was in-

vested in 1809 with the clerical tonsure, and then went to Rome to study theology. While pursuing his theological studies at Rome, he passed his leisure hours in imparting instruction to the inmates of an orphan asylum, which had been established by a journeyman mason. The epilepsy, by which he was attacked while a youth, still afflicted him; but Pope Pius VII., in 1819, in spite of his malady, permitted him to be ordained priest; and the comforting assurance, which upon the occasion of his ordination was given to him by Pius VII., that his malady would never return to him, was realized, and became a prophecy. In 1833 he was ordered to duty on a foreign mission; and in June of that year he went abroad, with the apostolic delegate to Chili, South America, where he performed arduous missionary labor among the Indians. After the lapse of three years he returned to Rome, and was installed as domestic prelate to the Pope, and in 1837 was raised to the rank of Archbishop of Spoleto. While in this capacity, he founded various charitable and industrial institutions at his own expense. He was created Cardinal, December 23d, 1839, and at this early period, so favorable had been the influence he had exercised, that he was freely spoken of by the clergy, and the people, as the then coming successor of Pope Gregory XVI.

Pope Gregory died on June 1st, 1846, and the cardinals in conclave, after a session of only fifty hours, chose Cardinal Maria Mastai Ferretti, Pope. He was taken up by the Moderatists as the national candidate, and this party had the ascendancy in the conclave. The Austrian Cardinals had not arrived when the election was made, and they were opposed to him. Austria was bent upon defeating him, but her Cardinals arrived too late. A current biographer has said: "that half a dozen pairs of faster horses, would have changed the face of history that day, for thirty years to come."

In the party nomenclature of that day, Pius IX. was

designated as a Liberal. He signified his accession to the Pontificate by granting general amnesty to all political prisoners, and after dismissing the Swiss Guard, he rose rapidly and suddenly into favor with the Republican element. He proceeded, at once, to introduce vast and much needed reforms throughout the States of the Church. He employed the most eminent jurists to revise his code of municipal law; abolished unnecessary pensioners; reduced the taxes and along with them his own household expenses; taxed benefices and certain wealthy corporations that had been hitherto exempt; encouraged home manufactures; founded agricultural societies, chartered railroads and telegraph companies. By the magic wrought through these measures, the rage and hostility of even Mazzini, the head of the Carbonari, the prince of conspirators, was, for a time, quelled. He introduced a system of irrigation, and sowed with rice the waste lands of Italy. Reading-rooms were opened, and mechanics' clubs and schools for the education of tradesmen were organized. He revived the censorship of the press, and granted the right of free assembling in public. But the concessions that he made to the spirit of reform, were met by more extreme and inordinate demands from the people.

The funeral obsequies of O'Connell at Rome, in 1847, was the occasion for turbulent demonstrations, demanding still further radical changes. The Pope was, at this time, in the meridian of popular favor. Letters of praise, and sympathy, and congratulation poured in upon him from all the nations of the earth. New York, the Metropolis of the New World, sent him her greeting. But towards the close of 1847, the waters of popular turmoil began to bubble and ferment. Antonelli was then a Liberal, and so were most of the deputies sent to the Senate from the various provinces. The demands of this Senate were radical and extreme. Nothing less would satisfy the whetted appetite of the excited populace than a secularized administration,

freedom of the press, the emancipation of the Jews, and the suppression of the Jesuits. Minister succeeded minister in rapid succession. The people demanded changes that were impracticable, without subverting the whole fabric of the State. Austria dipped in, and profiting by the embroglio, seized a slice of Italian territory. War against Austria was the popular outcry, but the Pope could not see it, nor would he heed it; until, on the 16th of November, 1848, the popular excitement culminated in the assassination of Count Rossi, the Pope's minister, in the hall of the Senate. This tragic event was followed by the overthrow of all order, and a furious mob, on the next day, took possession of the city—and only a week after these events Pius IX. was compelled to flee from Rome, disguised as a simple priest, and to take refuge in Gaeta. In February, 1849, the Constitutional Assembly met and inaugurated in Rome, a Republic, and declared the abrogation of the Pope's temporal authority, while recognizing his spiritual sovereignty. The Pope protested against these acts of violence, and appealed to the Catholic powers of Europe to come to his assistance, and re-establish him in his See in the Eternal City. After very short deliberation, France that has been styled the eldest son of the Church, responded to his call, and on the 1st of July of the same year, the troops of Napoleon marched into Rome. Early in 1850 the Pope, guarded by French protection, returned to his Capital, a saddened and disappointed man. And remembering the beautiful lines of the Florentine poet, may we not apply them: "Thus was Christ in the person of His Vicar, a second time seized by ruffians, a second time mocked, and a second time drenched with the vinegar and gall." This chapter in his life furnishes the commentary and sequel to all his endeavors to promote the material advancement of his people; to engraft upon the body politic new ideas of State; and to introduce reforms, in appeasement of the feverish demands, of an un-

settled and restive state of the public mind. The fruits of his policy were, that he gathered thorns from the thistles that were planted, and the Democratic lust for unlimited power developing into license, necessitated reaction; and this became the policy of his cabinet thereafter. Among the many great changes that were accomplished, and benefits that accrued to the Church during his reign, I may mention the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy of England, in 1850. The movement for Republican liberty inaugurated and pressed by Mazzini and Garibaldi, the chiefs of the Reds, in 1858, became merged in the cause of Italian unity and independence; and the States of Rome, Modena and Tuscany were, by the wiles of Victor Emmanuel, wrenched from the dominion of the Pope; and these, with the remaining Papal legations were, in 1860, forcibly annexed to the Crown of Sardinia; and on the 26th February, 1861, Count Cavour, Premier of Italy, proclaimed that Savoy would make war upon the Papacy, until Rome was declared the Capital of the Kingdom of Italy. The Franco-Prussian War, which entailed upon France such disastrous reverses, necessitated the evacuation of Rome by the French forces in 1870; and immediately after, the Italian troops entered, and in December of that year, Rome was declared the capital. The wrongs and enormities which were thenceforth perpetrated by the Sardinian Government against the rights of the Holy See, and the outrages and indignities which were suffered by the Holy Father, would make too long a catalogue to recite. The Pope was forced to retire to the seclusion of his own apartments, within the Vatican. The strongest inducements were held out to him to remove his residence to some more genial and hospitable State, but he declined all these overtures; and without consulting the dignity and state which was due to his rank, he preferred, as a prisoner, to end his days in the eternal abode of the Popes. If he was powerless to resist and overcome might with right, he was capable of giving proof to the

world of a constancy and devotion to his holy work, and by the exercise of his Pontifical prerogatives, to balk the evil designs of his enemies. No Pope that has ever preceded him, exercised so extended a spiritual sway over his subjects, or ever commanded so ready and loving an obedience. Like the Good Shepherd he was ever watchful of his flock, and bent his task to gathering from the highways and by-ways, all the scattered children of his fold. Encountering an infidel and increasing irreligious tendency, which was making itself felt under the specious guise of an advanced scientific culture, and which was evidenced by violent symptoms after the occupation of his temporal dominions; he firmly grasped the sceptre of his spiritual authority, and opposed the power of his office to stem the flood, which was threatening to inundate society. It was to counteract this tendency, that he issued the syllabus. An Ecumenical Council composed of all the bishops, was convoked in 1869, and invoking the Holy Spirit to guide the Church in its definition of dogmas, which, in the crude, had been accepted during the Christian era, Papal infallibility was raised out of the body of the Scriptures, and promulgated in the form of a dogma or decree of the Church. It conferred no new power on the Pope, nor invested him with any new prerogative; but segregated what was always believed, by the faithful, from the mass of Christian doctrine, and announced the doctrine definitively. The spirit, which was undermining all faith, and plunging the human judgment into an ocean of uncertainty; it was judged requisite that a positive enactment should be made, subjecting the minds of men in matters of religion to a law, visible, ever present, and speaking; and as binding upon conscience, as all human laws are binding as restraints upon the passions, and inclinations of men.

On the 16th of June, 1871, Pius attained the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and this event was celebrated with universal rejoicing, everywhere, throughout the land.

The ceremonies which were performed in this city in honor of the day, in which the people of every denomination participated, will constitute a notable chapter in recording the future annals of Charleston. In 1875 Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal of the American Church, and this distinction which had been so long coveted by the Catholics of America, he conferred in the fulness of his love for our country, and his interest in the welfare of our people.

The people of the South should never fail to hold his name and memory in grateful remembrance; for when the clouds of war and adversity hung dark and gloomy over the fortunes of the Confederacy, and deep-dyed carnage had torn the ranks of our army and made havoc with the flower of our sons; and our wasted ranks were exposed to the pitiless storm of the ever-recruiting legions that were sent out to destroy us; the only Crowned-head in all Europe who vouchsafed to cheer our President and countrymen in their hour of peril, was Pius the IX., Pope of Rome.

Through all the checkered scenes of a storm-tossed life, he exceeded the allotted years of man, preserving to the last end that gentle sweetness of disposition which always characterized him; that grand benevolence of heart, that serene composure of mind, and in the full possession of all his faculties. He survived nearly every Cardinal who took part in his election, and has seen a change in the ruler of every European nation, save England. The words that he uttered in his last moments, will endure longer than the brass or stone upon which they may be engraved, for they will be vividly written and treasured in the hearts of all future generations.

Guard of the church he loved so well, he is gone and now fills the place of Gregory, in the sarcophagus of the Popes, under the dome of St. Peter's, and his successor has been already chosen. His works, his fame, his character



have been consigned to history. His memory will be forever embalmed among the great and the good of Christianity. Be it therefore

Resolved—by the Catholic Institute of Charleston: That they express the sense of the entire laity of this diocese, when, with hearts bowed in humble and reverent submission, they join their lamentations with the hundreds of millions of Catholics scattered throughout the globe, on the great bereavement which has afflicted God's Holy Church by the death of Pius the IX., the Supreme Pontiff.

Resolved—That we, the children in the faith of him who was the one Holy Father, representing all the faithful as the Vicar of Christ upon earth, are touched and moved with the profoundest sympathy, as the mournful event of his death brings freshly before our memories, the trials and persecutions he was forced to endure; and the wrongs and indignities he had to suffer in conducting his sacred ministry, and maintaining his guardianship over his flock. He had passed the years of Peter, and in a very brief space of time, if it had been vouchsafed unto him to have lived, he would have equalled the years of his Divine Master on earth; bearing his cross throughout his long and difficult mission with sublime fortitude, humility and resignation, pleading constantly to the Eternal Father, "Thy will, and not mine be done."

Resolved—That while, as Christians, our hearts are saddened, our faith has been stimulated and quickened by the example of heroic virtue he has left behind, to impress itself upon his church, and be stamped upon the coming ages; soothing us at the same time with the consciousness that as he bore his cross, so he has gained his immortal crown before the throne of his Almighty Father, where he now pleads for all the fallen children of Adam.

Resolved—That in testimony of our great sorrow, the Institute do make public manifestation of its grief by placing around its hall the insignia of mourning; and by re-

ording, and having published in the daily papers of the city, the fact of our sincere appreciation of the severe loss which all Christendom has suffered, in the demise of a good and holy man; a renowned priest; and a gentle, benevolent, and beloved spiritual ruler.

ORATION
DELIVERED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT
TO THE "IRISH VOLUNTEERS."
JUNE 28TH, 1878.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—The "end" at last "crowns the work." A sacred duty has been performed; an act of patriotism accomplished; the long-cherished desire of a grateful people, to testify their reverence for the names of their heroic dead, has at length been realized in the completion of the monument which now stands unveiled before you.

A chaste conception of art, a beautiful creation, wrought from the genius of a people's sighs; a splendid tribute to departed valor, hewn out of our own Carolina granite, and fashioned by the finished sculptor's hands, into its even and polished proportions; with its foundation resting upon consecrated soil, and its summit adorned with the Christian cross, the emblem of man's hope and redemption, it has been placed where it now stands, and will ever stand, a memorial to the present and all future generations. Engraven upon the front of its pediment is the simple inscription, "The Irish Volunteers;" with the votive offering carved in stone upon its face, "To the memory of their dead of three American wars;" and surmounted in bas relief by our State's emblem, the Palmetto with its sturdy trunk and shielding leaves supporting the Harp of Erin—the wounded nation's symbol—which has so oft in the past flung its wild notes of exultation to the breeze, but which is now silent with its minstrel, and hangeth upon the willow still. These mottoes are also flanked by the very appropriate device of the stacked arms of the soldier, who has

been called off guard forever. No litany of the names of the fallen in battle has been traced upon its sides, for the shaft itself has not space to contain them. Let the weird music of these murmuring groves forever chant their soldiers' requiem,

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

The monument marks not a place of sepulture—no tomb at its base inurns the ashes of those it is designed to commemorate. Their bones have been mingled with the sods of every battlefield, from Manassas to Mobile; from the blue-shaded vale of the Cumberland to the eastern shores of the Potomac; from the banks of the Mississippi to the thundering breakers of the Atlantic. Their ashes, perhaps driven upon the winds, are now wafted round about us, and ascending as holy incense in honor of this oblation. They need no special designation. In the ceaseless march of time and the sweep of the ages, before whose destroying power the mightiest names shall perish, let them be chronicled and remembered as the "Irish Volunteers."

How acceptable is the time, and how appropriate the day which we have chosen, to call forth this outpouring of the public heart, in the dedication of this majestic column! It is the 28th of June, celebrated now, as it will for all time be celebrated, as the anniversary of the most signal battle in the most momentous Revolution of modern times, upon which the gallantry and daring of an Irish soldier was most signally displayed.

And who are the dead that we would now call up to pass in sad review before us? They are the Irish Carolinians in 1835, who arrested the uplifted arm of the Seminole raised with tomahawk to doom to merciless slaughter, the defenseless whites in the everglades of Florida; of those who, in Mexico, merged in various commands under

Butler, and Dickinson and Shields, fell beneath the folds of our national colors, while planting them in triumph upon the heights of Chapultepec, and bearing them undimmed in their lustre through the carnage of Contreras and Cherubusco's deadly fire; and last, but not least, but above all, the brave and devoted band who fell fighting for the Lost Cause.

Thank God! There are no asperities of that sectional conflict which now survive, to sadden or cast a damper upon these refreshing ceremonies, or to steal from the odor which now surrounds and embalms them. Though the cause was lost and its supporters overwhelmed by superior numbers, the spirit of reconciliation and nationality which now pervades the Republic, has drowned the voice of detraction, and rescued from oblivion its brave defenders. And who is there upon this planet, who will presume to condemn the purity of their motives, or pass censure upon the sincerity of their conduct? They were not responsible for causes. They asked not, they cared not, who was in theory or constitutional parlance right; but, like Decatur, their motto was, when their State called: "My country—right or wrong, my country!" They did not look into books or seek for arguments to justify them; they were all plain men, who had learned to obey, and would not, could not, forget their mother, the State. Animated and inspired by the spirit of Bozzaris, "they fought, like brave men, long and well." They struck for their "altars, and their fires, for God, their native and adopted land."

There is no room in this peaceful, loving assemblage to-day for the envenomed critic or political bigot; the fomenters of sectional discord, the incendiaries of party strife, or the instigators of dark and malign passions. Like evil spirits, let them bow down before the hovering angel of Peace, as the raging of the tempest of wrath symbolized was abated and dispersed by the wand of Ariel. It is no longer a truce that exists, but perpetual rest has super-

vened the animosities of sections. Each returning spring views the never-ending procession of mourners to the cities of the dead, to bedew with the tear of affection, or bedeck with the immortelles of nature, the graves alike of those who fell in the blue, and those who fell in the gray.

The history of that ancient and illustrious corps, the shades of whose departed heroes are invoked to participate with the living in the celebration of these imposing rites, dates its origin back near one hundred years ago; and has come down the century gathering fresh laurels, and adding more glorious names to its roll of martyrs, at each successive epoch in its struggles for liberty. When, in 1782, the ever great and glorious Grattan, whose voice was the breath of liberty, called into life and being a new nation, at a signal from Dungannon eighty thousand Irish volunteers sprang to arms, and their bayonets bristled along the Channel. They were, in that hour of need, Ireland's strong right arm, and were constituted the sworn defenders of her parliamentary independence until the memorable Rebellion of 1798; when the sovereignty of their nation was stamped out in the blood of their people. Many of that devoted band, who foresaw the treachery by which they would be overreached, and viewing with despondency the approaching downfall of their country, took refuge in exile, and found homes in various portions of this Republic. In 1801, a small remnant of this veteran corps, met in the City of Charleston and reorganized, and under the flag of the United States, first upon this Continent, took the name of the Irish Volunteers. In the war of 1812, they rushed with alacrity to the front, in defense of their adopted country, and to repel the insolent aggressions of their hereditary enemy—England. The campaigns of Florida, and in Mexico, attest their superior bravery; while the long death-roll of its members who fell in the breach, or in the rude shock of battle, upholding the standard of our beleaguered Confederacy, will constitute the most precious treasure in

its archives, and be transmitted with pride to the latest posterity. The story of the Irish Volunteer is the story of the Irish soldier in every age, and in every portion of the habitable globe. His unselfish devotion and his ready willingness to sacrifice himself for others, as exemplified in the struggles for human rights, have made him the type and the model of the true soldier. He has watered with his blood the tree of liberty, in every crisis of the struggles of its votaries. Now, we behold him struck down by the mailed hand of power at home, in every repeated effort in the national uprisings, to burst the fetters that enslave his country; and as the exiled champion of the oppressed in foreign lands, illustrating by his prowess the annals of European warfare.

The Irish soldier, who, on the Continent, followed the martial standard of King Louis, and hurled back the bloody Duke of Cumberland from the slopes of Fontenoy! The Irish soldier, who under Wellington upon the Peninsula nerved the arm that had smote him, sustained the power that had spurned him, and buoyed up, on the prodigal effusion of his young blood the triumphant ark of British liberty! The Irish soldier, Jasper, who under a furious fire of shot and shell, restored to the battered parapet of old Moultrie, the shattered colors of the redoubtable garrison! The Irish soldier, Patrick Leonard, who first lifted the flag of his country upon the walls of the conquered City of Mexico! The Irish soldier, Dominick Spellman, who in the language of his battalion commander, "at Cold Harbor, when the whole color guard fell around the regimental colors, when Taylor, Hayne, Pinckney, Gregg, Holmes, and Colchett, all had fallen, and it seemed death to touch them, seized and carried them through the terrific battle." The Irish soldier, who in yonder harbor, within the battered mound of old Sumter, sustained with steady, unflinching, courage, the most remarkable siege recorded in history! But let us pause for a moment, and

dwell in contemplation of the spirit sublime which excited these distinguished actions and achievements. It was not the love of vainglory! It was not the ambition to die a death immortal! For,

"Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?

A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,

Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now."

No! It was not that after-generations should celebrate with pomp their thrilling deeds, or crown with a pillar the hero's dust. It was to fulfil the order of an honorable existence—to discharge one's duty. That word duty, which, according to our peerless chieftain, the world-renowned Robert Lee, "has no equal in the English language." Every man in his appointed sphere, owes a task to society, and he alone merits the guerdon of fame, who executes it to the full measure of his strength and ability. It is this impulse in our nature, this instinct of our being, which constitutes the bond and pressure, which hold together the ligaments of society. In the meed of praise which is accorded by the reverend chronicler of the grave, it not unfrequently happens that the humble and deserving private in the ranks, who has borne the heat and burden of the day, and gone down, unwept in the bloody conflict, passes away, and is, for a while, undistinguished! But Death, the leveller, merges all distinctions, and the brave need no epitaph—

"For Nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave."

They form a part of the cause, the principle which underlies human action, and which in the never-ending mutations of time, will alone survive in the memory of man. Higher than any monument raised by human hands, and long after the names of the principal actors in the events will have been forgotten, shall live the principle for which

the contest was waged. It is a wise and a providential arrangement in the government of mankind, and for the advantage and improvement of the social system, that the attributes and perfections of those who were rendered conspicuous for their services, in the development of the idea and object of their time, should be preserved as examples for imitation, and made the models for the next succeeding age. True heroism, which consists in the unselfish, fearless discharge of duty, at the cost of that highest and holiest of sacrifices, LIFE; has been, under the best forms of civilization esteemed, and ranked as the noblest virtue of a people—the choicest treasure of a State; and what purer sacrifice can be made upon the altar of human love, than that of him who voluntarily lays down his life for his country? Such an oblation includes and involves the sacrifice for conscience, for right, and truth. It is the spirit which idealizes, and transcendentalizes the social part of our being, and subordinates our individual appetites and passions. It forms the life spring, and is the source of power to every great Commonwealth. That people who have been found callous to this sentiment, or dead to these instincts, have invariably retrograded in the pathway of civilization. It has been an immemorial custom among all advanced nations, following the behests of this law, to carve niches and erect shrines in their temples, to perpetuate the remembrance of their illustrious dead. The antiquarian, in searching amid the ruins of Rome, may yet discover some relic of the urn or vase which once contained the dust of a hero; or, wandering through her catacombs, some vial preserving the blood of some martyr of the church. Rome has her Pantheon; Greece her Sarcophagi; England her Westminster Abbey; France her Tomb of the Invalides; Ireland, her Monumental Pillar Towers, and America her countless busts, and statues, and tablets to denote not the fall nor death of kings; but to distinguish the virtues and triumphs of man's genius and valor.

Standing as we now do, amid the graves of our ancestors and kindred; within sight of, and under the shadow of the spires of our metropolis; attended by the pomp of this grand military pageant, in the presence of the battle-scarred veterans and historic banners of their corps, attracted hither to lend dignity and shed lustre upon the scene; a thousand local associations crowd our minds, as we witness these solemn rites of dedication. Within a radius of not over five miles from the spot where I stand, every acre of ground has been rendered sacred by the blood which has been shed, and the sacrifices made by the defenders of our State, whose memory we celebrate. For four long years, by night and day, the smoke of battle has ascended, and the thunder of hostile cannon reverberated along these shores, and was plainly audible in the homes of our city. Secessionville, the scene of one of the most unequal, as well as desperate and bloody contests; where the guns of our battery, first captured, were rescued from the hands of the enemy by the intrepid daring of the Irish Volunteers led by Captain Ryan, with their comrades of the Charleston and Smith's battalions; and where the brave Howard made his last sacrifice upon the altar of liberty.

Morris Island, so long held under the most terrific bombardment from the enemy's fleet, and whose approach was so valiantly guarded by the undaunted John Mitchel; who, displaying that high order of devotion to right and duty, which so conspicuously distinguished his lamented father, the Irish patriot, went down to death in a bloody shroud on the walls of Sumter, fearlessly holding the post which was assigned him. His ashes repose in yonder Magnolia with not a stone or a line to mark him; but his fame shall last so long as this column shall endure, and will be cherished as part of the heritage of the Irish Volunteers.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed !

By fairy bells their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay."

Within view is Battery Wagner, celebrated for the heroic defense of its invincible garrison; which, after sustaining a galling fire of nine successive days and nights, again beheld the Irish Volunteers in the deadliest of the fight; saw the foe repulsed; the ground strewn with foemen slain, and the gallant Ryan in the agony of death upon its ramparts, bleeding at every pore.

Fort Sumter, renowned for her siege beyond Saragossa, encircled in front and flank by the foe; counted among the devoted band, who, under Elliott, held the post, and with sleepless vigilance guarded the only remaining barrier to our city's fall, a detachment of the Irish Volunteers. And if we extend our vision beyond yonder harbor and follow the career of that corps, with the Army of Northern Virginia, its dreadful marches and its suffering retreats, we shall find examples of courage and endurance of which any nation may well feel proud.

In front of Petersburg, where the life current of the gentle and true Allemon slowly ebbd itself away, while he faced death unappalled, with the abiding faith and comforting hope of the true Christian. Oh!

"Dark falls the tear of her who mourneth,
Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth."

Drury's Bluff, Swift Creek, Cold Harbor, Harrison's Landing, New Market Road, and other fields, will pass down in history, emblazoned with the deeds of scores of volunteers, whose names I will not here unroll, lest I should fall under the charge of an invidious exception. All

"Grand lofty souls, who live and toil
That freedom, right, and truth,
Alone may rule the universe,
For you is endless youth."

I see around me in this animated throng many who were comrades, who shared the privations and fatigues, and fought side by side with those who fell; who heard the loud summons to resistance, withstood the desperate assault, led the impetuous charge, and joined in the ringing cheer of victory. How refreshing to them must be the recollection of their deeds! How inspiring must be their example! How consoling will be the thought, in after times at a spring time or summer's eve, wending your lonely walk around and between these sepulchres, you front this structure, fit emblem of commemoration, with its base then smothered in the sweet fragrance of the violet and the vine, and the honeysuckle creeping up its sides; that you did not leave to posterity the work of recording your homage for your brave companions. You and your children, and their children and their children's children will take up the theme which I have so imperfectly sketched this day, and by the light of subsequent events, point the moral of their work, and dwell upon the fruits of their example.

If it were permitted the dead to revisit the scenes of their earthly labors, how many eyes would kindle with the fire of emotion, how many hearts throb with the deepest affection? But their spirits are now with the blest and range in other worlds. Their monument is there; and if, in the continuous circle of the revolving years, in the rise and fall of States, its foundations should ever be subverted, and the material of which it is composed should moulder; the recollection of the events it signalizes will still linger in our memories, and float down the stream of time upon the pages of history—

“On Fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING, CHARLESTON, S. C.
OCTOBER 2D, 1878.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—We are living in an epoch of great and startling events. This vast and enthusiastic demonstration, this free outpouring of the popular heart, give evidence that this epoch in our State and country's career has not yet closed. It will not close until the Augean stables of the Republic have been thoroughly cleansed; and the last ally and minister of corruption have been banished from place and power, and the administration of our State and National affairs, in every department, has passed under the control of loyal, honest, and upright men. The past decade in our Nation's progress will be marked as an era of decline in public virtue, of decadence in the public growth, of a halting and hesitancy, of imbecility, and an absence of discretion and honesty in the National councils. I trust in God it may be reserved for this generation, to make the coming decade an era of material advancement, of the development of a robust national character, of the elevation of the standard of public morality, and the cultivation by our public men of those higher and nobler attributes which serve to make a country prosperous, and a people contented and happy.

There are signs that the public conscience has at last been awakened; that conscience which, when speaking the dictates of its true instincts, speaks with the voice of Omnipotent authority, and when thus speaking it becomes the voice of God—that conscience which is heard in tones louder and louder as the age advances, demanding that truth shall prevail, that right shall triumph over might, and that honesty shall have its just and proper reward.

Two years ago after a struggle unparalleled in the history of political warfare, under the leadership of Wade Hampton, our Governor, our Commonwealth was redeemed.

Our State was poised once more upon the magistracy of its laws, administered by wise, and discreet, and honored men, in whom the people trusted.

But the work which was then accomplished was not complete; nor will it be, so long as the party which once dominated over us, threatens or dares to usurp again the powers which they basely prostituted, and which were wrung from them at the ballot-box, in 1876. It is doubtless true, that great and signal benefits and blessings have been the result of our achievement; but the wilderness which was left in the track of the Radicals, does not, as yet, blossom, and bloom like the rose. A sudden return of prosperity is not to be expected—it cannot be while the nation languishes. We are one of a union of States, interlinked in our intercourse and destinies; and have become mutually dependent, and National prosperity is indispensable to our State prosperity. The *point d'appui* of the present campaign must be to capture, and hold this, the last remaining formidable intrenchment of the enemy, and hence move forward to national victory in 1880.

The election in which we shall be engaged, from this day forth, is important in other respects than in its relation to the State. It is calculated to mark the thermometer of public opinion, and to show the direction in which the public mind is turning for the next Presidential election, which will take place in 1880. It will be the overture, the opening scene to the great drama which will then be enacted, and which will culminate on the 4th of March, 1881. The manner in which the powers of the Federal Government have been exercised, and the methods that have been observed and carried out by those in authority, have wrenched the Constitution from its appointed orbit; and plunged the nation into excesses; enfeebled our en-

ergies and exhausted our resources; engendered distrust, impoverished the people, and driven thousands into exile and many to despair. Who can deny the truth of this observation? Look around you on all sides, and what do you behold? A people shifting for themselves, and drifting on a sea of national uncertainty with no light to guide them, with no confidence of restoration from the powers that be, and rushing headlong to the verge of party anarchy. In a material point of view for several years past, we have been retrograding. Immigration has ceased to roll its living waves to our shores; and the shameful anomaly, which should put to the blush the statesmanship of America, is presented of a virgin empire, the richest in resources and vastest in extent upon the civilized globe, passing from the vigor of manhood, into the decrepitude of age. No less a light than Wendell Phillips, the pioneer of New England thought, has predicted an order of events that may reverse all the old established theories of our government, and rush us into the Scylla of dissolution, or the Charybdis of an absolute despotism. When the poet, in imagination, described the empty mart, and the shipless bay, the vision of our country as it stands to-day, must have come before him. And as our countless rivers run idle to the sea, and the wail of distress is heard in the place of the busy hum of human industry, and the music of a million turning spindles; and capital, timid from distrust, is taking refuge in concealment, we are brought face to face with the condition of things as they exist now. I do not exaggerate, nor draw upon my imagination, and too deeply color the picture. It is marked and visible upon all sides, in the countenances of thousands that proclaim the sorrows of their destitution, and the depths of their despair.

And how have these things come to pass? You will not wonder at it, when I tell you, that from the year 1789, when the present Federal Constitution was adopted, to the

close of Buchanan's administration in 1861; a period of seventy-two years, the cost of administering the government was only \$1,581,000,000, the expenses of three wars being included in that amount; while since the entrance of the Republican party into power, which occurred in 1861, that party had spent within the space of sixteen years the enormous sum of \$6,280,000,000. This, it is true, included the vast expenses of our civil war, which were great; but, since Grant obtained sway, from 1872 down to the close of his term, they had spent \$2,034,000,000, as much in five years, as had been required to run the government machine before the days of Republican power for seventy-two years; and not one dollar of this sum was used for war purposes. The internal revenue department had collected during the period of thirteen years, from 1862 to 1875, \$4,495,000,000, one fourth of which, according to Mr. Curtis, never reached the vaults of the treasury. In 1849, during the Van Buren administration, when from four to five hundred thousand dollars were stolen by corrupt officials, Van Buren was hurled from power by an indignant people. The estimated annual average of running the government under Republican supremacy for thirteen years, reached the sum of \$450,000,000—exceeding by \$110,000,000 what it costs the Empire of Great Britain to defray the interest upon its national debt; support its home government; and maintain its colonial dependencies extending over the whole globe, upon which, it has been said, the sun never sets. When we consider that this great producing nation has been the grand feeder of the trade, commerce, exchanges, and manufactories of the Eastern Hemisphere; we should not be taken by surprise to find that this inordinate and exorbitant taxation, depleting the veins of our industry, and congesting at the heart of the nation what there was of life-blood in its arteries, should have reacted upon the industries of all the nations of the earth; causing a general and almost universal stagnation, and defying the

alembic and speculations of the politico-economical scientists, to trace the mysterious sources of this marvellous and unprecedented change. Europe, and Asia, and Africa, have each and all sympathized, and felt the heaving, convulsive throes of our depressed condition. Our labor has been struck with the palsy produced by this national rheum; and our commerce which used to whiten every sea with its sails, has been halted on its highway; its sails idly flap their masts, and its new motive power, steam, refuses to do its master's bidding. These are a few of the consequences, rhetorically expressed, which the flagitious wrongs of a party, mighty enough to defy all check or restraint, for sixteen years visited upon the country. And when with this catalogue of abuses, we couple the damning frauds and speculations of the Credit Mobilier, by which millions were wrung from the tax-payers to enrich a privileged corporation—the bribery, the junketing, the disgraceful barter and purchase of votes to build up a mammoth railroad monopoly, stretching its iron arms across the continent from one ocean to the other, and granting to its corporation in subsidies one thousand million of dollars of the nation's credit, and donating 185,000,000 acres of the public domain, a territory of itself equal in extent to six of the largest States of the American Union—when we reflect upon these stupendous swindles, perpetrated under the guise of legislation, we are almost at a loss to comprehend how the government could stand the strain and pressure, and how the whole fabric of our institutions did not tumble in promiscuous ruin. But thanks to the system which our fathers perfected, the elasticity of our republic has been found capable of standing the severest pressure, and no amount of evil government and misgovernment have been able to carry down the Ship of State. The republic survives—but not as of yore; not as it first rose upon the strained senses of its founders, “glittering like the morning star, full of light and splendor and joy;” but it sur-

vives, battered and weather-beaten, but its framework, its timbers still bound and holding together. It cannot, will not perish. It is sustained and fortified by the hopes and desires of 44,000,000 of people who inhabit it; and by the aspirations of millions beyond the water who still look to it as the land of refuge and promise, clinging to its ark as the fire-worshippers of the East cling in worship to their god. It will survive, one and indivisible as long as the language of Milton is heard from shore to shore, and the banks of our great lakes shall echo the accents of liberty, and the Missouri and the Mississippi roll through the inheritance of freemen. High upon its crest is inscribed, in letters of living light, the motto—Equal laws, equal rights and equal justice to all men. Its Constitution has been assimilated to the immortal Declaration of American freedom. The foot-prints of the slave are no more to be traced on its soil. No matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what battle his liberties may have been cloven down, the first moment the stranger sets his foot upon American soil, that moment his soul spreads abroad in its majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that surround him; and he stands before the world redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.

This much I have thought it proper to say in a general way in allusion to our national affairs. I have been honored by your choice of me a second time, as your nominee for Congress.

I accepted the candidacy which was generously conferred upon me in 1876, to serve the State cause in the face of my certain defeat; but now I have accepted it from a double motive, to serve the general movement, and to have myself elected.

I mean to be elected, I shall be elected.

I take from one of your transparencies the motto of

Mirabeau, the great Tribune of the French people—"He who wills can win," and we must and shall win. I am in dead earnest, and my hope is that you sympathize in my determination.

I expect the stalwart and unterrified Democracy of Charleston, fortified by the yeomanry of Orangeburg and Clarendon, to do the work, and see that I am elected.

I wish to go to Congress, and I look to you to send me there to support your gallant Senator Butler, who now forms one of the bulwarks of constitutional liberty in the Senate, which, after the 4th of March next, will become the great citadel of American freedom.

I desire to be elected, that I may, by the influence of my position, aid in securing for our State her just share of the national appropriations, of which she has been always deprived, until your senator forced the public attention of the country to the construction of internal improvements in our harbor. I mean, if I go there, to defend and maintain unimpaired, the just and equal rights of all my constituents, colored as well as white—I shall steadily adhere to that cardinal maxim of my political faith, which I proclaimed in 1870, and reasserted in 1872; that all men, without regard to race or color, should stand the same before human tribunals and human laws, as they stand before the Divine tribunals and Divine laws. I propose, if I should go to Congress, to unite in any policy that will uplift the people of my country from the slough of despond into which they have been so long cast down, and remove the burdens under which they have so long and patiently travailed.

And now it remains for you, my countrymen, to say whether my predictions of success will be verified. I would incite you, though it is in a just and benign, and not a bloody cause, as Lady Macbeth incited her husband when bent upon his dark and bloody deed, and staggering under the pangs of remorse he exclaimed: "If we should fail?"

"We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail." "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just," and under that inspiration you can do, and you can dare. When at the battle of Wagram, upon which the fate of Austria and the coalition of which she was the head hung; Napoleon gave orders to MacDonald, with his corps, to hold the bridge which commanded the Isle of Essling, which was the strategic point of the battle, MacDonald replied; "Sire, I will try." Napoleon incensed, retorted: "I tell you to hold the bridge, not to try;" and MacDonald went and held it, though his division was decimated in the effort; and as the historian relates, their bones could be heard crashing under the terrible exploding fire of the Austrians, like glass in a hail storm. The little Corporal, the Corsican Captain, did not understand trying to do a thing. His ardor and his purpose was to do it.

"He the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild!
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones!
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones!"

He did not recognize trying to do a thing. His order was law, and his will was to do it. And I say now, you must hold the fort. You must do it.

In your County Convention held in June last it was
"*Resolved*, We hold that so long as the Radical party possesses a citadel of strength in this and the adjoining lower tier of counties, the rights and liberties which were so dearly won in 1876 are not secure, nor shall we enjoy in peace the fruits of that victory until the last stronghold of the enemy has been rescued from him."

Nail that sentiment to the mast-head of your party, and then let it float, braving the battle and breeze, from now until the sun goes down on the eventful 5th day of November; and as sure as that sun shall set, so sure shall your cause be victorious.

SPEECH
ON THE ARMY BILL, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.
APRIL 4TH, 1879.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I have heard this debate with intense interest, and with the profoundest concern for the national weal.

The principle involved in the amendment under consideration, underlies the whole structure of our Federal system, and goes to the root of civil liberty. Upon it the two great opposing parties now confront the nation upon the floor of this Chamber, and they are doomed to stand in conflict until the Constitution is permitted to resume its sway.

Party license, allied with party greed and corruption, have wrenched this Government from its appointed orbit, and the Democratic party, in this, the Forty-sixth Congress, has entered upon its mission to restore the just equilibrium of the laws and the Constitution, in the government of the country. The political history of the last eighteen years, is replete with the innovations which have been made upon our fundamental charter. And made by whom? By that party which has dominated over the councils of the nation since 1861.

A party domination, which might have held its sway over these States for an indefinite period, if the counsels of wisdom and the admonitions of justice had been heeded; has, by its reckless and stupid obedience to party clamor, and the law of Mammon and of power, forfeited its right to direct any longer the destinies of the American people.

Step by step they have encroached, barrier after bar-

rier they have broken down, until the Constitution remains but a rope of sand in their way. It was the renowned leader of the present opposition, Thaddeus Stevens, who, in the thirty-ninth Congress, startled the nation with the declaration that his party had encamped itself outside of the Constitution. It was the same party that, in 1867 stripped their own chosen Executive by succession of his constitutional prerogative of veto; curtailed him in the exercise of his rightful power, and urged onward by its intoxicated passion, dragged him before the bar of the high court of impeachment. It was this same party that, by a single stroke of legislation, reversed the national order of things in one-third of this continent; and by a fatal, blind policy, reduced to desolation and degradation, bankruptcy and beggary, nine sovereign States of this Union. And after visiting these indescribable calamities upon a people, who were forced to look on with impotent anguish and wordless ire, while darkness more profound threatened to eclipse their civilization, and while returning justice was about regaining the ascending scale, they quartered their troops wherever they dared; constituted in States that were once free, the corporal of the guard chairman of the board of managers of election, and menaced with bayonets the returning boards of certain States, that the votes might be registered as the pretor demanded. The suppression of the free and untrammelled voice of the people in their national elections in certain States for years past, has no parallel, save when the pretorian guards of Rome dictated the choice of a Roman Emperor. And to cap the climax of absolutism, after the ascertained will of the American people had been expressed by a popular majority of the whole people of three hundred thousand, in response to the edict of the head centre of that party, the votes of three States were stolen; and to consummate this dark crime of infamy, and robbery, and perjury, this very Capitol was, for a time, turned into a camp, and the guns

of its commander were ranged upon this House, to terrify into submission the representatives of the people. And in the light of all these events, which are but of yesterday, we are to be twitted by the renowned champion of the opposition, with the charge of organizing revolution. Revolution indeed! He and his party have dragged this nation to the perilous edge; and, from the gulf which yawns, the Democracy intends, and will rescue the fabric of our institutions and our civilization. If the South did try, in the exciting terms of the member from Ohio, to shoot the Union to death for four years, history will record it to the shame of his party, that they have, for fourteen years, been corrupting the Union to death. And the gentleman need not fear; the nation will not be starved to death. In the blind madness of their fury, they would coerce the President, to this dread alternative; but they should not, they cannot succeed. We have been thus early convoked here by the President to furnish supplies to run the Government, just as we were prepared to do, in the last Congress, until impeded and opposed by the Senate. The representatives of the people, who are the sovereigns of this country, and hold the purse, do not intend to be coerced. It is our province, and our prerogative; it is our duty, to see before we give the taxes of the people, that all grievances are redressed.

The spirit of liberty that now moves abroad, I believe, animates our President. He has been brave enough to challenge the frowns, and the denunciation of his party in lesser exigencies; and where he has nothing left now to serve but his God and his country, he will be equal to the emergency. He will not allow the gentleman from Ohio to put that Waterloo chip under his heel, nor will he carry it upon his shoulder. The repose, and peace, and happiness of the millions who inhabit our great country, are of more consequence than the party pride and reluctance to abdicate power, which is the distinguishing feature

in the gentleman's conduct. He invokes the spirit of Revolution and Discord from the depths, but the spirit will not answer. There may be a greater revolution portending, than that which the other side in the plenitude of its vision conjures up—the revolution of the toiling millions asking for labor, and hungering for bread. But the constant wail of the necessities of a depressed and impoverished people, ascending, as they are, daily to this Capitol, cannot endanger the integrity and permanency of our Republic. The foundations of this Capitol may totter, and the edifice crumble into ruins, but the Republic will still advance, and still live.

The distinguished gentleman from Maine, has been pleased to hurl a shaft at the State of South Carolina, which I have the honor, in part, to represent; but it has missed its aim, and has fallen harmless at the feet of her delegation. South Carolina did not in 1832 aim to capture the Capitol, nor was she stamped out of existence by Andrew Jackson. She took the attitude of vindicating her interpretation of the American Constitution; and by her attitude in that solemn hour, Harry Clay struck the Union Jack at Washington, and brought about a modification, and compromise of the tariff. I am admonished that under the rule regulating the debate, I must draw to a close. Thank God, that from the ashes of despotism, we see flashing again the fires of liberty.

ORATION
DELIVERED AT THE MOORE CENTENARY.
BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 28th, 1879.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BALTIMORE:—Called by the favor of your kind invitation to the beautiful Monumental City of Baltimore, to participate in this brilliant and glorious festival; so just, so appropriate and deserving, in commemoration of the one-hundredth birthday of Ireland's child of genius—Tom Moore, we can all loudly exclaim: "Sound the loud timbrels over Egypt's dark sea;" for a nation awaketh, and her people rejoice to do honor to the idol of the poet's circle, their country's loved and far-famed bard. Here, at least, upon the soil of liberty-loving Maryland—here, beneath the broad expanse of the heavens of free America—all who delight to reverence, may take down the silent harp from the willow where so long it hangeth; and sweeping its golden chords in fond memory, give all its notes again to light, freedom and song.

How fitting a token of remembrance to him the rehearsal of those lines which, in the passion of his heart, he addressed to his loved harp:

"Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

A hundred years are but as yesterday in the sunlight of Tom Moore's poetry. A century which has marked the rise and extinction of two generations of the human family, has not dimmed for an instant the brilliancy of his poetic gems, nor diminished the zest and relish in their perusal; but age, which improves all things good, has heightened

their exquisite flavor, and compressed their precious juices, until they breathe a fragrance and perfume around, peculiarly and exclusively their own. In the ebb and flow of the tides of the generations, his mosaic verse and his fame will be as lasting and as imperishable, as his memory will be forever fresh and green, in the hearts of his countrymen.

The true test of genius consists in the enduring quality and beneficial tendency of its works. It's as true as Holy Writ—the wise and the good, “They shall rest from their labors, and their works shall follow them.” It is not the marble columns, nor colossal effigy, nor monument of brass, raised and sculptured by human hands which perpetuate—these may moulder and decay, and the hero-soldier or statesman, to whom they are engraven, pass away from the recollection of man; but in the good which men do they shall live, and their living creations shall survive. What Mozart and Beethoven were to music, and Raphael and Michael Angelo to the plastic art, Tom Moore was to the realm of poetry and song. He was a part of its creation, and he created too. Petrarch and Tasso were crowned in the capital; but the lover of Laura and the author of “Jerusalem Delivered,” never experienced or communicated to mankind more lulling orations, than the author of “Lalla Rookh” and the “Irish Melodies.” Dante, made immortal by his “Inferno;” and the blind Milton, who “passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels trembled as they gazed, who saw till blasted with excessive light, he closed his eyes in endless night,” never caught a glimpse of a more distant eternity of fame, than the cultured child of song—Tom Moore. Homer, whose birthplace has been claimed by seven cities, sleeps upon the Ægean shore with his fame enthroned in eternity; and Virgil, whose pastoral strains have made the Tiber classic, and the groves of the Campagna once vocal with his georgics, rests in Roman clay in the grotto of Posilippo. To Westminster Abbey,

the mausoleum of all of England's great dead and all that she appropriated from the three kingdoms, was consigned the ashes of Tom Moore. He slept with Burns, the twin offsprings of a common father, Nature; one the pride and the idol of Ireland, the other of Scotland.

It would be quite incongruous, with the proper treatment of my theme upon an occasion like this, to make an extended biographical sketch of our subject. Days should be compressed into years, and years into decades, to embrace the salient features, and topics, to illustrate the event of our commemoration. The occasion assumes a national significance, and has a world-wide celebrity. Tom Moore, as everybody knows, or ought to know, was born on this day one hundred years ago, in Aungier Street, facing Great Longford Street, in Dublin. There are, perhaps, some in this audience, not too old, nor yet too young, to remember the spot and the old house he was born in. He was blessed, as he himself has said, with a most amiable father, and a mother, such as in heart and head, has rarely been equalled. He was his mother's first born, and from her he inherited that gushing kindness of nature, as well as the more spiritual gift of intellect. The mother's love for the son was the great charm of her life, and in her advanced years, the endless theme of her thoughts and talk was Tom. The social and political conditions of the period of Moore's birth, which shook society to its centre ere he had reached manhood, gave a singular twist to his mind and disposition, and its influence was marked upon his character throughout his career. He was born "in those penal days when over Europe Ireland's banners blazed;" as he has himself said in his autobiography: "I came into the world with a slave's yoke around my neck." He had an early revelation of his genius, and, at the age of fourteen he composed in rhyme, and sent his productions to the *Anthologia Hibernica*, a Dublin magazine, as a correspondent, under the familiar *sobriquet* of "T. M." He ran an honor-

able course through college, and displayed a marvellous turn for acting and music. He became the pet of Moira House, and, in his nineteenth year, was taken under the especial care and patronage of that noble family. About this time he hesitated between the law and literature as his profession, but his Muse asserted her ascendancy and carried the day. Throughout his life, Moore bore the stamp of the social mint in which he was coined. He had none of that stiff courtesy of the old school. His temperament was too mercurial for that; but he had all the well-bred polish of manner, with all the heartiness of enjoyment. He seemed as if he could not help enjoying. Occasionally a shade of sadness would flit across his countenance; but it was as often the shade of thought as of sorrow, like a cloud shadow on a sunny landscape, which soon passed away in a meteor of wit, or a luminous smile. He was sentiment and emotion all ablaze, kindled in the glowing furnace of his mind, by the intense ardor of his warm and enthusiastic nature.

Early in life he became the warm personal friend of Robert Emmet, and the dearest associations of friendship clustered around the idolized patriot and willing martyr, until the hand of the executioner fell. In a far-off land—in the island of Bermuda—to which he was consigned for duty by the government, he heard of the tragic death of this splendid youth. He knew of the fond and tender relations with his affianced, Miss Curran; and the flow of the poet's grief and sympathy, was the source of much of that inspiration which breathes in many of his melodies. Moaning with a stricken heart over his murdered friend, he poured forth the full tide of his sorrow in these memorable lines—

“It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded."

And again entering into the sanctuary of the broken heart of his intended bride, he thus gives vent to her unbounded grief—

"Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

With a Tory ministry in power in England, he was admired and fêted, and made the pet of the social circle in London. But neither the adulation of the great, nor the smiles and blandishments of fashion and fortune, could wean his affections from his dear native land. Ireland was his inspiration and constant theme, murmuring in his ear like the sound of the sea-shell when torn from its ocean bed. The chronology, topography, sociology and history of Ireland were all woven into the web and fibre of Moore's imagination—every beauty of nature that draped her form; her bounteous bosom and verdant slopes; her lofty mountains and her hazy sky; Arran and her hundred isles encircling her bosom as with an emerald necklace; her placid lakes and shining rivers, her haunted glens and legendary caves, the cottage on the moor, her antique remains, her ivy-grown and moss-covered ruins were all reflected, imaged as in miniature, and branded upon the poet's brain. The former glories of her departed poet, by flood and field, by pen and sword; her responding victories, and her acclaiming triumph; her sacrifices; her anguish, and her sorrows; with martyrdoms and banishments; and gaunt poverty and

hollow-eyed famine, all grouped as in one picture, were ever present, reflected before him. Well might he exclaim:

"Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?"

He saw her as the Iphigenia of Greece in her pride and elevation; the Niobe of Nations in her sorrows. The statues of her gods and her heroes were all arranged in the gallery of his imagination, and, as with the magic wand of Prospero, each became animated into life at his simple touch. He repeated her ancient lays and legends, heard her national music, and warbled in his dreams the songs of other and prouder days. He had studied her traditions, and familiarized himself with the customs of her people. This was the fountain from which he drew all his inspiration, and every subject that he treated took the hue and coloring of his vivid imagination.

And who could paint the landscape his country presented, in truer and more unfading color than Tom Moore; he who had lingered over the beauties of Wicklow, and timed his muse to the murmuring of the rivulets of sweet Avan and Avoca.

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

Who could tell more truly the origin of his own native land, than him who sang the song of Innisfail:

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.

"Oh! where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?
Thus sang they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And, lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.

"'Tis Innisfail, 'Tis Innisfail!
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While bending to Heaven, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free."

Music and poetry are inseparable concomitants; they go hand in hand together. The rhythm of sentiment, aided and supplemented by the voluptuousness of sound. The national music of Ireland is inseparably associated with its ancient lays and modern verse. Moore drank in with his being the sweet, tender harmony of national melody. It pervaded his soul, and gave direction and wings to his genius. Whenever we find a nation with a clear, distinct, sweet and emphatic tradition of national music, coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries; there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition—there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But whenever, on the other hand, you find a people light and frivolous—not capable of deep emotions in religion—not deeply interested in their native land, and painfully affected by her fortunes, a people easily losing their nationality or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers, and amalgamating with them—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody, deserving to be classed among the songs of the nations. A great writer has said: "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who may make their laws." Now, among these nations, Ireland—that most ancient and holy island on the western sea—claims the first

and grandest pre-eminence among all peoples. To all nations high musical excellence cannot be denied. It cannot be said that we are not surpassed in this our day, by the music of Germany, by the music of Italy, or the music of England. Germany for purity of style, for depth of expression, for the argument of song, surpasses all the nations to-day. Italy is, undoubtedly, queen of that lighter, more sparkling, and more pleasant style of music. England, in her own style, is supposed to be superior to Italy, and, perhaps, equal to Germany. But, great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples, there is not one of these nations, nor any other nation, that can point to such national melody—such a body of national music—as the Irish. I am not speaking of works that delight the critic, or the labored composition of some great master; nor of works that appeal to ears refined and attuned by education. I am speaking of the song that lives in the hearts and voices of all the people—the national songs which you will hear from the husbandman at the plough; from the old woman singing to the infant on her knee; from the dairy-maid; from the shoemaker at his last, or the blacksmith at his forge while shoeing the horse. This is the true song and national melody which is handed down in a sort of traditional way from the remotest ages, until in the advance of civilization, it is interpreted into written music; and then, for the first time, the world discovers a most beautiful music, that has been murmured in the glens and mountain valleys of the country, for hundreds and thousands of years. Italy can boast of no such song. The peasants of Tuscany and Campagna, in remoter times, had no music; and their evening dance was only enlivened by the sound of the tambourine, beaten by some village girl, to the measure of graceful movements.

The historian records that the people along the coast of the North and West of Europe, were, from time immemorial, given to song. When the ancient kings of the sea-

girt island went forth to war, they were always attended by their harper or minstrel, whose strains animated and incited them to deeds of heroic bravery. When they went forth to meet the Danes, as they swept down from the North in all the rage of barbaric lust, high in the prow of the Irish war vessels sat the minstrel, or poet, to commemorate in song, the achievements of national wisdom and national prowess; and thus sang the poet:

"The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him—
'Land of Song!' said the warrior bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The music of the minstrel floated on the breeze before the barges of Niall of the Nine Hostages; and the sounds of welcome which first greeted St. Patrick's ear were the strains of the Irish harper. In the halls of Tara where the princes of old were wont to assemble, the very first place next to the king on his throne, was yielded to the bards of Erin. They composed the history of the island; they wrote it in verse, and proclaimed it in the melody of national song. They were the priests of the Druidical worship, whose gloomy mysteries they surrounded with the sacred charm of music, and the shrines of their false gods were frequented and became popular, on account of the music which accompanied their rites. They were esteemed the most gifted and learned men of the land—acquainted with the nation's traditions and resources; they were called into council to guide and form the national purposes. The sublimest hope of the warrior in these early days was, whether returning in triumph, or borne back upon his shield, to have his name perpetuated in the glories of national song. Carolan was the last of these bards, and Tom Moore—nature's choicest gift to Ireland—was vouchsafed

to us a few years after his death. Carolan was the last of his line, and when his star went down in the firmament, though for a time the sky was blank, another soon arose to take his place, and tell of

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

Tom Moore came at a time when the whole atmosphere of Ireland was impregnated with music, and he drank the spirit and sentiment in with his mother's milk, his very life's blood. A true poetic child, with his imagination as brilliant as a gem, and copiously prolific; his fancy glowing with all the hues and tints of an Italian sunset; abounding in metaphor, clothed in the richest, purest language; he found the gates to favor and immortality already opened to him in the grand old music of Erin. He was to be the fresh bridegroom in the nuptial ceremonies, of wedding with his incomparable verse the melody of the olden time; and binding in the golden chords of harmony the music of past generations, with the sweet and touching melody of the present and future. The harp of his country naturally fell to his hands in the order of lineal descent; he was heir by inheritance and succession, to all that it possessed of wealth in sentiment and glory, and pathos in expression.

Richard Lalor Shiel, in comparing him with Goldsmith, thus describes him: "In Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of this evening, which, through those glimmering windows, we see closing one of the brightest and proudest days our country has ever witnessed; but in Moore with the pensiveness of the evening, we behold its illumination." His thoughts, if I may employ so fanciful an illustration, are like those beautiful little birds which Campbell describes gleaming in a transatlantic sunset; or, like those birds, to use the poet's comparison, they seem atoms of the rainbow. To him we are indebted, not only for his

own delicious music, but for the immortal poetry to which he has wedded the Melodies of Ireland. With a sorcerer's magic, he has given a more substantial, but still a celestial, form to the spirits of sound, and he has clothed with the fine texture of his beautiful phraseology, the Ariels of his own island, which his imagination has converted into a region of enchantment.

The checkered history of his native island, alternating between the rays of glory imparted by the heroism of her sons, and the shadows of gloom and disaster which for centuries hung over her fortunes, tinged with a tender and loving pathos his inimitable verse.

Her three hundred years of Christian effulgence, which followed upon the mission of St. Patrick, was like a calm and beautiful evening in the tropics, soon to be followed by a night of thunder and storm; then succeeded the Norman invasion followed up by the English occupation in the twelfth century, entailing seven hundred years of unrelenting, unmitigated oppression. We see, first, the ushering in of a new moon, to be soon obscured by shifting clouds of wrath and destruction—then the long night of travail and oppression, with occasional fitful gleams of hope and promise relieving the gloomy picture. It was like a beautiful landscape, now glittering under the morning sun; suddenly refreshed by gladdening showers; then overhung with dark, lowering clouds; and finally eclipsed in the long ages of persecution. All these epochs were constantly passing before the mind of Moore as in a moving panorama. He saw his country in the past

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And buried through long ages of darkness and storm."

As when smitten with the glories of his native land, he attuned his harp to these glowing numbers:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;

When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader.
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger;—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

Or, when contemplating the ravishment of her children under penal laws, and their deprivation and exclusion of the honors justly due them, he exclaims, with the wailing lament of a wandering prophet:

"But, alas, for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile when their country expires."

And pouring out his heart in the full tide of a patriot's love, he attunes his harp to the plaintive lament of her exiled children:

"But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when this heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

And catching the light of other days as it often burst upon his entranced vision, he turns from the strain of gloom and despair, and rallying with the pride of his nation's past, he thus trumpets his golden reveries:

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

And doting upon his beautifully carved isle as a lover would upon his bride, he thus limns her magnificent proportions:

"Remember thee! yes while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

"Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

"No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

And running down the centuries and viewing the foot-prints of her brave sons tracked in blood upon a thousand battlefields, he thus celebrates them:

"Oh! for the swords of former time!
Oh! for the men that bore them!
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!"

And again—

"Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them—and quenched in their grave!

"Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
The combat for freedom once more."

The immortal Handel, in his ecstasy over Moore's Irish melodies, declared that he would rather be their author than of all the compositions, that ever came from his pen or mind. Byron said they were "worth all the epics that ever were composed." "Moore," he said, "is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his melodies. They will go

down to posterity with music, and they will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry." In the language of the historian, Allison, who thus depicts them: "they express the feelings which spring to the breast of every successive generation, at the most important and imaginative period of life; they have the delicacy of refined life, without its fastidiousness; the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness; and Moore himself ascribes the 'sole lustre and value' of all his labors, to his having worked in the mine of Irish music." As Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead; so Moore tried a similar experiment, with success, on the buried minstrelsy of his native land.

But his glowing and heavenly genius was not consecrated alone to hymning the praises, toning the laments and chanting the proud anthems of Ireland. He compassed the globe with the matchless renditions of every theme, which he illustrated and adorned with his inspiration. His "Lalla Rookh" rises up before us like

"Moonlight over Osman's sea,
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles,
Bask in the night-beam beautifully,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles."

It was another purer and more precious gem added to the crown of the Orient. Its mellifluous cadences, like "the faint exquisite music of a dream," comes upon our ears "like the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing, and giving odour." His "Paradise and the Peri" is entitled to be raised to the dignity of the Solomon's song of modern minstrelsy. His "Fire Worshippers," calling up from his heart's deepest fountain the patriot's indignation for the wrongs of his persecuted race, breathes his hatred for the tyrant who sleeps

"Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falcions from unnumbered sheaths

Are starting to avenge the shame
His race has brought on Irán's name.
Never was Iran doomed to bend,
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was crushed—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blushed
In their own land—no more their own—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne."

This work alone, throbbing with all the fire of indignation against wrong, of devotion to truth, and fidelity to principle, has spread his fame over the whole earth; it has been translated into every modern European language, and parts of this incomparable gem, clothed in the Persian tongue, are, to this day, chanted along the streets of Ispahan. It will remain a problem to the end of recorded time, whether the circumstances in which he was placed, the down-trodden condition of his enslaved country, her vicissitudes of pride and glory, or peril and disaster, were not potential factors in the development of his genius. Impressions in youth are burnt upon the retina of the mind as colors are upon glass, and, affecting first the disposition, then swaying the nature of the being, they exude from the temperament and passions an element of individuality, of force and singular pathos, which gives it the claim and title to genius—it becomes then a thing *sui generis*. If Tom Moore had been born in America, his fancy would have taken another coloring—he would have excelled Whittier, in reaching the depths of the human conscience—he would have surpassed Longfellow, in seeking the chords of strife, in awaking ambition—but he would not have been the same Tom Moore. Such a poet as he was, had to be clothed in the garb of Ireland's eternal verdure; mellowed by her enchanting scenery; thrilled by her inspiring genius; awakened by the lustre of her glories; saddened by her long train of woes and disaster; and quickened by the ever-recurring desire for the dawn of the new dispensation.

Tom Moore needed the subject, and the subject needed him. His genius was the twin gift of nature, and the offspring of his surroundings.

His heart was endowed with the three graces—faith, hope, love. His faith lifting him to the adoration of truth—truth in nature, truth in religion, and in the God of religion; love that never waxeth cold—love “within a fragrant cloud blushing with light”—“love, my soul is full of thee;” hope, that wells up in the Irishman’s heart, and shouts throughout the world!

“Oh, thou, that dwellest on many waters,
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel’s daughters,
Breaks like a thunder cloud o’er thy brow.”

Hope, the ever-fast solace to those who would be free, that bids us exclaim:

“The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others art set:
And though slavery’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.

“Unchilled by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter’s cold hour,
Till Spring’s light touch her fetters unbind
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower!”

His works are composed of the richest materials, combined with the most graceful design, everywhere glistening with beauties and aspirations. You cannot, as his admirers have said, open his book, without finding a cluster of beauties on every page.

He was distinguished for his musical taste, as well as his power of versification. When singing, he was the impersonation of all we could imagine of poet and musician, combined in the bard. His song was an inspired recitative, rather than a musical performance. He was like the improvisatore, and when the tide of thought came over him, it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite

variety. The low-breathed whisper, or the highest note, told home to the ear, and found an echo in the heart of every listener. A low, sad tone would occasionally break through his gayest song, like the distant moan of the wind through a sun-lit forest. A wild and melancholy strain ran through most of the Irish airs. It was the language of sorrow so well adapted to the Irish music, the offspring and solace of grief when applied to the mind.

When Moore died, the lyre passed from his hands to Thomas Davis.

"Silence is in our festal halls,—
Sweet Son of song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

"Yet at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For name so linked with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And even within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to Heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given."

This centenary reconsecrates in our heart of hearts, and in the hearts of nations and peoples, the sweet minstrel of Erin. This night we live and breathe in the pervading spirit of his inspiration, his love for his country, and his ever-burning hope for her redemption. His melodies are sung to-night in every tongue around the world. Every city and hamlet, every hill-side and streamlet, resounds to the music of his lays, and fourteen millions of his kindred, by blood and race, who inhabit this broad continent, now swell the proud anthem of his praise.

Ireland can never forget him. He has left in his melodies a deathless legacy of fame to his native land. They

are among the dearest relics of fatherland which the Irishman carries in his heart, in his devotion to the land of his birth. And if, perchance, long habituation to the fame of Moore should have deadened any, to its freshness or full value; if the changes of fashion should have obliterated in any, the vividness of the first admiration of his muse; if the long intervallum between his death and now, should have dulled in any, the sense of his greatness—read but a melody, hear but an air truly played, and the matchless eloquence of the poet will resume its sway.

And this, at last, is truly the great power of the genius who lives in verse: slumbering from time to time, but re-kindling in others to remotest time the fires of feeling, and awaking the sense of gratitude.

Long, long—aye, forever—he will be remembered. As long as the name of St. Patrick shall be written across the religious heavens of Ireland; and the name of O'Connell across her political firmament; the name of "Tom Moore" will shine in her lyric sky, bright and beaming as in the glow of the borealis, at an autumn evening's close. As long as language shall survive, his name can never perish from the minds of men. He sleeps now in Irish earth, where his remains were transferred from Westminster Abbey. There let him sleep, beneath the weeping willow, with angels for his choir, and striking again the dear harp of his country, let us all join:

"Go sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till waked by some hand less unworthy than mine."

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "OUR SISTER SOCIETIES."
DELIVERED AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION
OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL
UNION, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.
MAY 13TH, 1880.

GENTLEMEN:—It is an old maxim that "brevity is the soul of wit." I feel compelled to observe that maxim to-night, not so much from choice, as perforce, that I should speak without preparation on the subject. Our Sister Societies! The response to that sentiment is to be found in this large and enthusiastic gathering, from every portion of our country; a spectacle which should swell every American heart with pride, and inspire every American tongue with praise. "Our Sister Societies!" They extend from where the Palmetto of my State rustles in the Atlantic's breeze, to the foamy billows of the far-distant Pacific, and follow the track of our missionaries even into the wild domain of the red man, to whom they have borne the tidings of the new dispensation. Our societies are founded upon the same broad, generous, and liberal principles which, I know, animate the bosom of all here this evening.

"Our Sister Societies!" Marshalled under one banner, and that the banner of humanity and of Christendom—the banner of the Cross—marshalled under that banner upon whose folds are inscribed in letters of living light, the celebrated words of Augustine: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

"Our Sister Societies!" Designed to promote the cultivation of all the virtues, designed to disseminate intelligence, designed to preserve the morality of our youth, designed to lift aloft the human character into the ideal.



I have almost said enough for the maxim with which I started out; and will only say this, in conclusion; that it should be a gratifying spectacle to see the youth of our vast nation, comprising thirty-eight States, all welded together in a bond of union, wherein they shall ever be as "distinct as the billows, as one as the sea;" to see the representative from Chicago, the great emporium of this Western country, and which is destined, in time, to become the Paris of America; from the distant Pacific, where the tropical flowers bloom in all their splendor, and where eternal Spring seems to hug humanity with a fervid embrace; from the South, which is destined to be, in its day, the Italy of America; from the North, from the great and mighty North, which brings forth strong men; from the East, which gives momentum to all great, new enterprises, which seizes the lightning, rides upon the wings of commerce, and carries onward, higher and higher, the ægis of American society. All this extent "Our Sister Societies" cover; and closing, I bid you be assured that in the course of ages to come, your members will be like the sands of the sea, and from the spirit and faith which now animate you, will be transmitted a pure and undimmed flame to the most distant generations.

ORATION
DELIVERED AT THE GRADUATING EXERCISES OF ST.
JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.
JUNE, 1880.

YOUR EMINENCE, REVEREND PRESIDENT OF THE FACULTY, COLLEGIATES OF ST. JOHN'S, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has given me especial gratification to accept the invitation recently extended to me, by the President of the Faculty of this University, and appear before you on this interesting occasion.

I experience most sincere pleasure, as an humble and affectionate disciple of St. John's, after the lapse of over thirty years, in returning once more, under such happy auspices as the present, within the hallowed precincts of her renowned seminary of learning, for the discharge of the agreeable duty, which has been devolved upon me. We meet together on this, the Commencement of your College holidays, on common ground, as the children and brethren of one literary household.

For me, it is pleasant that the duties and cares of life, have proclaimed a short armistice, as we are told, the Grecian States were wont to do in time of war; that I might repair in peace and come up with you, into the serene air of this, our own Olympia. I have not found it difficult to select a subject upon which to address you; my mind naturally reverting back through the long interval, to the day I took my departure from under the venerable roof of this, my "Alma Mater;" and reviewing in retrospect the scenes I have passed through, the experiences I have had, the labors I have endured, and the combats I have had to make,



in compassing as well as I might, the ends of my mission and career; I thought the task would be easier, however imperfectly done, to group in outline the impressions gathered from reading and study, which I had formed as to those forces and elements in the human character, that are most immediately, and prominently called into requisition, in the development of manhood, and the forming of that estate in life; to which each one, in his own order and inclination, may aspire. I have no hero to apostrophize, and if there were one, upon whom your young minds might delight that I should dwell; in doing so, I would violate the spirit of our age, and depart from the proprieties of this occasion. This is not an age of hero-worship. It is an age of thought and progressive intellectual development, when ideas, not men, dominate the world; words have become things, "and a small drop of ink, now falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;" and, by thinking, act.

Recognizing the predominance of this pervading principle, and absorbed with the conviction of the truth that the author and creator of an idea, is lost in the magnitude of his own creation; to the ripening mind of the student and scholar, there can be no subject of inquiry more useful, than to discover his true ideal, and to cultivate and develop that quality of conduct, which is most potent to insure success in the enterprises and pursuits of life. The pilgrimage of the scholar, is a long and weary one. His earnest duties only begin when they seem to end. While you yet linger within the shadow of this Temple of learning, it is profitable to look out upon the broad ocean of life, upon which you will soon embark; now tossed by the storms of adversity, upheaved with angry billows, and lashed by tempests of sorrow; now seen again, calm and fair as a summer sea, in whose immeasurable depths have been swallowed up some of the proudest crafts that ever ventured the gale; and upon whose wild waste of waters,

some of the frailest vessels, by the display of undaunted courage and heroic perseverance, have been borne in safety through its dangers, upon an even and prosperous tide. In its abyss are buried the wrecks of nearly every genius; while the monuments of man's energy and glory, blaze like stationary beacons, along its foamy pathway. These wrecks are intended for our warning, and these lights for our guide. To traverse this ocean successfully, education is to the scholar his chart and compass, and he must steer for a definite and fixed object; any deviation is against the law of our insurance. ' Every life must have its aim and purpose; and whatever be the object aimed at, it should be pursued steadfastly, with unfaltering gaze, clinging to it, as the mariner of old did fix his steady eye to the North Star, or the direction where the mystic needle now points. It is a well-established fact that there can be neither energy in the volition, nor momentum given to the pursuit of an object, that does not absorb our desires, and enchain our hopes.

The sages of Greece ranked among the most eminent of human virtues, *patience, temperance and fortitude*; and inculcated their observance and practice, as indispensable to man's happiness. These attributes are a comforting and sustaining power to man's nature, but have no propelling activity.

There is resident in the being of every individual endowed with intelligence, a primary and fundamental faculty, which is the secret source of power; as often dormant and untried, as tried by its possessor, and which when duly cultivated and exerted, has effected important results, in turning the fortunes and shaping the destinies of the individual. This prime and potent factor in the development of human aims and greatness, may be defined; energized, concentrated human Will. In other words, it partakes of that attribute of the spirit, called Faith; not that faith which theologians define as the undoubting

and implicit belief in a revealed religion, but a Faith, which springs out of the natural order; that subtle principle, which influences the conduct, and the actions of men in temporal affairs; which is an element of authority, within us, instinct with all the functions of propelling activity, and charged with all the attributes of strong passion and desire; of fortitude and hope; of aspiration and ambition. That Faith, the existence of which, has been signally observed in ages of strong convictions, and among people animated with great sentiments. Faith, which means conviction red-hot. Desire at white-heat; the spirit transcendentalized; that conviction, which is strength, imparting that confidence, which is power. Earnest and intense purpose, exalting the spirit above the material, and giving momentum to the human faculties. Whose vitalizing presence gives the stamp of genius to its possessor, and irradiates with its fervid glow, the object and its pursuer. Faith, which is the medium of high endeavor, whose quickening inspiration hath a revealing power, is magnetic and contagious in its influence; happy in its trials, and triumphant in its consummations; possessing an energy that produces, and capable of exciting a thirst which is never appeased; which impels, and sooner or later, grasps the object to which it aspires. It teaches, and itself obeys, the golden rule, that he who wishes to do much, must hope for still more. Knowledge is its handmaid, and gives play and range to its exercise; for to achieve an object, or attain an end, it is essential to be furnished with means, and endowed with strength consummate with the magnitude of our work, and the importance of our object. It is vain to suppose that great things can be accomplished without prodigious efforts, nor can such efforts be successfully applied, without resources adequate to the occasion. With knowledge in us, and certainty of purpose combined with a strong desire to achieve, we possess all the elements of power. If disappointment overtakes us in our plans, it is because we

have not desired with ardor, nor been animated with sufficient faith. In every age of the world, it has been the grand lever, by which men have been moved to extraordinary achievements. The pages of history are dotted all over, with the marvels which have been wrought, both in peace and in war, by those under its spell. Alexander the Great seized the magic wand; and nerved with ambition for universal conquest, at the head of thirty-five thousand Greeks, he erected his Macedonian trophies upon the banks of the Hyphasis, and performed prodigies of valor, which, to this day, dazzle the reader of ancient history. It illuminated the wisdom of Lycurgus, to foreshadow a polity, which was to render Lacedæmon the law-giver of nations; and, by his genius, crowned her the wisest of cities. Pagan Rome, led by its hand to the Temple of Isis, and there consulting her oracles, believes she is destined to become the Mistress of the World; and from her gates, Empire streamed, and Victory flew with her eagles, from Mount Caucasus to the Euphrates, and from the Pillars of Hercules, to the walls of Antoninus. Christian Rome, fed by the divine flame of the "Renaissance," reweaves the legends of ancient story in forms of God-like art; illuminating the classic dome and life-breathing vault with works by the chisel and the pencil of a "Raphael," and a "Michael Angelo." It struck the electric spark along the chain, which linked Columbus in unshaken conviction of his new discovery; sustained him in his hours of gloom and discouragement; confirmed his wavering belief: was his guiding-star in exploring the trackless deep; until, at length, a New World rose to greet his vision. It was faith in his destiny, that awoke the genius of the great Napoleon, to marshal the veteran hosts with whose armed tramp he shook all Europe, waving the tricolor flag of revolutionary France, over the crumbling thrones of feudal dynasties. It made him the personification of Victory, led on by the Archangel of War.

It was faith that stirred in Pitt the unconquerable will, with spirit never to submit or yield; and lifted him to the highest national emergency, in that stormy and perilous crisis of European affairs; when, heading the mighty coalition organized to bolster the thrones of a continent, and moulding with a statesman's hand the policy of his kingdom, and shouldering its tottering finances; he repelled assaults from without, and extinguished discord within, and conducted to peace and safety, through a long Continental travail the great monarchy of England, whose destinies, for the time, were confided to his keeping.

It was this secret force that nerved the arm, and buoyed the spirit of our own, our immortal Washington, that name which will live as long as "an echo is left in air." Through all the checkered scenes of our colonial strife; the dark and gloomy night at "Valley Forge;" the dismal and perilous passage of the Delaware over fields of tumbling ice; through the battle-cloud that frowned at Monmouth, and the light of freedom that dawned at Yorktown, his faith was to him as "a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." This was the light of Newton's soul, as full and as bright as the planets in their spheres, to whose orbits he gave laws, and whose heavenly motions he regulated, holding in his hands the golden balance of the heavens, which Homer and the Scriptures had ascribed to the Supreme Arbiter; "to whom the comets submitted, and planet attracted planet across the regions of immensity." It fed the midnight lamp of Pascal and of Priestley; and like a glimmering taper far back in the recessed caves of early science, it beckoned Faraday and Humboldt to press on in their momentous investigations. It guided the steps of Professor Maury in his scientific explorations and deep-sea soundings, far down beneath the Capes of Hatteras, where Aeolus and the northern blasts, perpetually chafe their surf-bound barriers.

It aroused Peter the Hermit to go forth, with the red



cross upon his breast, sounding the alarm to the Christian nations, and denouncing vengeance upon the Saracen and the infidel.

It impelled the genius of Franklin to push forward the experiments of the Leyden jar, which revealed to him the electric currents in the clouds, by which he subsidized the subtle and mysterious forces of the air, and made them tributary to the uses of man; while the inventor, Morse, and the cable-founder, Cyrus Field, driven with the speed of the lightning, overleaped the barriers of time and space; chaining in daily communion, Europe with Asia, and Africa with America; dissolving Earth's frontiers, and making the whole earth reflect the genius and the spirit of man. Faith in religion is the realizing of the unseen; the grasping after the infinite. In temporal affairs, it is the crystallizing of a thought or conviction, the object of the idea being unfulfilled, and working with intensity to its completement and realization. That which is sometimes called genius, is no more than faith.

In all estates, both of high and low degree, in all the associations of life, in the humbler pursuits of industry, in the higher walks of the professions; faith in one's purpose is the same test of success in our undertakings. Though it is not allotted to man with his limited capacities, to compass and realize the full measure and excellence of that ideal which he has fashioned to his likening, and to which his aspirations tend; yet, by force of strong will and high resolve, he is frequently lifted up beyond the range and horizon of his natural powers and capabilities. The potency of this principle is most marked in ages of strong convictions, and among people who feel in them, the germ of great sentiments; and at such epochs, when such causes concur, faith may truly be said to work miracles.

Faith is not physiological in its origin, not born out of the flesh. It is not, as stated by an eminent writer, but "a few drops of blood less in the veins, or some irritation

of the liver, or some atoms of phosphorus in the bones." It is spiritual in its essence, idealizing the new birth in man, when his spiritual nature has been educated and cultured to control his corporeal being, subjugating the flesh with all its passions, and making them subservient to his will. By its transcendent energy, infused into the Christian martyr, the laws of nature seemed, at times, to have been suspended and turned aside in their operation, deadening physical pain, and turning the bitterness of death into a happy and glorious release; and wafting the disembodied spirit, by a continuous and infinite ascension to the heaven of heavens, bathed in light eternal. A very distinguished writer originated the following sententious expression, which has in it the germs of practical truth: "Resolve is, perhaps, as sure of its ends as Genius. Genius and Resolve have three grand elements in common, Patience, Hope, Concentration." That thought was true when it was uttered, and is just as true to-day. These three essential elements may be regarded as the concomitants, and the moulders of human destiny. The desire to succeed, the will to achieve, and the hope to accomplish, with faith in the result, are the sure stimuli to man's greatness. Whether in the camp or in the cabinet; in the laboratory or in the forum; in the workshop, in the field of production and labor, or in the counting-room; he who seeks to attain the end of his mission, must feel the fervid force of sincere zeal, be animated by an unalterable purpose, freezing, as it were, to the object pursued.

A will organized and disciplined becomes superior to obstacles; and as lighter bodies gravitate to heavier ones, so will success gravitate to him who is absorbed with his theme or subject. This species of influence partakes of the nature of inspiration; by some it is called magnetism, by others enthusiasm, which has been said to be "the genius of sincerity," and without which Truth wins no victories. In warm, ardent and kindling natures, this force

of conviction manifests itself temperamentally; while in dispositions, contemplative, deep and calm, it moves on without any external display or visible emotion; silently, but not less surely, to the end to which it aspires. I have heard men give expression to their ideas of this force in different definitions. I have heard some say to gain, you must be absorbed; to win, you must have faith; to carry a point, you must be intense. George McDuffie, the renowned orator of South Carolina, was once asked what was oratory? He replied: "Intensity, intensity." Intensity of conviction and feeling excites awe, and an intensity in prayer for a holy object, is, at times, capable of working miracles.

In pondering over the lives of illustrious men, I have noticed that this quality formed a marked feature in many of their careers. It was this that earned for Rufus Choate, the celebrated jurist and advocate of Massachusetts, the distinguished title of "The invincible ruler of the twelve." He transfused his blood and his brains into his cases; and, ignited by the fires of his genius, whose Titanic forges sent forth arguments that crushed down all opposition; conducting his jury up the steep ascent of his wild and impassioned imagination, chaining them in the steel-clad logic of his reasoning, and binding them in the tough and wiry cords of his oratory, he conquered all dissent; made the verdict gravitate to him, and led conviction captive. It was this that enabled William Pinckney, of wide juridical fame, in his day and generation, to ride the whirlwind, and guide the storm of forensic debate. It was this force, impelling his unrivalled genius, that won for O'Connell, the title of Emancipator and Liberator of Ireland.

But human will concentrated upon earthly objects, with all the excellences and capabilities which I ascribe to it, cannot avail, unless the motive of its exertion is founded upon virtue, allied with truth and justice; that virtue, which pleaseth the Mighty Unseen; that truth, of which

the eternal years of God are hers; and that justice, which Aristotle, a philosopher of the ancient school, has said: "to have its seat in the inmost mind, whose influence is the music of the soul, which makes the whole nature of the true man a concert of disciplined affections, a choir of virtues attuned to the most perfect accord among themselves, and falling in with all the mysterious and everlasting harmonies of heaven and earth."

There is an ascendancy which faith gives unto mind over mind; and extending our research beyond the boundaries of science into the regions of speculation, there is a mysterious link strangely connecting us with the things that environ us, a nature influencing and influenced by us; but the hidden and unknown operation of whose laws still locked up with the secrets of the ages, will be revealed in some far, far distant future, when you and I shall have passed away, like the mist before the rising sun.

It is no doubt true that the age in which we live is unfavorable to the display of this quality; nothing well done is ascribed to virtue or faith in the author. Events take place, results are accomplished, and consequences ensue, but the age accepts them as the offspring of chance. This is surely an age of negation and doubt; an age, in which the power of mere intellectual knowledge, is shivered before the brazen audacity of ignoble natures. Principles and truths which have been esteemed cardinal and fundamental almost since the foundation of the world, are now idly questioned, and as flippantly disputed. The forces which have held society together, are subjected to the very severest strain, in the countless radical changes that are daily taking place. Change is in the very air. It is borne upon the winds, and whirled about and around us, like feather heads. Nothing is too sacred to escape its pestilential attraction. Reverence, that distinguishing virtue, the parent of order and morality, the foundation-stone of the family, has ceased to be regarded by the presumptuous

and carping philosophy that prevails. Systems vanish at the breath of change. Institutions, which for ages have defied the storms of ignorance and prejudice, crumble in its path; and creeds that have challenged the sophistry of the sagest writers, recoil before the cant of the empiric, and the biting sneer of the sciolist. Its advocates, with iconoclastic rage, have shattered the idol of man's spiritual life, denying the existence of the soul of man, because it has never yet been reached by the scalpel of the surgeon; while Christianity, which could alone fill the void in the human soul, has been recently pronounced by a celebrated German author, Herr von Friedrich Strauss, as "inadequate to the wants, and unsuitable to the spirit of this age."

To have faith, and feel its inspiration, the mind and judgment must be poised upon certainty. There should be fixity of conception; something must be recognized that is law, and something accepted that is TRUTH. This element or faculty does not inhere in, or operate upon, natures cold, indifferent or doubtful. It cannot assert control over, or inspire minds, that are chiefly speculative in character. The fanciful theory of John Stuart Mill, that two and two might make five as well as four, by a conventional inversion of the order of things, is repugnant to the existence or presence of a living faith; while it revolts against the irrational philosophy of Descartes, who resolved all things upon the principle of universal doubt; whose belief in his own existence, consisted in thinking he existed; his cynical and ludicrous: "*Cogito, ergo sum.*" Darwin's doctrine of evolution, and Tyndall's potency of matter, glimmer in the light of its bright and piercing beams, as the evening star does among the splendid lights of departing day. Such cold and skeptical natures never breathed that divine flame; never felt the "*Deus in nobis.*" And I can best repeat here what another has so beautifully and appropriately said: "They who believe nothing, who treat all the convictions of the soul as illusions, who consider every

noble action as insanity, and look with pity upon the warm imagination, and tender sensibility of genius; such hearts will never achieve anything great or generous; they have faith only in matter and in death, and they are already as insensible as the one, and cold and icy as the other."

Faith must exclude all dubiety, this is in the very nature of its essence. Watt never doubted when prosecuting his discovery of steam, which, starting with the simple revelation of its first development, has since revolutionized the whole globe. Fulton never doubted when pushing on his inventions, to put this subtle, mighty power into application. Edison, to-day, in his raptures of the new light that is to illumine the world by night, as the sun does by day, never has doubted the feasibility and success of his system. In fine, no benefactor of mankind, who has ever impressed his works upon the age, was not animated by a constant and abiding faith in the solemnity and usefulness of his undertaking. This was the faith, that in an age of superstition, ascribed to Ossian and his sublime poems the power to rend the rocks asunder; and found an allegory in the fable of Orpheus with his lute, soothing the savage breast, and lulling to slumber the tribes of the forest. It must not be taken for granted that the genius of energy and resolve, without adequate preparation and means commensurate with the ideal of each one's attainment, can accomplish much. It is as true as Holy Writ, that "Faith alone, without good works, availeth but little." The work and preparation that should precede every important work, tax as much as the work itself, of that supreme energy and will, necessary to be employed in the pursuit of the ultimate end of our ambition and achievement. Man must be equipped with resources for the engagement. The tools of trade and the instruments of labor are indispensable. The vineyard will not flourish without the watchful care of the vine-dresser; nor will earth yield her fruits in abundance out of her ample stores, without the toil of the cul-

tivator. He who would reap, must sow; and he who gathereth successfully, will watch for the first dawn of light as it rises in the east, and wending homeward at evening, his weary way, follow its departing rays in the track of the setting sun.

The merchant cannot send forth his argosies, freighted to distant lands, nor bring them back laden with the rich exchanges of foreign climes, unless he keeps nightly vigils oft and long, at the desk of the counting-room; and grows in wisdom with experience of business, and the acquirement of that special knowledge, which will enable him to touch the secret springs of commerce; and as if, by intuition, apply to his own ends the laws of trade. The author, who would aspire to be ranked among the great of old

"The dead, but sceptred sovereigns,
Who still rule our spirits from their urns,"

must live in profound thought, and contemplation rapt; and the student who would carry off the academic prize, or honorably earn his degrees on commencement day, must patiently labor, while he resolves to achieve, in climbing the steep ascent, which leads to "Fame's proud temple afar."

It is idle to imagine that everything we wish for, or will to attain beyond our capacity, we shall acquire. The task must be equal to our strength, the burden to our ability to bear; and our resources adequate for the work; and our preparation commensurate with its importance. It is very good advice for him who wishes to reach high, that he should aim for the stars; but thousands, looking beyond their horizon, faint upon the road-side, and are overcome from exhaustion, and inability to accomplish the task they have assumed. It would be absurd for a tyro in law to fancy his ability, and undertake a treatise like Bacon's "Novum Organum," or his "De Augmentis;" or, for the empiric in medicine, to grapple with the higher and hid-

den mysteries of the healing art. Each one in his allotted sphere must single out some avocation or pursuit to which his training and capacity adapt him, and taking in fresh inspiration with unflagging zeal, move on, and

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

This faith, or divine energy, is the infallible secret of success; St. Edmund of Canterbury has given voice to it, in the sententious period:

"We should work, as if we were to live always; and live, as if we were to die to-day."

When Cicero, in the Senate House, shook from the folds of his mantle, oracles, which sealed the fate of nations, he was accustomed to exclaim: "To-day I spoke with a divine power." It was the burning flame of this necromantic power, which breathed from the lips of Demosthenes; wielded at will the fierce democracy; fulminated over Greece; and shook Artaxerxes' throne. It is this that has put into the hands of the money-kings, the keys to unlock the hidden treasures of earth.

And when we look around us, upon every hand, and stretch our gaze across the broad expanse of our national domain, extending from ocean to ocean, and from the frozen regions of Alaska to the sands of the equator; and view the marvels which have been wrought in a comparatively short period of time; we are enabled to realize the vast results of that power, wielded by a firmly and properly directed will, which has empowered man by conquest, as well as by the arts of peace and industry, to transform the face of this Western Hemisphere; open up the pathways of a new empire in the West; while the decaying nations of the Old World are passing away; and dot with all the acquisitions of wealth, and of power, every milestone, along the highway of our advancing, American civilization. And as grand as have been the triumphs of

man's faith and energy, upon this broad theatre of universal liberty and equality; multiplying at the end of each decade our mighty and progressive populations; and developing the fabulous and untold resources of the continent; until the centuries of the past stand aghast in beholding the astounding spread, which has been made by this new civilization; it is comparatively in the infancy of its growth, and has compassed as yet, but little or a fraction, of that grander destiny which awaits the nations of the West.

"Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plough
Of progress, that will make them bloom a hundred years from now."

It is well and profitable for the student, at times, to pause, and contemplate the changes that have been brought about, and are daily taking place around him. These mutations in everything that is human, with ever-varying vicissitudes as to time and fortune, open the veins of a deep and serious philosophy, to the calm thinker, and reflective observer of human affairs. Standing here to-day, where I stood a little more than thirty years ago, with the same sky hanging over my head, and the same green grass waving at my feet; with a few familiar faces of old reminding me of many happy days never to return; I feel absorbed in wonder at the miracles of improvement, that have been wrought, presenting a picture of landscape and scenery so different now to the view, that I feel myself almost lost in the mazes of a strange confusion. It appears as if a new world has risen up as if by magic, spreading its charms and enchantments around me. The silent Bronx, which then stole its noiseless way through entangled forests and vacant hillsides, to join the larger tributaries, which empty their waters into the sea; its banks now fringed with the fresh verdure of the first fruits of the husbandman, are now vocal with the hum of human industry, and peaceful, happy habitations adorn it on every side. The same old elms still rear their towering heads on yonder broad and beautiful

avenue; but their waving branches are now more often swept by the thundering rush of the ceaseless lightning-trains, than as of old by the surge of the tempest, or the wail of the winds. The great city, whose mighty heart-beat, we then felt throb from the distance, in the quiet seclusion of this academic grove, has since thrown her arms out and enveloped you in her embrace; and the rustic scenery of the past has given place to the shifting panorama of stirring, busy, active life. The temples of art and of domestic comfort have sprung up on every hand; and the wild-flower which drew in with the coming of the autumn blast, has been supplanted by the exotic of modern culture. Commerce, which had her throne and seat for centuries, upon the shores of the Ægean and Mediterranean, having disappeared before the new light of modern progress, has found its cradle upon the shores of the Atlantic. It would seem as if the human race had taken a new start from this great modern centre, when we view the prodigies of change that the energy and enterprise, the pluck and perseverance of man have been able to achieve, in the lapse of a little more than a quarter of a century; in distinguishing for its grandeur and power the mighty metropolis; which, over-leaping all intervening barriers, surmounting obstacles, crossing rivers and streams, its natural boundaries, with arms reaching out like Briarius, radiates to an ever-widening and extending circumference. The Press, which daily heaves with the burden of thought of the toiling millions, spreading upon its wings the broadening light of intelligence, has grown to be the grand motor in the progressive civilization of our age. Seventy thousand miles of railway, girding and clasping in the iron bands of commerce, thirty-eight distinct and independent States, have their foci and their centres here; and what this Imperial Gotham is destined to become, with the appliances of new discoveries and inventions, it cannot enter into the wildest imaginings of man to conjecture. And all this vast accumulation of

achievement and of progress, the result of so much of that consuming fire, the will, the energy, and the spirit of individual man, conglomerated into a mass; it will be your duty, as you pass from the groves of the academy and enter on the threshold of active life, to conserve and to promote. To preserve the truth, and defend the right, and promote the happiness and welfare of men and nations, the great and solemn duty must, at last, fall upon the young; who, by constitution, are fitted to bear the burden and assume the responsibilities. It is in young souls just fresh from the Divine mould that faith is more readily kindled—that faith, which is the motive to high endeavor, and the fashioner of true greatness. Only those who toil, can comprehend the true significance of the philosophy of existence. Ascend the heights of learning with indefatigable strife, and the eminence will finally be reached, from which you will behold the glories of new cities and kingdoms, rivalling the splendors of the revelation described by John in his Apocalypse. Shakespeare, the great interpreter of the human heart, touched a chord that will vibrate forever, when he put into the mouth of Cassius addressing Brutus:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

"*Vouloir c'est pouvoir*" is the old French proverb, that we cannot too sedulously appropriate, in order to attain that nobler and purer condition of life, which is the aim and end of our development.

Will, was the power by which Thomas of Aquinas spread the truths of the Gospel, over the world.

Take unto yourselves these maxims of celestial odor; which, in your hours of solitude, will pass before your vision, like the light through the stained-glass window of some Gothic cathedral, when traversed by the beams of the rising or setting sun.

Let each one clothe himself in the strong armor of Faith; imbue himself with the quickening spirit of determined purpose and energy; fortify himself with hope and confidence; select wisely the way he shall walk; and never doubting, ever aiming at the one object of your ambition, the most timid need not despair, of one day being classed among "the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die." You, who have now completed the college course, and been decked with the priceless wreath of academic honor to-day; your country will demand your enlistment in some one of the manifold fields of labor and activity. In the chapter of human possibilities, it may be the lot of some one of you to take the helm and guide the ship of state, or to frame its laws of government, or to expound, or to execute them. But, descending from this elevation, no matter in what sphere of life you may be placed; or whatever pursuit, however humble, you may undertake; bear in mind the lesson of that text of the Bard of Avon, which should be written upon the shield of all. "Be just, and fear not; let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

And if difficulty ever cross the path of your career, or dangers encompass you, or false delights allure you; carry with you, and ever rehearse the sweet strains of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life:"

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Find us farther than to-day.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

SPEECH
ACCEPTING THE RENOMINATION TO CONGRESS.
AUGUST 3D, 1880.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:—I return you my most sincere acknowledgments for the honor you have done me, as the appointed organ of the Democracy, in selecting me as its candidate for representative, from the Second Congressional District, to the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States. I value this renewed manifestation of your favor and confidence, and cherish it, especially, as a testimony of your approbation of my past course and conduct, in the office to which the people were pleased to elevate me.

Four years have passed since you first signified your pleasure and choice, that I should represent this district; and, though your will was frustrated in the first effort, your repeated declaration of your purpose in 1878 was crowned with success. I do not apprehend that we shall have any greater difficulties to overcome in the pending contest, than those we conquered in 1878. We certainly should not; and if the enemies of our country's peace, its social order, and enlightened civilization; should, in their reckless audacity, and the unblushing corruption, which characterized their conduct in the past; confront us with more serious obstacles, or seek to put in danger the peace, which we so dearly won, by a recovery of their ill-gotten, and fatally abused, power; these dangers must be averted, and these difficulties shall be overcome. We are entitled to speak out our will, with no uncertain sound and meaning. The issues are the same now, as far as our State is concerned, as they were in 1876 and '78; and the crisis is fraught with as much that is dear to the rights and liber-

ties of our people. We should not underrate the strength of our adversary, nor overestimate our own; but, with a consciousness of the infinite benefits and blessings, which have accrued from the change in the administration of our affairs, we should swear that our institutions shall not be again exposed to similar evils and perils, and move firmly and resolutely on to victory.

We shall occupy no middle ground, but plant our Democratic standards upon the outer wall, and at any and every sacrifice stand by them, and uphold them to the last. I flatter myself that I have some right to speak in no unmeasured terms of the aims and purposes of our party; when I think of the dangers we have passed through, the awful sacrifices we have made, and the generous return for evils which we have made visible, in the manifest advantages that have been gained since our advent to power. Virtue has triumphed over vice and corruption; honesty over dishonesty and rapacity in our government; and peace reigns throughout our borders. Without distinction as to race, color or previous condition of servitude, our whole people have been lifted from the slough of material and political despond to the enjoyment of a new life, and the indulgence of brighter hope for the future. Crime has abated; taxation been lessened; industry encouraged; education promoted and advanced; the estate of the colored man been bettered; offices have been exercised as a trust for the welfare of our inhabitants, and not for political spoils or plunder; and we have successfully given the lie to every accusation, which has been brought against us by our enemies. We have only to point to our achievements in every department of our State, since we were invested with power, for our entire vindication. In the national councils, we have taught the public, lessons in economy and reform; have aimed and worked to restore the Constitution of our country to its proper orbit; and have borne with becoming fortitude and patience, the taunts and sneers



of malefactors, in order that our reunited Republic, as it was designed by its founders, might live, and flourish, and prosper.

If a long train of abuses in the national administration, culminating in the rape of the Presidency in 1876—that monumental crime of the nineteenth century—should work a forfeiture of power and office; we have the right to exact a complete abdication, and surrender, from those who have basely prostituted their trusts; and been false and inimical to the interests of the people.

On the 4th of March, 1875, the Democratic party, which had been triumphant at the polls in the fall preceding, entered into control of the House of Representatives. They were confronted with a national debt of over two thousand millions of dollars—extravagance and corruption had honeycombed every department of the government—our currency was depreciated—the annual tribute levied and wrung from the sweat of the people, exceeded four hundred millions of dollars. The interest charged on the public debt for each year, surpassed by thirty-five millions that upon the public debt of Great Britain which had been accumulating for over two centuries, the results of the most costly European wars, which for years had deluged the Continent in blood. Our commercial marine had dwindled, and was still fast decaying; and our flag, which prior to 1850, floated upon every sea, had been almost entirely swept from the ocean. Our harbors were nearly shipless, and our marts empty. A greedy and unscrupulous lobby swarmed about the corridors of the Capitol, reeking with the stench of Credit Mobilier and other iniquities, while corruption held high carnival within the precincts of the Senate and House. The records of the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress, will show that after one year's control of the Lower House by the Democracy, the expenditures of the government were cut down over forty-five millions of dollars. The pruning-knife of retrenchment

was applied with a vengeance to all exorbitances and expenses; and the whole country felt the wonderful effects of the change. And, notwithstanding, that our population had increased in numbers over five millions from 1870 up to that time; our industries been enlarged and diversified; and the demand for material improvements have been constantly increasing as our resources became developed; and our empire advanced, by virtue of the Democratic tenure of the House, which, by the Constitution, was charged with the origination of all bills of the revenue, as well as of appropriations; there has been a constant annual saving to the people, of an average of twenty-seven millions of dollars, aggregating one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, during the five years of Democratic ascendancy in the lower chamber. Between 1860 and 1875 over two hundred and ninety-six millions of acres of the public domain—more than one-fourth of the whole cultivable area which should have been preserved and dedicated, as homesteads for the people, had been voted away, and parcelled out among greedy corporations; and, in addition, over two hundred and sixteen millions of dollars had been given in subsidy to these insatiable cormorants. That was the picture, then held up to the gaze of a suffering people; while in certain districts, a half-starving populace were clamoring for bread, and organizing and executing fearful strikes for more and higher labor, and for food.

On the 4th of March, 1879, the American Senate opened with a Democratic majority; and for the first time in twenty years, the Democracy had control of the legislative department of the government. And the history of these two years has falsified all the worst predictions of our enemies; they have been baffled in their hopes that the career of the Democracy in the halls of Congress, would be *mal-à-droit*, and would inspire the country with fear and alarm over their deliberations. The Capitol, thank God, is to-day under the ægis of the Democracy, the citadel of

American freedom. From her gates, empire and peace now stream, and the humblest citizen in the land, may move on in the wake of our power, to higher rewards for his industry; to a better and more well-founded assurance of his rights and liberties; and to a higher appreciation of the power and the glory of the Republic. A capricious and wanton exercise, by a fraudulent President, of the veto power, designed to take away from the people's representatives their rights and privileges to redress grievances and remove obnoxious laws; has been met by patient submission to the wrong, waiting for time to correct the disorder, and convince the authors of this undemocratic usurpation of the error of their cunning, and the mistake of their calculation. This unusual attempt to override the enactments of the people's representatives has already recoiled, and will add to the contumely, which will accompany in his retirement, the outgoing Executive. I am a member of the Forty-sixth Congress, and I say it without any vain boasting, that they have foiled the enemy at his own game, and have circumvented him in his own toils. If the Forty-sixth Congress should accomplish no more than the repeal of the odious jurors' test oath; by that act it has added another fragrant chapter to history, and the verdict of posterity will immortalize it. It was a running sore upon the statute-book, of which all good and just men were ashamed. Its authors, with a dark lantern, had gone down into the caves of mediæval persecution to rake it up from the rubbish of centuries, and present it in all its hideous deformity to an indignant people, under the calcium light of the present age, in the grand epoch of American liberty and progress.

I realize how indelicate it is to refer to my past in the acts of a Congress of which, by your good will, I was a member. It shall only be by contrast, that I shall touch upon it.

In the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses,

wherein our party had no representation from this State, examine and see what the representatives of our State accomplished for us then. While our sister State, Georgia, in one session of the Forty-fourth Congress, had appropriated, for public works of improvement over \$150,000; the pitiful sum of \$5,000 was doled out to South Carolina, with an Atlantic front wider than any State from Narragansett Bay to the Gulf; and with rivers, which, for centuries, have rolled their floods to the ocean, as broad as any east of the Mississippi. It has only been recently that the hand of public improvement has been reached out to us; and it is to the credit of our senators, and the delegation in Congress, that we were able to obtain of appropriations during the last session, the sum of \$226,000 for the improvement of our rivers, and of Charleston harbor.

We have outlived the age of poetry, and the practical realities of life are what should now engage and concern us. We have too long clung to our idols of political faith, and rejected the fostering hand of a paternal government. Our necessities have awakened us to their importance, and our material development demands that we should insist upon our proper distributive share of the public revenue for the building up of our commerce, and the development of our still hidden and manifold resources. In the discharge of my public duty, I have endeavored to serve my whole people as well as I might; and I have not considered for a moment the political complexion of any one of my constituents, in responding to any demand made upon me in the proper line of my duty. To this course I shall continue to adhere, believing that in the course of time, many who now differ with me in politics, will agree with me in subordinating their political predilections, for their own material welfare and benefit.

Each returning year brings fresh gains for our party; and success to a party, with a proper and beneficial use of it, makes more converts than a thousand homilies.

The last, and crowning success of 1880 will complete the course of the wave of moral and governmental reaction which set in, in 1874; and which, upon its flood I firmly and confidently believe, will carry into the White House, on the 4th of March, 1881, our unstained, unblemished, and intrepid leader, Winfield Scott Hancock.

The clock is moving to the hour. Returning justice is upon the ascending scale. We cannot fail—we must not fail—we shall not fail. Our candidate is, to-day, the pillar of a people's hope—the centre of the world's attention. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, across the Sierras, the Rockies, and the Alleghanies, we hear the head of a nation in motion, keeping time to the music of the Union. It only remains for us now, each and every one, to do his duty—rivet the joints in your armor, close up your ranks—rally and dress upon the centre, where Hancock leads with our national ensign aloft and in the van; and strike home for our glorious Union, and for dear, old South Carolina.

SPEECH
DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING WELCOMING
SENATOR BAYARD. COLUMBIA, S. C.
SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1880.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I enter with you, with all my heart, into the spirit of this great occasion, graced by the presence of Delaware's great statesman, and defender of our Constitution in the darkest hours of our history; to whom South Carolina shall ever feel most grateful, and whose name and fame she will forever reverence. South Carolina has sent up to her capital, the best of her yeomanry, supported by the invincible Democracy of her metropolis, to ratify the nominations of the great Democratic party of the Union; and to herald the advent of a constitutional President, the dawn of a new era in our Republic, and the inauguration of a long-desired change in the administration of our national affairs.

The seal of the nation's approbation, evidenced by the loud acclaim of a free people, which has gone up from every quarter of our republic, has been already stamped upon the choice of the leaders of the national ticket; and a patriotic and anxious population, are awaiting the 2d of November, to crown it with their emphatic verdict. To no people—to no State throughout the broad domain of our republic—would a change in the Executive administration of the government, be more welcome, than to South Carolina, the long down-trodden and oppressed, widowed sister of her co-equal sovereigns. This change, which has been at the root of the sentiment of the American people for years, and which was partially accomplished when the Democrats secured control of the two Houses of Congress,

will not be consummated until the party, which now holds the White House by fraud and conspiracy, capitulates; and turns over, to a lawfully elected President, what of right, he is entitled to; when, again, under the blessings of our free institutions, we shall enjoy the inheritance, which was transmitted to us as freemen. When Hancock shall succeed Hayes, as he surely will, right and justice will resume their sway in the capital.

Five times consecutively in six years have the American people, through the ballot-box, evinced their purpose for a thorough change in our governmental policy and machinery. In 1874, by a tidal wave in politics, they supplanted a Republican with a Democratic House, with a roll of 72 majority. In 1876, notwithstanding that the election machinery of a large majority of the States, was in the hands of the Republican party, the triumph of 1874 was repeated at the polls in the national election. The victory won by the ballot in 1876, should have scored us two changes in the result. We retained control of the House, and we fairly won the Presidency, and you all know how we were cheated out of the latter. In 1878, the people, animated with the love of liberty, prepared for a fresh struggle, and again their efforts resulted in the election of a Democratic House, with changes in the State Legislatures; which, on the 4th of March, 1879, secured us an impregnable Democratic Senate.

I repeat it, then, five times have the people registered at the polls, that a large majority of the masses were Democrats, and declared their will that the government, in all of its departments, should be administered by Democrats; while, by the revolutionary proceedings of the party in power, they have been shamefully deprived of the most important fruit of their change. You well remember how their choice of a Chief Magistrate in 1876, was criminally subverted; the franchises of over three millions of voters, trampled under foot; and the most stupendous crime of

modern times, uncondoned, still stares us in the face unrighted, and unavenged. But the day and the hour of a nation's retribution is close at hand. It is the best proof of the peaceful and hard consistency, and durability of our system, that the suppressed wrath of an overreached and outdone people, did not explode and shatter our entire fabric into atoms. McMahon, the Marshal President, with five hundred thousand French soldiers at his back, dared not defy the will of the French Assembly, but quietly stepped down and out, in obedience to public opinion. Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, dared not resist the public opinion of England, which decreed that Disraeli should retire and give place to Gladstone, the hated rival, whom the people ordered to the fore; and, in spite of the Queen's dislikes, and her aversion to his methods and policy, Gladstone is Premier of England to-day.

England is a monarchy; France, a republic but of yesterday; but, nevertheless, they set an example in the cause of popular rights, and in defense of the public will, that should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the fraudulent rulers of our republic. Public opinion has thus proved stronger under the monarchy of Great Britain, and the infant republic of France, than under the great and typical republic of the West. And what does this defiance of the popular will under the masks and disguises of fraud and treachery, as infamous as they are unparalleled, mean? It means, if the people are ready to submit; the subversion of our system of free government, and the establishment of imperialism upon its ruins. It means, while leaving us the form and name of a republic, substantially to strike our system from the roll of States; supplanting the free expression of the popular will, by the enforced sway of a corrupt and tyrannical oligarchy; a mammoth nondescript ring, to designate it by the familiar term now in use.

Remember, my countrymen, how Rome went down, when in the zenith of her power; when her arms and her

arts extended over every portion of the Eastern continent, and the monarchy of mighty kingdoms were dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; corruption crept in, and sharpening party animosity, she rapidly fell a prey to dissolution.

Huge corporations, combining with the immensely rich, have evil designs upon the republic; and they have intrenched themselves within the lines of the Republican party, to carry out their unholy and partisan ambition. Do I exaggerate the danger? Have you not witnessed to your sorrow and humiliation, a disgraceful cabal, with its centre in the capital, headed by the notorious Zach Chandler, who has been lately, suddenly summoned to his final account, wrench the Presidency from the people? Have you not seen a seat in the Senate bought with the gold of Nevada? Have you not heard of two of our greatest commonwealths being owned by two families, the Camerons in Pennsylvania, and Conkling in New York? Have you not heard of Jay Gould, controlling thousands of miles of railway, holding the ear of a Republican President, and, by corrupt artifices, tempting him to lead the country to the very verge of national bankruptcy? If these excesses, which have cropped out, and been compassed in the green tree of our existence, are not checked, what may we not expect in the dry?

It requires but a bold and vigorous assertion of our united manhood, to uphold our Republic, in the integrity, with which it was handed down to us by our fathers; and we should all swear with the accents of the immortal Andrew Jackson: "Our Union," our republic, "must and shall be preserved."

If wealth abounds, and material prosperity has become indigenous to all our people, these blessings are not to be ascribed to the pseudo-beneficent sway of the Republican party. As long as that party held complete control over every department of the government, our commercial,

manufacturing, and agricultural industries wilted, as under the shade of the deadly upas tree. Whatever accretion has taken place in our population; whatsoever increase has been developed in our products and manufactures, the credit is not due to services or measures of the Republican party; but to the irresistible impulse of our people, which, in spite of evil influences, has made its impression, and achieved its results. A great man has said that the test of good or bad government in America, could not be decided by the real, or apparent progress of our people; for we were so situated, so elastic, and resilient in our habits and inclinations, and in our efforts; that we were bound to move forward, in spite of all the adjuncts and dead weights of misgovernment, and maladministration. But let us contrast our present condition, with what it was when the Republican party controlled all the departments of the government.

Take into consideration, that our exports and imports for the year just closed amounted to \$1,500,000,000; one-third more than they ever reached, when the Republican party controlled both branches of the legislative department of the government. The balance of trade, which steadily ran against us from 1861 down to 1876, recovered in our favor; and for over three years last past, under the economy and retrenchment forced by Democratic legislation, we have had a drawback from Europe of over \$600,000,000 in coin or bonds, to make good the balance in our favor of our exports over our imports. And while speaking of our foreign trade, let us bear in mind the fact, that nearly one-half of all our exports, has been raised, in and by the South. Statisticians have valued the last ten cotton crops of the South at \$3,000,000,000; and, at least, two-thirds of this quantity and sum have been exported, which means that our whole country, the American people, have received two thousand millions of dollars in gold, equivalent to our national debt, from Europe.

And now let us see under what governments, the most of these marvellous products have been realized, and examine the tables made out to verify them. The government statistics show us, that the cotton produced in the Southern States in 1866, '67, '68, '69, when the carpet-bagger ruled over us, amounted to four hundred and seventy million dollars; while in the years 1876, '77, '78, '79, under Democratic rule, it amounted to over nine hundred and fifty million dollars, an increase of over 100 per cent.; adding to the national wealth in four years, from one cotton crop alone, five hundred millions of dollars; and that is the difference exhibited, in one item, between Democratic and Republican rule in the South. I do not ask you to believe me unsupported, but take any Republican almanac, and you will find that of the \$3,000,000,000 of agricultural exports between 1865 and 1871, the products of the South alone amounted to \$1,546,000,000; and when we reflect that before the war our cotton crop, which hardly reached, if it ever exceeded, three millions of bales, we have the promise of a yield, from our past year's crop, of nearly six millions of bales; and this stimulus to active and improved labor, this prodigious increase in our production, this enhancement of the wealth of the entire country, with the multiplication of the blessings resulting from honest toil, is the result of the political change, which has taken place in the South, and the ascendancy of the Democratic party in our politics.

The annals of history afford no higher testimony of the mischievous effects that may be wrought upon a people, by reckless and unprincipled administration of public affairs; and these facts will point unerringly, to the vicious and radical error of the Republican rule, which, for ten years, was fastened by bayonets upon the South. But as much as the South has recovered from the deep, incised wounds, which drew her fresh life blood for so many years; and as much as she has been able to swell the

national wealth, and contribute to the general prosperity; there will be still more in store of benefit and advantage for the South, and in furtherance of the development of the interests of the entire country, when we shall have righted the ship of state; put her upon an even keel in the track of the Constitution; and shall have taken the helm from our adversaries, and placed it in the hands of the great Union commander, the distinguished chieftain, and soldier statesman, Winfield Scott Hancock. While his competitor and rival for the Chief Magistracy of the republic, is making junketing tours around the country, and amusing his hearers with platitudes about the party, and the achievements of the Republican party; he remains quietly at his post, upon Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, in the faithful discharge of his official duties; but on the 4th of March, next, a cheated and outraged people will rise up, and with the shouts of victory of November next, ringing in their ears, bear him up in triumph to his appointed station as President of these United States. If there are results of important magnitude, to be gained for the Union, by the national triumph of our party at the polls in November; there is still more that is of value to be gained for our own people, and our long-plundered and much-abused State. No one can look back upon the carpet-bag era, when all decency was set aside, and vulgar license kept up its saturnalia of crime in our midst, without a sense of shame, and without a shudder; and the bare idea of a return to so loathsome and disgusting a domination, sends a shiver through the blood in our veins. The forbearance of this people, in the hour of their victory, is without a parallel. The malefactors, who with their lusts and orgies, their spoliations and sacrileges, made a pandemonium of yonder capitol; when courtesans strutted its halls, with jewelled pendants in their ears, glistening with the tears of a plundered people; and left this beautiful city traced with the ravages of their impious

hands, and dark with the desolation which they left behind; should never have raised their guilty heads again in a civilized community, and dared to regain their beastly and licentious control. If a band of Barbary pirates had landed upon our coasts, and, penetrating the State, had infested it with their crimes and enormities, they could not have done worse, or made havoc more dire and complete. Far worse, and more criminal than the miscreants, who pulled down the column in the "Place Vendôme," and deluged in blood the squares of France; they should have met a similar fate, with the rabble of the maddened Commune, for they surely deserved no better. But they have been tolerated, and permitted to remain, criminals of the worst class, in our midst; and now they dare to raise their heads, intoxicated with an insatiate thirst for plunder, with their allies congregated from the abysses of hell; and, by the aid of an unholy alliance at the North, to usurp the places of power from whence they were cast out; break down, and desecrate our household gods, and introduce chaos and anarchy where peace, accompanied with all the elements of recuperation and repose, now reign. Such a fate cannot await us! It must not be! It shall not be! Rather sacrifice ourselves upon the sepulchres of our fathers, sooner than to endure and see again all their glory dishonored in the chains of infamy, forged by guilty tyrants for their country, the country of heroic deeds; for their mother—the mother of genius and of sorrow.

My countrymen, what you have rescued, at the cost of so much of treasure and of sacrifice—your peace, your prosperity, and happiness—let it not, I adjure you, pass away from you.

If the enemy should again besiege you, let the cry of your Anglo-Saxon sires again go forth: "Up, ye men of Essex and Sussex, and let slip the dogs of war." God grant that those who seek to overthrow our social order, and threaten with a total eclipse our whole civilization,

and to bring unrest where peace and contentment among all classes now reign, may be stayed in their unholy purpose; and when the hour comes, that we shall have to defend the principles so dear to us, the homes so sacred to us, the peace so indispensable, to the welfare of our whole people; let us swear, one and all, to "strike for our altars and our fires, for God and our native land." I will not conclude with the closing words of Mark Antony's address over the dead body of Julius Cæsar: "Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt!" but let the ball, which you have this day set in motion, with a mighty heave roll on and on, till it reaches the hill of victory.

SPEECH
DELIVERED AT A MASS MEETING, CHARLESTON,
S.C. OCTOBER 26TH, 1880.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON:—In a few days hence, you will be called upon to exercise the highest prerogative of American citizenship; to choose a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and a Governor and representatives, who shall guard the fortunes, and liberties, and guide the destinies of your Commonwealth.

No higher and more solemn issue could engage us, and none more pregnant either of weal or woe to a people. To the great arbitrament of the people, the issue will be submitted, and their verdict at the ballot-box on the 2d of November, will be final and decisive.

This is not the time, nor the occasion to elaborate details, or enforce with argument the claims of the two opposing parties. The ground of discussion has already been covered, and it only remains to sum up the case, and give it to the people for their determination.

Two antagonistic systems or plans of government confront each other. Two hostile forces are at work in the Union, and this election will give prominence and perpetuity to one or the other. These conflicting elements, may be resolved into centralization upon the one hand, and decentralization upon the other. An imperialized, consolidated form of government, with the States shorn of their dignity, and reduced in their entities and standing, in their relation to the Union, as a county would be to a State; or a government by the people of the States, through the States, in which would be bound up an indissoluble union of indestructible States; revolving each within the

constitutional orbit, and resting upon that clause of the Constitution, which provides that all powers not delegated to the General Government, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively. As between these two theories, we have long ago made our choice. The Democratic creed has been our faith, and that of our fathers since the days of Jefferson down. Under the banners of the Democracy, the great empire of wealth which we now inherit, was opened up to us, and our posterity. It was under Jefferson, the Louisiana purchase was made, by which we secured our boundless, northwest domain, for eleven millions of dollars, only twice the amount we recently paid England, under the Halifax fishery award.

It was under Polk, that Texas was annexed to the Union, an empire in herself; and New Mexico, and California were ceded to us, as a war indemnity; from whose prolific bosom has been poured into our laps, a wealth that outvies the fabled wealth of Golconda and Peru; and contrast this with Seward's purchase of the ice-bound regions of Alaska, at a cost of \$7,500,000.

Under the banners of the Democracy, the rights of an American citizen, have been held sacred, over every part of the civilized globe; and the ports of her battle-ships have been opened in foreign waters to insure protection to a naturalized citizen, under the ægis of the Democracy; and as long as it was dominant at Washington, our flag, which has been since driven from the ocean, floated upon every sea, borne by our American marine. Under the policy of the Democracy, the rights of labor have been protected, industry stimulated and encouraged; and her banner, accepted as the symbol of the free, has afforded shelter to millions of the oppressed of other lands, who have taken refuge on our shores.

It has been due to the hospitable course of the Democratic party, that our population has been nearly doubled

by immigration in the past three decades, and that nearly one million will be added to our numbers during the present year.

By Democratic husbandry of our resources, and economy of public expenditure, it has been that our resources, mineral, agricultural, and commercial, have been quadrupled; cities risen like magic in the far-distant West; and the iron horse dashes with lightning speed, over 80,000 miles of railway across our continent. It has been by Democratic retrenchment, that our public debt has been reduced; the balance of trade with Europe changed in our favor; money made more abundant and cheaper; and the standard of our National currency rendered equivalent to gold. It is only by adherence to sound Democratic doctrine, that the industrial rights of the citizen can be maintained, and our institutions preserved in their purity and vigor.

And now let us look to the other side. We charge and arraign the Republican party for a profligate waste of the public funds in a time of profound peace; exacting the enormous tribute of \$3,500,000,000 during the eight years of President Grant's two terms, and recklessly squandering a large proportion of the same, among guilty and licentious officials.

We impeach them of high crimes and misdemeanors, especially during the last term of General Grant, the shocking scandals of which, involving a Cabinet officer and his private secretary, Babcock and Belknap, will be remembered only to be execrated.

We indict them for frauds in every department of the government. Frauds in the government of the District of Columbia—in the public buildings; frauds in the army, in the navy, in the interior, in the post-office, in the treasury, in the departments of State, and of justice, in the pension bureau, in the Indian bureau, in the custom-houses, even in the headstones that mark the spot where the Union soldier sleeps; and, last, and meanest of all, frauds in the

Freedman's Bank, whereby, the poor, ignorant ward of the nation, was remorselessly plundered of his sweat-stained earnings.

We condemn them for upholding carpet-bag governments in nine impoverished States, adding, in seven years, to their indebtedness, the enormous sum of \$175,000,000; and turning over the Legislature of our own State, to a gang of ruffians and gladiators, whose mockery of administration would have provoked laughter, had not their oppressions outraged civilization.

The sanctity of legislative bodies they trampled down by armed soldiers, and stabbed Liberty to the heart, by the perpetration of acts, which Imperial Rome never dared to do; by sounding the *réveille* for a military garrison, placed in guard over a State House, to exclude the lawfully elected representatives of the people. We hold them responsible, for having permitted excesses to be done in this State, which threatened a total eclipse of all order and civilization. They entered into the Ark of the Covenant, and, with polluted hands, defiled its shrine, committing treason by bribery, forgery and perjury, and stealing the Presidency in the face of a popular majority of over 300,000 votes; and we denounce them, as, even now, trying to tear open the healed wounds of the war, and array section against section—their aim being to perpetuate their power, that they may conceal their crimes, gloat in plunder, and drag the Government to centralization and imperialism.

That's the bill of indictment, and every count in it is true. Do you want any further reason, why this party should not be entrusted with power longer? Do you not realize that a continuance of this domination will endanger the liberties of America?

Do you not know from your past experience, that, if that rascally crew should ever get control of our ship of State again, she will be sunk in the bottomless ocean of anarchy? Are you going to lie idly upon your backs,

while these guilty miscreants are abroad, with their beaks whetted for another dish of public plunder? Are you going to let it be said to our dishonor, and that of our sires, that we had the constancy and fortitude to rescue our civilization in the darkest hour of our history, but not the perseverance and energy to hold it, after having redeemed it? I trust not—I am sure not. The stake is too great; the vantage ground which we occupy upon the bed rock of a sound and honest State government, we cannot, we never shall abandon. Awake then, my countrymen! Arise, or be forever fallen!

Let not despondency nor doubt weaken your resolve! What, though Indiana and Ohio went Republican on the 12th, we can spare them; the enemy cannot. The Empire State, our immense line-of-battle ship, has yet to swing into line; and when her broadsides thunder on the 2d of November, the smaller frigates, the New Jersey, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, California, and Nevada, will answer with their guns for the Constitution and the Union.

You remember how the grim old Iron Duke felt, as he sternly stood at Napoleon's last battle, the fatal Waterloo. You recollect when the shadows of that conflict hung heavy above him, how often he wished for Blucher or night. But as long as he had the bull-dog grenadiers of the Household Brigade, his confidence never deserted him. His guards never wavered under the most galling fire; and when the signal moment came, the same command ran along the English lines, as should pass along your lines on the second: "Up boys, and at them."

From this night, run up your colors to the fore, and nail them to the mast; for we have a commander, who never surrenders, and South Carolina expects every man to do his duty.

SPEECH
ON THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.
OCTOBER 30TH, 1880.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SOUTH CAROLINA:—I am here by invitation of the colored people, irrespective of party, to discuss, and explain the operations, and the failure of the Freedman's Bank; in which, over seventy thousand of the colored people of the South, have been, and are now interested. I thank you for the invitation, and am happy to have the opportunity of testifying my interest in your behalf, and the cause of right and justice, which has been so ruthlessly violated to your cost and sacrifice.

The idea of a savings institution, for the freedmen of the South, seems to have had its origin in the minds of two or three officers in the Federal armies in 1863 or 1864. At that time, large numbers of colored men, had been mustered into the Federal service. They, of course, received the usual rates of pay and bounty. For the most part, they were ignorant and improvident. Never having been used to taking care of themselves, or of looking after, and providing for their own wants; wholly unaccustomed to handling money, and ignorant of its real value; these colored troops after pay day, were the prey of the mountebanks, the camp followers, and sharpers, that always gather and hover in the neighborhood of large armies. It occurred then to these officers, that if military savings institutions were organized, and the bounties and pay of the colored soldiers deposited in them; that at the close of the war, each of the soldiers would have a sum, to enable him, when discharged, to maintain himself, or to go into busi-

ness of some kind. Accordingly, savings institutions of this character, were organized at Norfolk and Beaufort.

The colored soldiers deposited in them readily, and a considerable sum was accumulated, a large portion of which was unclaimed at the close of the war, owing to the fact, doubtless, that many of the depositors had been killed; or through ignorance, or misunderstanding, failed to claim their deposits. To take care of this sum, and to utilize it in some way, seems to have originated the thought of a "Freedman's Savings and Trust Company." Accordingly, a bill was introduced for that purpose.

On the 17th February, 1865, Mr. Sumner reported the bill, which on the 3d of March, became law. Its approval and signature, were among the last official acts performed by President Lincoln, before his assassination. By the charter, fifty gentlemen of high character were named first trustees of the corporation; among these, William Cullen Bryant, Simeon B. Chittenden, Gerritt Smith, Peter Cooper, and others, were conspicuous. Mr. Bryant, in his paper, the *Evening Post*, extolled the aims and objects of the institution.

The extraordinary provision was inserted in the charter, that nine of fifty trustees shall form a quorum for transaction of business; and affirmative vote of seven, sufficient to authorize investment, and sales and transfers of property; or for the appointment of any officer, receiving a salary therefrom; a crafty device, looking to the formation of an unscrupulous ring, outside of, and within the bank—the charter contemplated the widest possible stretch of territory for the operations of the company. On the 2d of March, 1865, when the bill was under consideration in the Senate, Mr. Sumner amended the title, by confining the existence of the company to the District of Columbia, and this amendment was concurred in.

When the bill was called up, in the House of Representatives, it did not contain the amendment incorporated

in the Senate. It was further amended in the House, by confining the charter to Washington, D. C., and the name of Salmon P. Chase inserted among the trustees; and the bill thus amended, was sent back to the Senate, for concurrence in the amendments, but, strange to say, the message to the Senate said nothing about these amendments; but simply announced, that the House had passed Senate No. 443, to incorporate the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company. This iniquitous fraud upon the two Houses, by dropping the words added to the title, and leaving Mr. Chase's name from the trustees was consummated; and this corporation brought into being through trickery and fraud, with fifty trustees, and not one residing within the District limits.

J. W. Alvord and Gen. O. O. Howard, are the alleged originators of the bank. There was entire omission in the bill to provide for the punishment of faithless officials. The law was framed to permit the practice of roguery upon the colored people, and to let the scoundrels go free; and not till 1874, when the bank had failed, was legislation enacted for the punishment of the rascals; and, even since then, only two or three of the many rascals have been convicted, and not one has yet suffered the penalty for his crimes. After incorporation, without the authority of law, the principal office was established in New York, and remained there until 1867, when it was removed to Washington. Agents were scattered among the colored people in the South, and branch banks to the number of thirty-four, were established at various places in the South. There was no express warrant for such under the charter, and this was done to rake in the spoils of the poor, deluded, colored people. The trusting negroes were made to believe, that the Government would be responsible for the payment of their deposits; and if the bank should fail the depositors could fall back upon the Government, and collect every dollar of their money, with the interest thereon.

A pamphlet was distributed among the colored people of the South, which contained the statement referring to the Martyr President, who had signed their emancipation, to inspire confidence of the poor, deluded victims. Major-General O. O. Howard, "welcomed the bank as an auxiliary of the Freedman's Bureau," and the following ditty in rhyme was printed, and distributed among the poor colored people, to cheat and deceive them:

"'Tis little by little the bee fills her cell,
And little by little, a man sinks a well;
'Tis little by little a bird fills her nest,
By little, a forest in verdure is dressed;
'Tis little by little, that great volumes are made,
By little, mountains or levels are laid;
'Tis little by little an ocean is filled,
And little by little a city we build;
'Tis little by little an ant gets her store,
Every little we add to a little makes more;
Step by step, we walk miles, and we sew stitch by stitch,
Word by word we read books, cent by cent we grow rich."

By the processes and the means aforesaid, the confidence of the freedmen was secured to such an extent, that by the books of the bank, in nine years of existence, its deposits amounted to \$56,000,000. The vast bulk of this amount was sent to Washington. The whole South was drained of its money belonging to the freedmen, which passed into the custody of a ring at the capital. The powers pretended to have been given to the branches, for the accommodation of freedmen, were in charge of men, who either loaned the money to relatives, or favorites, or stole it, so that the freedmen derived no benefit from them. The report of the commissioners of the bank to December 31st, 1875, shows that the liabilities were \$4,004,875.62. Of this, there was due to colored depositors, \$2,992,033.55. On this balance, a first dividend of 20 per cent., and a second and third of 10 per cent. each, have been declared; the last, having been paid recently, and

the freedmen have now in the hands of the government due them, over \$1,300,000 unpaid.

In ten of the branches of this Bank, in the most densely negro populated portions of the South, such as Natchez, Lynchburg, Jacksonville, Lexington, Ky., Beaufort and Charleston, S. C., there were over \$40,000 defalcations; and these defalcations were owing to the dishonesty of the officials and did not embrace the losses by loans upon insufficient securities.

At Jacksonville, Fla., the bank lost \$100,000 out of \$150,000 loaned there. At Beaufort, \$100,000 out of \$120,000 loaned there. At Vicksburg, \$11,000 loaned, was totally lost. At Wilmington, N. C., overdrafts were allowed to the extent of \$25,000, and have never been repaid. In the Washington branch, in addition to the loss which has been traced, there is \$40,000 unaccounted for, and incapable of explanation.

The bonds taken from the officials, at different branches, were so informal as to be worthless; or if regularly made out, the sureties were utterly irresponsible.

The main and real responsibility for all these defalcations and losses, by virtue of the malfeasance of the officials, and rascality of the loans, rests upon the shoulders of the principal corporation at Washington, for which the government should be held responsible.

The losses at the various branches were insignificant, compared with those sustained by the frauds at the principal office at Washington. The history of all the banks in America, does not disclose so shameless a disregard of law and violation of rights, as the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company. The legislation of Congress facilitated the swindling operations of the ring in charge of the bank. The principal office at Washington was in charge of the finance committee and cashier. The board of trustees, having surrendered their powers to this committee, the latter conducted the operations of the bank to

suit their own pleasure and profit. During the maladministration of the bank, this finance committee consisted of Henry D. Cook, William L. Huntington, Louis Clephane, J. M. Broadhead, and Le Roy Tuttle, and J. W. Alvord, as president of the bank.

The conduct of J. W. Alvord, President of the bank, will be, for all time, stigmatized for hypocrisy, meanness and a betrayal of the trust confided to him. A ring, was formed of three of the trustees, and two actuaries inside of the bank; and Boss Shepherd, Hallett Kilbourne, J. O. Evans, and J. W. Vandeburg outside of the bank, to borrow its money on worthless securities, or no securities whatever, for purposes of speculation. A device was formed to use the money of the bank for building up the Northern Pacific Railroad, and \$705,000 of the Freedman's money, was thrown away in these bonds.

Three commissioners are now in charge of the bank, each receiving a salary of \$3,000 each. There is no necessity for this. Two of these commissioners do nothing, and give to the third a portion of their salaries, for doing a work which amounts to nothing, and which might be devolved upon the treasury, without bleeding still further the depositors. These commissioners are under grave suspicions as to their truthfulness, and serious charges as to their honesty; and since they have been in office for years, they have not taken a step to bring to justice the robbers, who have plundered the poor freedmen, who deposited their funds in this bank, upon the guarantee of the Government.

Bear in mind, that the Acts of Congress, under which the original charter was granted, prescribed Government bonds as securities, upon which its moneys were to be loaned. The men who had combined to get possession of the bank's money, on worthless and fraudulent securities, found this restriction as to the character of the securities, an impediment to their scheme of robbery; and asked

Congress to repeal the restrictive clause, which made the purposed robbery possible, and Congress accommodated them; in truth, Congress enacted laws for their benefit and virtually placed the funds of the bank, at the mercy of the plunderers, who entered its vaults, and began to ravage; and Congress, thereby, placed in the hands of bad and designing men, the power to make the poor and deluded negro, his widow and orphans, and even the maimed soldier, unwittingly cash their worthless obligations.

The monumental fact, not to be forgotten, staring us in the face, is that the men and women of the negro race, on the heels of their emancipation; under the auspices, and with confidence in the Government of the United States; brought out their savings of a lifetime, and deposited \$6,000,000, the fruit of their sweat and toil, in the Freedman's Bank and its thirty odd agencies. Most of this money was drawn from the Middle Southern States, the negroes of Georgia alone, contributing nearly half a million, and the other Southern States in like proportion.

The damaging effect, morally and physically, on the negro of the robbery of the Freedman's Bank, cannot be over-estimated. It was a blow to his progress, and his future hopes. It cost him his faith in the integrity of the white man. The hope of gain no longer sweetens labor with him. He no longer saves money to deposit it in a savings bank, where he was assured of a large return of interest, and ultimately, a home. The poor negro now spends his money as he earns it; and has lost ambition to put aside for a rainy day, which characterized him a few years ago.

The next culpable act of Congress, for which amends should be made to the defrauded freedmen, by Congress, was, after the bank was closed in bankruptcy. Instead of authorizing the President to appoint a receiver, to take charge of this trust fund; it authorized the appointment of a board of three commissioners, each at a salary of

\$3,000 a year, to be paid out of the funds of the plundered bank. This was done in 1874, and thus was given to these commissioners, absolute control of this most sacred trust. Subsequent events disclosed the fact that these three commissioners, Cresswell, Purvis and Leipold, sat down in their offices, sharing out from this hard-earned fund, their salaries, for doing nothing, for five long years; and subtracting thousands, from these hard earnings of the poor negro, to support them in idleness, and to be otherwise expended in *douceurs*, for the corrupt ring, of which they were the centre.

The history of the bank discloses a chapter of fraud, unparalleled in the annals of crime—a shameful dereliction of duty on the part of the commissioners; that Cresswell, one of them, so engaged, in other business, as to give none of his time to the bank; that he paid Leipold, his co-commissioner, \$500 for attending to his part of the business, while he coolly pocketed the remaining \$2,500 of his salary; that Purvis followed Cresswell's example, and paid Leipold \$500 to excuse him; that Leipold ran the bank as he pleased; that the remaining funds were fast disappearing into the pockets of the commissioners, and their favorites; that the commissioners were appointed on the 4th July, 1874, and no report of their management ever made, as required, by law; that over \$60,000 had disappeared in a single year, and over \$350,000, since date of the commission, for what was called, expense account.

Other revelations appear, which are a scandal and a reproach to men prominent in the government of the nation; and disgraces with the dark blot of infamy, every transaction connected with this bank, which will be forever known as the mammoth swindle scandal of the nineteenth century.

When we consider the peculiar relationship that existed, between the government, and the newly enfranchised colored people at the time of the organization of the "Freed-

man's Savings and Trust Company," every dictate of justice demands, that they should be reimbursed. The strong arm of the government had but recently emancipated them from a slavery, which they had inherited from their fathers, and which they had patiently accepted as the lot to which they were born, and in which they must die. In that condition, they had been deprived of the benefits of education; they had been schooled to no thought, above that of their duties and obligations; the very degree of civilization, which they had attained, was imitative, rather than inherent or acquired; they were wholly unschooled in business transactions, and knew absolutely nothing of banking business, or financial transactions. Used, from their infancy, to depend upon the master for everything, which they needed, they were careless and improvident. Their responsibility to law, order, and police regulation, had always been represented in the discipline of the master, and the regulations of the plantation. Unversed in, and incapable of comprehending the more elevated, and abstruse dogmas of theology, and living in ignorance, their religion was an odd mixture of superstition, and crude form of worship. By instinct, they bowed before the insignia of authority, and gave unquestioning obedience to the display of power. To the master, they looked for support, protection, and care. Such was the freedman of the South, when the strong arm of the government broke the shackles of his bondage, and its strong voice called him from the low grade of slavery, to the higher plane of individual action and responsibility. He was then a freedman, but not a freeman. He was native born, yet he could neither vote, nor sit in the jury-box. Freed by the United States, it was substituted in his mind, for the authority of the master, in all that related to obedience, confidence, protection and support. All the fruits of his labor, and that of his fathers, availed him nothing, in his new relationship. He was poor, unskilled and ignorant. He knew nothing of

liberty, or of the permanent character of that charter, in which his newly-acquired rights were written. He dreaded a return to slavery, and was taught to believe that nothing but the continuing power of the Government over his late master, would secure, and perpetuate his freedom. In this helpless and singular condition, at the very beginning of a new existence, in which he was to work out his own destiny, by his own individual efforts, the freedman of the South, leaned upon the Government, looked to the Government, and should have been the peculiar object of its care and guardianship. He was, indeed, the "ward of the nation."

When, therefore, the Government of the United States, undertook to uprear such an institution as the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, in which the rights, the property, and the material interests of the freedmen were so largely involved; it should have exercised far more than ordinary care, in guarding it from the possibility of abuse and ruin. The untutored freedman, could neither read nor understand the provisions of the statute, which framed its charter. He neither knew nor comprehended the details, of financial and banking operations. He could not tell the difference between a bond of the United States, and a share of stock in the fraudulent "Seneca Sandstone Company." He could not tell whether the affairs of the bank, were being mismanaged, or not. He could not believe that the Government, that had freed him, would permit him to be plundered. He gave unhesitating faith to the purity and stability of any institution, which the Government would create; and to which Lincoln and Sumner, Greeley and Chase, Howard and Cooper, Bryant and Smith, and Claflin, had given their sanction. No more sacred obligation ever rested upon the strong, in favor of the weak and confiding, than rested upon the Government of the United States toward the freedmen of the South. That obligation required of the Government,

the utmost care and scrutiny, in creating for the freedmen an institution, such as the "Freedman's Savings and Trust Company," was designed to be. But, instead of a charter closely scrutinized, and carefully guarded, the laws which organized that institution, were crude, imperfect, and incomplete. There was but a single safeguard, and it was destined to be stricken down by the amendment of 1870.

In 1874, Congress passed an act imposing penalties upon delinquent officials of the bank, and providing for the appointment of trustees, to wind it up in case of failure; and, very soon, thereafter, the bank failed, and its assets were turned over to three commissioners, to be still further ravaged to the tune of \$350,000 in six years. There can be no excuse, or palliation for this monstrous crime. Its authors,

"They would pillage the palace of the King of kings,
Steal the silver lining from an angel's wings;
Cheat the living, rob the dead,
And deprive the orphan of his crust of bread.

In 1876, when the disaster was fresh, I made this stupendous swindle the text of my campaign addresses; and in 1878, I pledged myself to my constituents, to use my best endeavors, if I should be returned to Congress, to repair, if possible, the great wrong which had been done. I claim that the pledges I then made, have been redeemed. I introduced a bill to reimburse the freedmen, their losses sustained by the failure of the bank; and, subsequently, a joint resolution, which was favorably reported to the House, to abolish the commission, turn the assets and property of the bank into the treasury, and, requiring that the institution should be closed up immediately. A bill in substance, to the same effect, reported to the Senate, by Senator Garland, of Arkansas, and passed at the close of its session, now lies upon the Speaker's table; and it is taken up, and adopted by the House, upon the adjournment of Congress; and, hereafter, the remainder

of the assets, will be paid out to the depositors, which will insure another dividend of, at least, ten per cent.; after the payment of which, there will remain a deficiency of about one million dollars, which, in my judgment, it is the bounden duty of Congress to make good to the swindled freedmen. And I now reiterate the pledge which I made two years ago, to agitate and prosecute the matter, with all the means in my power, until exact and even-handed justice, to the last farthing, has been done to the plundered freedmen.

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